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A' BECKET ARCHBP. OF CANTERBURY.

"THE KING'S WEAPON CAN, INDEED, KILL THE BODY,  
BUT MINE CAN DESTROY THE SOUL AND SEND IT TO HELL."

Catholic Church, Roman, Cath  
Catholic Church, Roman - 120000

JUN 30 1930

★ E.D. Coleman.

Turnley



1. Catholic Church, Roman, Cath.
2. Catholic Church, Roman, Roman

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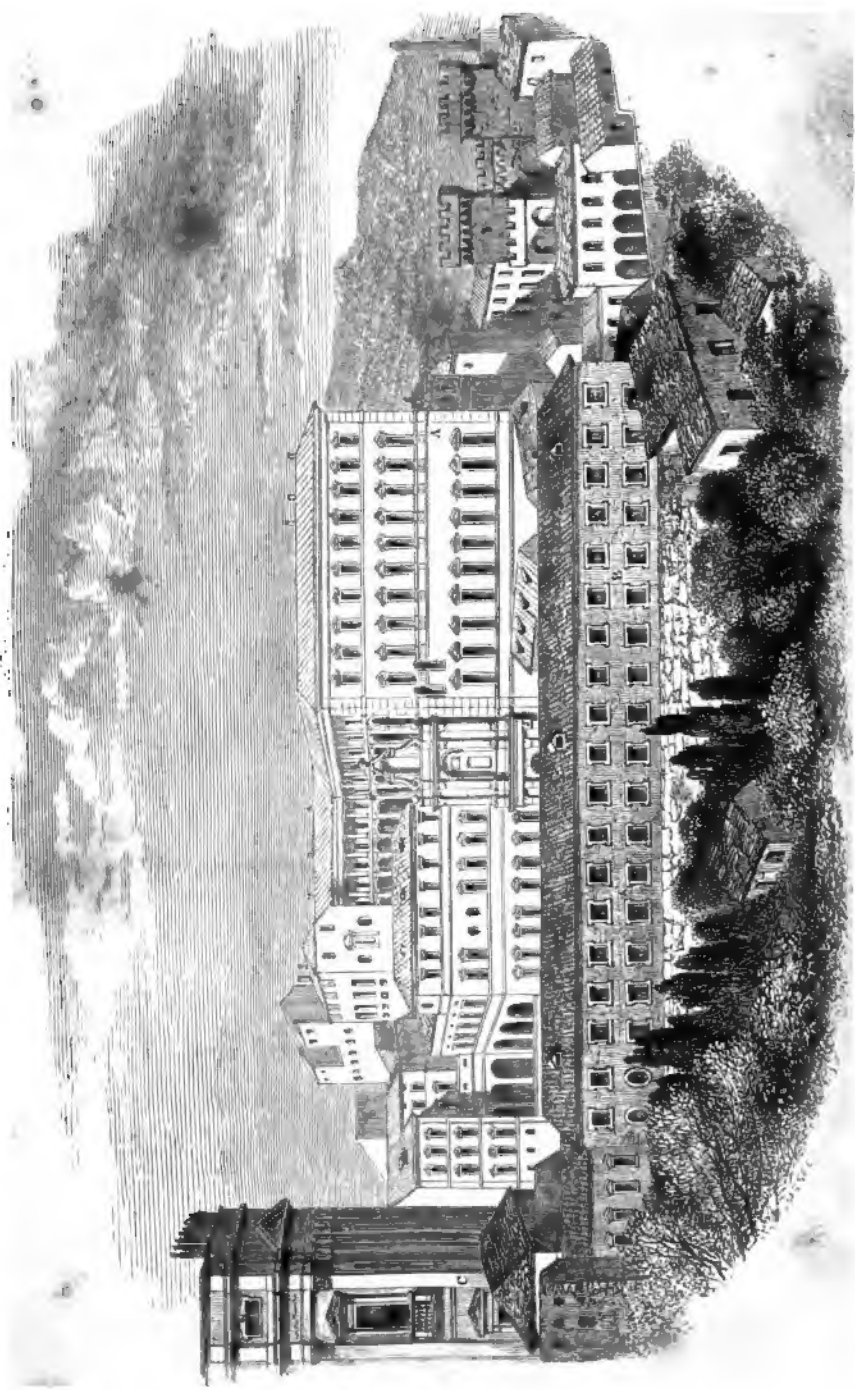


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75

# POPERY IN POWER,

OR

THE SPIRIT OF THE VATICAN;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

## Priestcraft,

OR

THE MONARCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES;

A DRAMA.

7

EC

BY JOSEPH TURNLEY.

Illustrated with Engravings on Wood by Eminent Artists.

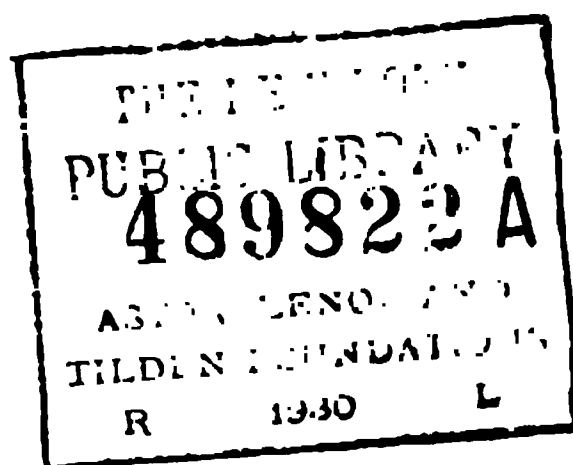
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NON VON  
1814  
VON VON



TO  
THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

I HAVE endeavoured to lay before you certain historical facts, a patient perusal of which may enable you more readily to form a judgment of Popery, that false religion which has so recently made another futile attempt to plant its standard of supremacy in England.

I know how very far short my ability is, compared to my desire, to explain the varied characteristics of the Vatican; yet, with all its faults, I fearlessly lay this Volume before you, as a tribute of my love for my QUEEN and Fellow-countrymen, and shall ever remain,

Your very obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

7, EATON PLACE SOUTH,  
EATON SQUARE.  
Nov. 20, 1850.



## P R E F A C E .

FIFTY pages of the first part of this book were written and published long before the recent assumptions of the pope of Rome; and, as we consider that such instances of assumption will be occasionally occurring, and are evidence of the principles we have endeavoured to establish from the pages of history and the doctrines and practice of Romanism when in power, we have refrained from making any extensive reference to them; especially as we are aware that the free and intelligent press of this country has most ably and suitably awakened the minds of Protestants to the motive and effect of such assumptions.

The first time the pope sent a foreign legate to England was in the twelfth century, when contentions were fermented in the bosom of the Church itself by the appointment of William of Corboil to the see of Canterbury.

This book is not published under an impression that it will be likely to change the faith of many Papists, but is addressed to wavering Protestants who seem captivated by the cymbal and dulcimer of Tractarianism. We would remind those lovers of the strict and literal rubric, who have, all at once, made such discoveries of errors in the forms of the Church, that Tractarianism is something else than they declare it

to be, that it must be judged by its fruits, and it will then be pronounced the greatest foe which Protestantism has now to resist. It is a foe in the camp of Protestantism, constantly using its alliances and sympathies for the diversion of the minds of Protestants. How many unsteady Protestants have become Tractarians, and, when perfect Tractarians, have been deemed presentable to the court of the papacy! From that moment they become alienated to Protestant England and England's beloved sovereign, for they acknowledge another sovereign. From that moment they have another God, namely, the Pope of Rome—another faith which teaches the duty of Romanists to purge Christendom of all heretics. They henceforward live and act under the banner of one of the chief champions of popery, which bears that awful blasphemy against God and insult to sovereigns—"The king's weapon can indeed kill the body; but mine can destroy the soul and send it to hell." Such was the language of that papist A' Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, whose name and memory are venerated by Romanists—whose best days were abused in endeavours to insult his generous sovereign, undermine the throne, and degrade all the civil jurisdictions of the land.

*Popery in power* will be found the same in every king's reign; a rebel to Protestant sovereigns and a pernicious element in society; and, therefore, the recent circumstances which have engaged and will engage so much notice, have not induced the author to depart from his original purpose, viz. to refer to historical principles, and to shew popery in antagonism with monarchy, during the reign of one of the most renowned and noble of England's sovereigns,

viz., the first Plantagenet, Henry II. The reigns of Henry II. and his son Richard I. most fully confirm the allegation that the love of power is ever stimulating the Vatican; and that to increase such power it uses physical force conjoined to intrigue and cruelty.

In connection with the love of power is the love of form and ceremony, hence the deluded Tractarian seems less disposed to look to God than to seek for the rivers Abana and Pharpar. We would remind him that everything God does is simple, whilst the works of man are intricate and cumbrous. Vain-gloriousness and puny self-righteousness are now distracting the Church of England. Men calling themselves Protestant priests are endeavouring to magnify themselves instead of worshipping their great Master. It may be true that some part of the rubric has fallen into oblivion, and that some ceremonies practised when the Church was just released from the trammels and chains of popery have also been lying in the dust of desuetude, yet, where is the true and faithful lover of the souls of dying men who would disturb the Church by the attempt to revive them? Such acts bring the Church into contempt, and the faith of poor and rich are alike disturbed. The present infidelity of the priests of Protestantism will remain a lasting disgrace to the Church; and, we regret to say, the recent solemn avowals by certain dignitaries of the Church of England have not removed the impression of thousands of Protestants, that the present woes of the Protestant Church have been brought about by the mummeries practised and permitted by the Church itself.

The rubric may require alterations in common with other books, such as statute law and pandects of



science, but where is the true lover of his profession and of his fellow men who would rake up the most obsolete and objectionable parts of those books as most worthy of practical use. The rubric, like many statutes of civil matters, was made under special circumstances, which a good churchman would freely take into consideration, and not attempt to justify the practice of exciting novelties from the mere fact of their having been permitted by churchmen who had just cast off those rags of formality and self-righteousness, which still mark the outward characteristic of a religion which appears to us remarkable for cruelty to man and blasphemy towards God. Why should sober Protestantism be dressed in the frippery of a formal religion?

We trust the present tribulations in the Church of England will result in closer union and steadfastness in its members, and that those who are now reproached will return to their pastoral duty, and become honoured and revered, and, in future, serve God and not man, love the Queen and not the Pope.

We do not expect to be exempt from severe criticism, but however much it may be regretted that some one more able and worthy had not applied himself to the exposition of our subject, yet we fondly hope that no true Protestant can impugn the principles and statements herein contained.

## SYNOPSIS.

**FIRST PART.**—The Author has endeavoured to explain the characteristics of Romanism when in power. To *prove* (by reference to historical facts) its universal antagonism with all civil power and good government; its secret energies and mystic agencies for the destruction of every element which has denied its infallibility or supremacy. The state of England during the reign of Henry II., and the characters of this king and his queen, Eleonora of Aquitaine.

To describe the dissimulations and fascinations, insinuations and impurity of popery, whilst seeking the seats and seals of power.—Its varied delusions and infatuations.—Its relentless cruelty and gorgeous assumptions during the days of its power.—Its influence amongst the nations of the earth, and some passing notice of its present remarkable attitude in respect to England and Protestantism; with some observations on the political effect of the doctrines of Romanism, and their influence on private society and domestic life.—The persecutions of the Albigenses.—The proselyting spirit of Romanism, and the rapid increase of its members in England.—The forged epistles and documents which are the foundation of the main tenets of Romanism, such as worship of images, supremacy, infallibility, etc. *Some notice of the indifference and liberalism, erroneously called charity, of certain members of the established church, as partly accounting for the various secessions from the Protestant church, and the numerous forms of Romanism (such as Tractarianism) now boldly developing themselves in and about the established church of England, which challenge the faith and energies of Protestants.*

**SECOND PART.**—“The Spirit of the Vatican” during the unsettled reign of the wild and chivalrous Richard the Crusader.—The state of England and Europe in general during that reign.—A review of the crusades and persecution of the Albigenses, as affected and influenced by the Vatican.—The establishment, nature, practices, purpose and progress of the Inquisition.—The genius of the Middle Ages.—The character of Richard Cœur de Lion.—Character of Saladin, as soldier and leader of the Turks.—Characteristics of the Arabians, their religion, with portrait of Mahomet, and affinity of Mahomedanism with Romanism.—The arts and sciences of the Arabians, particularly their love of poetry, with quotations.—Their magnanimity, and the similarity of their manners with the ancient Germans.—True religion considered in comparison with the religion of form and chivalry.—Self-righteousness.—The delusion and vanity of Tractarianism.—Earthly heroism of all ages.—The moral revelation of the crusades. Reference to certain of the popes of Rome considered in connexion with the authority of the chief doctrines of Romanism.

The **DRAMA** is intended to portray the private and domestic characters of Henry the Second, and the influence of the doctrines of Romanism in private society and the sorrows of the civil wars.

The **APPENDIX** will confirm some of the allegations of this Work.

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# POPERY IN POWER;

OR THE

## Spirit of the Vatican.

*Solus Romanus Pontifex jure dicitur universalis. Illi soli licet pro temporis necessitate novas leges condere. Papæ solius pedes omnes principes deosculantur. Illius solius nomen in ecclesiis recitatur: unicum est nomen in mundo. Illi licet imperatores deponere.—GREG. Epist.*

THE Church has, at all times, commanded the attention of the reflecting philosopher, and active politician. It is very obvious, that she was the arbiter and keeper of many things, which advanced the peace and order of man, and the comfort and taste of society. While some systems were but imperfect imitative theories, wanting power and state, the genius of her hierarchy was exact, extensive, and well delineated. She was announced as the bride of divinity, clad in its robes, and decked with its graces. At a very early period, she assumed to be the representative of Christ, the head of the Militant Church, the general assembly of Saints, and Church of the First-born, scattered up and down the earth—the bride of Him whose kingdom was not of this world; but, alas! the sinews of things present had soon encased around her, defacing in parts the semblance of her heavenly original; and the sigh of truth and love trembled through all worlds, when she allied herself to earth, and exposed the secret of that power, which was destined for the highest and holiest purposes. Yet she long retained within herself, essences which defy time; and the countenance of her Creator seemed ever and anon to gleam upon her path. Her high-born lineage awakened many lofty assumptions; and though her foot was on the earth, yet she quivered not,

whilst she marshalled all her properties with an energetic movement and order, wholly irresistible by all worldly dynasties. She once wore a grace and auspiciousness, which the conventions reared by the Magi of this world never possessed. The divine character she had assumed, united to the sublime purpose she declared, commanded for her an imperial position, an extensive dominion, and a grandeur of state which secured the reverence of millions. Her very vocation rendered her a leader and a dictator; for she professed one vast and immeasurable end, viz., to arouse the millions of spirits of men to a sense of their own dignity and power. Mighty and extraordinary were the functions assumed by her chiefs, for placing before man, the secrets of his own nature, with its degree of individual power and honour, attainable in this world, and laying before him the jewels of the treasury of heaven, with the crown to be given by the Lord of all, to them who deposed the earthen god, and bowed before the one God; for this they assumed a spirit's power, and the voice of arch-angels, whilst they claimed to keep within their own hands the very records of heaven, the Book of Life, which contained man's duty to God, and man, his unknown path on earth, and the certainty of death and judgment.

Although we shall have occasion to notice some of the many instances of unfaithfulness and impurity which disgraced those who administered in holy places during the middle ages, yet we may not pretend that any age is without fault. But we shall ask our readers to reject, not only the scarlet seducer, but all harlots who affect a divine right over the consciences and lives of men, and who boldly present forms and ceremonies in the place of spirit and faith. We know that charity comes of God, and sings her matin and her eventide songs with the thousands round the throne; but our readers well know, that a just admiration of true charity and liberality of mind is inconsistent

with respect for mimicking harlots. Indeed, the importance of our subject will not permit us to call that of God, which is of man and sin; and wherever we observe harlotry, we shall not hesitate to point at it as a deceiver. She sometimes walks in papal robes, and sometimes, we know, she is found in our own Church, and not unfrequently she may be detected in the councils and churches of dissent. She is as old as sin, and was driven out of Paradise by the flaming sword.

The influence of the priesthood in England was much increased by the introduction of the papal power, until which time the archbishop of Canterbury was considered the head and ruler of spiritual, and the king the head and ruler in temporal, matters. The folly and fear of one William of Corboil betrayed the liberty of the English Church. This imprudent archbishop procured a bull from the pope, appointing him pope's legate in ordinary, which at once acknowledged, that the power and authority which were vested in him, were derived from the pope of Rome. The pope soon made an occasion for sending his own legate (an Italian priest) to England, whose presence superseded all bishops and archbishops. The introduction of the papal power into England was the act of a moment, but its effects were many, and became very alarming, even so early as the twelfth century; the great and the humble felt environed by influences which were new and indefinable. In the early part of the second Henry's reign, popery, notwithstanding its incomparable acumen, had scarcely ascertained the nature of its powers, or the most effective mode of using them. Its thirst for self-aggrandisement did not blind its acute eye, which perceived that there revolved in the spirit of the English monarch many sublime principles, which were not easily bent to subjection. Quickly indeed was England, with its monarch and all its glorious and ingenuous properties, weighed in the balances of the Vatican; but the

whole papal council could not immediately determine whether the king of England was better suited for an ally or a victim of the hierarchy. Many were the vacillations and hesitations of the papacy, in which it may be compared to a young vulture, who could just espy her prey flickering below the craggy height, where misfortune or circumstance had cast it; but who dared not pounce upon it with that eagerness her carnivorous nature dictated, lest her half-fledged wing should fail, or her intended victim overmatch her strength.

In the twelfth century, the Papal Power was a new element, and by no means comprehended. The sovereigns of Europe, and England in particular, suddenly saw a monstrous thing stalking forth upon the earth, with the mien and comeliness of an angel, but they knew not that its designs were subversive of the power and happiness of man. Its ends and purposes were impervious to the common ken; but its aim was power irresistible and unprecedented. It sought to be regarded as the Deity ruling on earth. For a time, kings and princes and warlike men fell back; and like frightened steeds, with distended nostrils and ears erect, snorting and champing, yet looking intently on some strange object, they paused to gaze at what they could not understand. For a while, their eyes were riveted upon it; yet they soon returned to their respective vocations; for they felt incompetent to contend with a being that they thought belonged to the powers of heaven or hell. In other words, a new principle had come to herd with the corruptions of the earth. Its nature was too sublime and active to rank under any common vassalage; indeed the monarchs of the earth already displayed both jealousy and deference; for they believed it had within its grasp some vast treasury and mystic panoply, which was as unfathomable as august, and sufficient to render it either a valuable ally or a dangerous enemy. The lusts of time had crept



within, Satan had intermixed his emissaries in the ranks of the servants of God; yet that which was holy was holy still, and that which we shall have to deplore was not the Church, for that was ever holy. But what we shall have to sorrow over is, that the ark was touched by the impure, and that men fresh and fervent in the blithe lusts of the world, dared with blasphemous and unsanctified hands defile the holy of holies. It was then the temple quivered, and God hid his face, when the children of men affected to come up to worship him, whilst they turned his house into a den of thieves.

The Church, the source of all the peace and happiness which ever elevated man's nature, and enlivened man's earthly path, contained within its bosom, light and loveliness, which neither man, nor fiend, nor time, nor eternity, can ever put out. Many were the graces of love and charity which distinguished it from all other conventions. The light of knowledge glowed upon her brow, and, associating with her divine pretensions, secured for her real grandeur and power. She was conservator of the arts and sciences, of all knowledge, and all those elegant attainments which should regulate and refine society. This was one part of her temporal foundation. The priesthood pretended to be learned in legal, and even medical and surgical lore; and were resorted to in most cases of sickness or accident. M. Paris says, that the persecuted people were much envied by the Christian priests, for they, the Jews in the twelfth century, maintained at London, York, and Lincoln, very extensive schools for learning, into which Christians were freely admitted. In many instances, the Jewish physician was preferred to the Christian priest. The vast profit tempted many monks to neglect their duties, so that they might attain a smattering of medical science; and to such a degree did this proceed, that it was found necessary at the Council of Tours, in 1163, to form a canon to restrain this practice of the

monks. Geraldus Cambrensis states, that the Latin and Oriental languages were much cultivated by the monks. The works of Walter Mapes, Hanvil, and others of this date, are in excellent Latin.

The priests of all ages have been the earliest students of medicine; for in Exodus xiii. 2, we learn that the leper was brought to the priest for examination, that he might determine whether the leprosy was of the virulent and contagious character (see Appendix, No. I.).

From the priesthood came the chief chroniclers during the middle ages, who furnish the accounts of the ecclesiastical transactions. They were also ambitious to be regarded as poets, especially those who lived secluded. St. Godric was a severe anchorite recluse; he wore an iron shirt next his skin, and it is recorded that he wore out three by constant use. He mingled ashes with his flour; and lest it might be too palatable, he kept it four months before he ate it. One scrap from the mind of this recluse is imitated by Andrews thus:—

“ I weep while I sing,  
For anguish, to see  
Through my fast-gushing tears, all nailed to a tree,  
My Saviour so good, while his heart's dearest blood  
Is streaming for me.  
For me, too, each wound is torn open again,  
While Mary's deep sorrows still add to my pain.”

The system of self-denial and torture was much practised by the Romish churchmen, and reminds us of some of the Pagans.\* It is said, the order of Flagellants was produced by an abuse of those words (of the greatest of all heroes, St. Paul), “ I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.” In the

\* The austerities of some of the priests were most extraordinary. The names of St. Polycronus, St. Bernadotus, St. Adhelm, St. Dorothea, and St. Macarius, stand eminent in the list of these visionaries. They bear a very strict affinity to the Pagan fanatics, and help to prove one allegation—viz. that Romanism is Paganism.





thirteenth century, all Italy was seized with this panic. It is said, that Charles, Cardinal of Lorrain, actually killed himself by adhering to its maxims during a rigorous winter (De Thou, Hist. lib. 59). Plutarch says, that, in the city of Lacedæmon, this system was pursued in honour of Diana (see Vit. Lycurg.) Philostratus says, this kind of self-punishment was practised in honour of Scythian Diana (Eutrop. lib. ii. c. 41). So that we may say, most of the follies, mummeries, and cruelties, of Romanism may be traced to its great root, viz. Heathenism. There is yet a better authority, viz. the Book of Kings, concerning the Priests of Baal.

There are several scraps which were the produce of this period. In one of the Harleian Manuscripts are several, addressed to the Virgin. We will venture to quote the following specimens, given by Mr. Wharton.

“Blessed be thou, Levely, ful of heavene’s bliss,  
Sweet flower of Pareys, Moder of Mildness  
Pray ye, Ihesu, that he may rede and wysse  
So my way for to you, that me he never mysse.”

The above has been modernised by a very able author thus :—

“Maiden Mother, mild, hear my humble prayer,  
From shame thy suppliant shield, and from Vice’s snare,  
Me thy blessed child, me from treasons keep ;  
I was loose and wild ; now in prison deep.”

There is also a love-song, which we will dare to quote :—

“Blow, Northern Wynd, seat thou me, my suetynge. Blow,  
Northern Wynd, blow, blow, blow,  
Ich of a bend in boure bright  
That fully semly is on sight.”

The language is so obscure, we may give the following translation of an industrious author :—

“Bleak dost thou blow, O Northern Wind !  
Yet could I hail thee, soft and kind,

Were thy harsh howling blast inclined  
 To waft my charmer hither.  
 Bright in her bower sits my fair,  
 Gay as the songsters of the air.  
 None with sweetness to her can compare;  
 Ah, would that I were with her."

Whilst referring to the poetry of this age, we will quote one more piece, warranted by Camden, as thrown out by Hugh Bigod, a turbulent earl of Norfolk, against Henry II., who, however, soon brought the boaster low.

" Were I in my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river Waveney,  
 I would not care for the kynge of Cockneye."

We dare not prolong our quotations from the sweet stanzas of former days; but our readers will do well to peruse the early poetry, and judge for themselves. The following will remind us of the pretty modern song—

" An ye shall walk in silk attire,  
 And siller have to spare."

" Maiden Marguerette (he said), trust to me I pray,  
 And Jesus whom thou trustest to, put him quite away.  
 Trust to me, and be my wife, full well mayst thou speed;  
 Antioch, and Asia too, shalt thou have to meed:  
 Damask rich, and purple cloaks, shalt thou have to wear,  
 On all the dainties of my land, choicely shalt thou fare."  
 (*See Wharton's old Romances, "The Life of Saint Marguerette."*)

How many more sweet pieces we could quote from Percy's ancient lyrics and metrical romances, and from other antiquarian authors; but our object and space will not permit. We trust we have said enough to convince us, that the nineteenth century is not the only bright spring of genius, learning, and truth. indeed, we fear comparisons with days of generations past. What can exceed those beautiful thoughts found in that piece which begins—

" Now Jesu Christ our heaven kynge,  
 Lede me by the coolen streame."

Again, how simple are the lines in Sir Bevis of Hampton:—

“ Lordinges hearkeneth to me tale  
Is merrier than the nightingale.

Again:—

The rich high Dook his fest can hold  
With Erls and proude Barons bold;  
But Jesu Christe in Trinite  
Will feed the Squire of lowe degree.

Again:—

Lystneth Lordinges, gentle and free,  
Jesu Christe was born for ye.  
Lyttyll and mykyll, old and yonge,  
Jesu Christe for you was bon.”

*Vide Oron.*

The most popular poetry of the twelfth century, was that of the provincial troubadour. Perhaps the following may form a suitable specimen, written on account of Eleonora's long imprisonment:—“ Daughter of Aquitania, fair fruitful vine, thou hast been torn from thy country, and led into a strange land. Thy harp is changed into the voice of mourning, and thy songs into sounds of lamentation. Brought up in delicacy and abundance, thou enjoyedst a royal liberty, living in the bosom of wealth, delighting thyself with the sports of thy women, with their songs, to the sound of the lute and tabor; and now thou mournest, thou weepest, thou consumest thyself with sorrow. Return, poor prisoner, — return to thy cities, if thou canst; and if thou canst not, weep and say, ‘ Alas! how long is my exile!’ Weep, weep, and say ‘ My tears are my bread, both day and night!’ Where are thy guards—thy royal escort? Where are thy maiden train, thy counsellors of state? Some of them, dragged far from thy country, have suffered an ignominious death; others have been deprived of sight; others banished, and wandering in divers places! Thou criest, but no one hears thee! for the King of the North keeps thee shut up, like a town that is



besieged. Cry then; cease not to cry. Raise thy voice like a trumpet, that thy sons may hear it; for the day is approaching, when thy sons shall deliver thee, and then shalt thou see again thy native land?" This extract, from *Chronic. Ricardi Pictarrensis*, reminds us of Ossian's wild and sublime style. The scraps we have set out are mostly to be found in that excellent collection by Andrews.

Amongst the monks of the twelfth century were several good musicians. Guido Ardin is named by Baronius, as having made great discoveries in music for the use of churches. A monk (Ailred) ridicules the practice. "One," he says, "restrains his breath, another breaks his breath, and sometimes they fall a quivering like the neighing of horses. At other times they appear in the agonies of death; their eyes roll; their shoulders are moved upwards and downwards." It is recorded that the Saxon Matilda was a great and constant patroness of music. The organ, the harp, and the horn were much used. During the reign of Henry II., there was a practice of illuminating missals, which the monks themselves executed in a most perfect and beautiful style, and so durable were they, that they still dazzle our eyes with the brightness of their colour, and the splendour of their gilding. The art of portrait-painting had attained great excellence. William of Malmesbury tells us, that when a certain bandit wished to waylay Archbishop Anselm, they sent a renowned artist to Rome, who took his likeness without his knowledge, which coming to the hearing of the archbishop, he avoided them, knowing that no disguise would protect him. In agriculture the priests were much skilled. The foreign monks brought many improvements from Normandy. The monk Gervaise says, that Thomas à Becket condescended to go with his clergy, and assist the neighbours in reaping their corn, and housing their hay. Indeed, a knowledge of husbandry was considered so fundamental and meritori-

ous, that a decree in the Lateran Council, A.D. 1179, encourages every monk to be a farmer, and holds out to him while so employed, indulgence and protection. There was a most sweet and palatable wine, almost equal to Champagne (superior to French wines), produced by a monk in Gloucester. The state of agriculture during the twelfth century will be fully seen by perusal of an elaborate work written by Gervaise. From his description of the implements of husbandry, Mr. Strutt thinks they were very much like those now in use.

It was in the year 1176, that one Coleman, a priest, began to build London Bridge of stone. It was about thirty-three years ere it was finished, and its construction caused the course of the Thames to be changed. It is not too much to say, that modern architecture is only truly beautiful and permanently useful when it partakes of the principles enunciated in the works of our ancestors. I refer particularly to the ecclesiastical fabrics of the middle ages; and, notwithstanding the destruction and rapine during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the period of the Commonwealth, as well as the violence of barbarous and wicked men at various times, there are still remaining many reliques of the architectural beauty, of rich and exquisite finish, displayed during this age. Many are buried in the deep sea, and form paths for the great leviathan.

The once beautiful city of Dunwich, which stood on the eastern coast of England, is said (by Gardiner) to have contained some grand specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. During this reign, it contained ten beautiful churches; but alas, nought more remains but the square tower of All-Saints. It is of Anglo-Norman architecture, and furnishes full evidence of what had been, but alas, as a Suffolk poet (Bird) says (speaking of the incursion of the sea):—

“ O'er all the rest, the raging whirlwind and the gorging sea,  
They came, great Dunwich, and they spared not thee.”

We might remind our readers of the wonderful works discovered by the patient and resolute Layard, whose labours have so enriched the British Museum. If any one of our readers desire to peruse a full and interesting account of ecclesiastical architecture in general of the twelfth century, we would refer them to the monk Gervaise's description, and especially his particulars of the building of Canterbury cathedral. This cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1174, and that of St. Paul in 1175 (see Stow's Survey). Dr. Adam Clarke's description of Solomon's Temple, at the end of the Book of Kings, puts all modern grandeur into the shade. He says that Solomon's throne had twelve thousand seats of gold on the right for the patriarchs and prophets, and twelve thousand seats of gold on the left for the doctors of law, who assisted him to administer the law. Indeed, the Christians of the nineteenth century must feel abashed when they observe the splendour and expensive elegance of the cathedrals and churches of our ancestors. Their rich and elaborate masonry and sculpture, as well as the beauteous and masterly paintings in windows, and other sacred ornaments, create a certain exquisite thrill in the beholder, almost amounting to veneration.

It may be true, that much superstition and extravagant ceremony existed at the time we are referring to; yet it is most reasonable to presume, that devotedness and veneration for the Deity dictated the liberal and magnificent expenditure with which our ancestors built and ornamented those places in which they met to worship their God.\* Alas! these are days when men build "ceiled houses" for luxury and self-indulgence, regardless of expense, while they use the meanest calculation in the disbursement of any portion

\* See an interesting work on ecclesiastical architecture, by John Clarke, Esq., also the volume by C. R. Smith, Esq., issued by the Archæological Society, 1850, in which this subject is treated very elegantly.

of their riches for the honour of that place where God hath promised to meet His people. It is scarcely more than twenty-five years since the commission was issued, under which a great number of churches have been built; and although many of them are large and commodious, yet few possess that massive splendour and solemn beauty which characterise the churches of our ancestors.

Some apologists and utilitarians may reply, that mere accommodation is all that has been aimed at by the moderns. We admit that a lukewarm spirit may be satisfied; but a truly fervent spirit will repeat the thought of the prophet, "Ah! ye build to yourselves ceiled houses, but the mansions of Christ are left waste." It is also true, that the worshipper of the Great Being can offer his prayers on the top of a mountain, or oft in the lonely valley. Yes, He who made the earth as a tabernacle for the sun, and stretched out the heavens as a tent to dwell in, needs not the fashion of men's hands. We may remember that David, at a period long antecedent to the Christian era, felt the eternal presence of the Messiah, and could worship in the rock, shaded by the cedars of Lebanon. He had anticipated the words of the One mighty to save: "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, worship the Father." David, alone with God, could pray amidst falling waters, waving forests, and towering crags, as well as in the great sanctuary; for he knew the omnipresence of God. But we may remember One greater than all, One greater than David. We may think of One who sighed in the valley of Jehoshaphat, worshipped by the brook of Kedron, and prayed amidst the olive trees of Gethsemane.\* The monasteries contained many men of learning and

\* Tacitus assigns a reason for the worship of the ancients at altars in high places; viz. that they should worship as near as possible to the residence of the gods. Lucian ridicules the idea, whilst he agrees as to the existence of the custom: but God has forbidden it.

study; for at this time the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge could afford but an insecure and very scanty asylum for students, having been so often plundered by Dane and Norman.

It was not till the very end of the twelfth century that these sister-seminaries flourished. Anthony à Wood states, that, at this time, Oxford had about four thousand students, and Cambridge about three thousand. Some of the provincial academies were much preferred. The accomplished Alexander Neckham speaks (a little after this period) in terms of deep affection, when referring to St. Alban's academy; he says—

“ Hic locus ætatis nostræ primordia novit ;  
Annos felices, lætitiæque dies.  
Hic locus ingenuis pueriles imbuit annos  
Artibus, et nostræ laudis origo fuit.”

Which, perhaps, may be rendered thus :—

“ In this retreat young life thus stole away :  
What peaceful nights ! whilst science ruled the day.  
’Twas here I gather’d all of learning’s weal,  
Which won that fame I own and none can steal.”

Many of the priests, including Thurston, archbishop of York, and à Becket, previous to his primacy, did not scruple to join in the field of battle, and harangue the soldiers with that energy and sublime eloquence which their superior education and holy profession gave great effect to. M. Paris states, that combats often decided ecclesiastical causes. The prior of Tinmouth, Ralph Gussion, fought, by his champion, a man of gigantic stature, one Pegun, concerning a species of exhibition for the maintenance of students. During the Toulouse wars, à Becket when arch-deacon, engaged in single combat, and conquered, Elgeran de Très, a French knight, famous for his valour. Indeed, it may be assumed, that the army was always attended by many priests, and other holy men, to comfort the dying, and officiate generally.

At Acre there fell six archbishops, twelve bishops,

besides forty earls, five hundred barons, and three hundred thousand soldiers. The venerable archbishop of Canterbury (Baldwin), died in Palestine; and the chronicler says, he breathed forth his soul in these words:—"O Lord, now is there need of chastening and correcting with holy grace, that if it please thy mercy, that I should be removed from the turmoil of this present life, I have remained long enough in this army." After these words, his spirit passed away into the presence of the God of armies. Amongst the illustrious and holy men who were at the wars in Palestine, we may name Henry of Troyes, count of Champayne, Theobald, count of Blois, Count Stephen, the Count of Clairmont, Count of Scalons, Bernard de St. Waleri, Robert de Buon, Guy de Castellan, with his brother Lovel, John de Montmirail, John D'Arcy, also the Lord of Comte in Burgundy, the Bishop of Blois, the Bishop of Toulon, the Bishop of Ostia, the Bishop of Mordré, the Bishop of Brescia, and the Bishop of Aste, the Bishop of Nazareth, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the Archbishop of Cæsarea. There were also the Bishop of Besançon, Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, Hubert, bishop of Salisbury, the Archdeacon of Colchester. There came also Ranulph de Glanville, Robert, earl of Leicester, Robert de Newbury, the Shettersvilles, Gilbert de Mulines, Hugh de Gorney, Richard de Vernon, Bertrand de Verdun, with his son, and as the chronicler says, a long list of noble and magnanimous men, whose number would be tedious to recount.

The Cross, the emblem of peace, was too often raised near the banner of war, to urge men to defy death, and seek the blood of their foes with redoubled energy. The soldiers were reminded, that it was a war for home and religion; and the cross was raised, bearing the figure of our Saviour pierced with wounds, round which chief and serf bowed in humble veneration, vowing to stand or fall by this sacred banner. Indeed it may be said—which cannot be said in these

temperate and reforming days — religion was in all their ways. Without desiring now to discuss any of the doctrines of Catholicism, it may be enough to say that its administrations were fascinating to all. They brought the poorest in communication with the priesthood, and were so conducted as to suit the taste of the elegant and refined, as well as to promote the main interests and objects of those kings of the earth, who were willing to concede to the Church, supremacy and divine infallibility (see note, Appendix No. 2). But whenever any of the Church's assumptions were disputed, the head of that Church became maddened, cunning, and relentless, and then she evinced that her great lust was for the honour and dominion of this transitory world. The docile and unsuspecting millions, who had for ages supplicated the priesthood for the charity of intercession with their Maker, paused and unfolded the disguise which enveloped the earthly features of the Church.

The disputes amongst these holy chiefs, compelled them respectively to seek the alliance and aid of the civil power; and thus they necessarily exposed their motives and ends to the gaze and criticism of the irreverent mass. Their affected purity became the subject of investigation and even ridicule; and they brought their sacred vocation into contempt. They imitated the folly and wickedness of the early Christians. Eusebius (lib. v. c. 28, and c. 45) speaks of the Arian controversy in such terms, and with such reflections, as are well adapted to the dispute between the popes Victor and Alexander; and, indeed, the consequences of all ecclesiastical disputes (see Limborch's *Inquisition*, pp. 1, 2) are very similar.

The year 1160 produced great excitement. The ecclesiastical powers were suddenly ruffled and *distended* with the hideous passions of party; and the gorgeous mantle of the order was to be seen struggling promiscuously in the mass of disputants.

The whole Latin Church reeled in discord, owing



to the sudden death of Adrian, the only Englishman who ever occupied the Papal chair. This was followed by an exciting circumstance; viz. a double election, by the cardinals, of Octavian and Orlando to the Roman Pontificate; Orlando taking the name of Alexander III, and Octavian that of Victor IV.

There had been many earlier disputes between popes, from 900 to 1120, wherein various (eighty) bloody battles were fought; and terms, ungrateful to truth and honour, often served as a compromise. The greatest and the bravest emperors were insulted by the violence and treason of those disputing priests. At this time, Frederick Barbarossa was struggling to recover the power his predecessors in the empire had lost; and cited all Europe, both popes and all the cardinals, bishops of Germany, Italy, etc. Victor obeyed; but Alexander refused, replying, "Christ has given to St. Peter and his successors the privilege of judging all cases wherein the Church has concern; which right the see of Rome has always exercised, and it has never submitted to any other judgment."

At this council were fifty bishops, the kings of Bohemia and of Denmark, and almost all the distinguished princes of Europe. The kings of England and of France sent their ambassadors; yet Alexander resisted the summons, and denied the right. This was one of those occasions, when the veneration which the laity had granted to the pontificate was rent aside by its own hand. It was then and thus, that the multitude were able to discern the earthly parts of that system they once thought altogether immutable and divine. It was then that the sting was seen in the adder; it was then that the poison was detected in the soporific draught, which had for ages been administered to the docile and unsuspecting millions, who supplicated the priesthood for the charity of intercession with their Maker. The power of nominating, or rather determining, the title to the pontificate, eventually resting between France and



England, became very much a matter of state policy, and, in Henry's mind, but one of the many atoms with which he fashioned the power which astonished mankind.

Henry reminds us of the heathen emperors, who used the influence of religious disputes, for the ends and purposes of his monarchy (See Eusebius, *vita Constan.* lib. 3, c. 20).

In the midst of many political disguises, and a constant succession of new and important anxieties, the mind of the king was constantly assailed by the strategic appeals of the respective cardinals who sought the title and supreme power of St. Peter's chair. Indeed, the first Plantagenet was sometimes compelled to make terms with the ambitious spirits of papacy; for, whilst he was executing the arduous and active duties of a sovereign possessing an extensive and divided territory, the main genius of the Vatican was employing every attribute belonging to its being, for the purpose of suppressing the influence of the independent spirit of the king of England, and occupying that ambitious disposition which might divert him from the cause of civil and religious liberty.

This period of Henry's history again and again reminds us of Constantine's conduct at the council, when the Nicene Creed was drawing up, upon which Athanasius and Arius conducted a most violent and persecuting controversy. We may remember a cruel war occurred in the early church, which reminds us of the butchery by the Spaniards of the poor Red Indians\* (see Bell's Report, 1830). A war of extermination was conducted by these bishops against their respective adherents, who were styled heretics. There was

\* De Tocqueville says, "None of the Indian tribes of the territory of New England now [1829] remain. The Naraganzettes, the Mohicans, and Peeots, are all gone. The Lenapes, who, 150 years ago, received William Penn on the banks of the Delaware, are all gone; and I myself met with the last of the Iroquois, begging for death." Page 286.

no species of cruelty which was not perpetrated. They were driven from their homes, and hunted to death by the fanatic monsters, appointed by the hierarchy. The ears and noses of the Arians were cut off; and one of the bishops, namely, Bishop George of Alexandria, was put to death, by tearing his flesh off his bones. Such things made Jahn say, "That even the beasts were not so cruel to men, as the generality of Christians were to one another." This was a severe persecution against certain of the early Christians termed Schismatics; and we observe much analogy between it and the Toulouse war, which was commenced in the reign of Henry II., when all orders of society, priests of all nations, took part in this sanguinary and wicked persecution; many thousands were put to death by hirelings, under the fanatical guidance of the priesthood. War of every sort seemed then to have a charm, which filled up the barbarian's yearnings for employment, power, and distinction. The holy priest, the pandering courtier, the hired soldier, were whelmed in the stream of blood; and although they each pretended some civilised justification, yet we are unable to recognise even the dignity of the chieftain of the wild hordes of Germany; for Tacitus says, that even the most cruel of the ancient Germans yielded their blood for some ideal greatness of purpose; but the haughty crusader of the twelfth century, appears to our minds as an inferior being to the painted Iroquois described by Bougainville, or the maniac who drags his blood-stained garments through the wild and umbrageous fastnesses of America.

The Toulouse war was sustained with extreme barbarity, and attracted adventurers from all orders of society, who were paid from the treasures of the church. Indeed, in this age, all things were devoted to war, and bore its impress. It was then, as now, an exciting occupation, and raised a glittering standard before the eyes of men, challenging many of the noblest parts of their nature, tendering gauds and honours in

exchange for blood, and shewing pyramids for their manes to rest under. It promised to take man away from the lingering sorrows of domestic life, and to make an independent way to death's domains. We must loathe when we look upon the ravages that war has made; yet we must admit that it has scenes in which the leading powers of the soul must be oft brought into vigorous action, and all that is solid and brilliant in man, be elicited and concentrated in one focus of bold and dauntless resolution. Such an organisation then takes place, that the whole being seems electrified with one excited and impassioned power. This is the spirit of chivalry; and it is everywhere—in the icy regions of the pole, or the burning confines of the equator. It is found in the wild fastnesses of America, where the bland refinements of courts have no power to seduce (see "*Histoire de la Nouvelle France*" by Charlevoix; also "*Volney's Tableaux des Etats Unis*," page 423; also Alexis de Tocqueville "*On America*," page 297 to 300, also an interesting note to p. 304). This was an age when the voice of chivalry echoed from mount to vale, and all mankind seemed ready to follow the clarion trumpet of war. It was a disposition gratifying to the monarch, and aggrandizing to the people. Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts during this distinguished reign, was the subjugation of Ireland to the papal power, which involved the assertion of the papal right to bestow kingdoms and empires, and is the origin of the connection between Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish church had been united in fellowship with the Romish church, by the exertions of Saint Malachi; but the claims of the prelates to exclusive privileges were long resisted by the native Irish princes and the inferior clergy, who were strongly attached to their ancient institutions.

Pope Adrian's eye was ever watching the progress of Henry's arms, and therefore issued a bull, granting Ireland to Henry II. By reading this bull

(see Appendix, No. III.), it will be seen how the Pope and Henry dissimulated. Some years expired ere the Irish hierarchy were subdued to acquiescence in this violent and unholy proceeding. About 1171, circumstances effected a lodgment for the English arms in Ireland, and then the brief was read at Cashel, with a confirmatory letter from the reigning Pope, Alexander III. ; and the severest censures of the Church were threatened on all who should ever dare to impeach this donation of the holy see. The Pope pretended that he thought Henry was seeking the conquest of Ireland for the purpose of weeding it of sin ; whilst Henry pretended to believe the Pope's dissimulation, at the same time alleging false pretences for seeking Ireland. When we consider the proximity of Ireland and England, and the fertility of the former, we need not be surprised that it attracted the eyes of Henry, who set no bounds to his ambition. Ireland had not yet acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, and Henry's power began to assume a very extensive and independent character ; indeed it is easy to understand the Pope's anxiety to attract Henry by a new temptation, and therefore promised him that Ireland should bow before his arms, upon terms including its subjugation to the Papal Power. This was an epoch when the greatest power and splendour distinguished the civil government of England, and the glory and power of the papacy seemed to fade before the greater glory of England's monarch ; and it is probable the Pope considered that the enterprise to Ireland would be just enough to distract and divert Henry from his main occupation.

We must remember that the Church of Christ was ever holy, and that truth changes not ; yet the Pope was an earthly monarch, then, as now, seeking the same end and objects as all other monarchs, but converting the superstition and fanaticism of millions into those mystic means which he interwove with the ordinary means common to other monarchs. The papal system

of proselytism, united to the untiring and ingenious efforts of Jesuitism, were but the means to a great end; viz., the attainment of all earthly power, and the alliance or subjugation of the civil arm. The ramifications and interstices of this wonderful and mighty machinery seem to be unnoticed by modern rulers; and, in particular, by England's princes. Yet we believe it is undermining cities and palaces, whilst the inhabitants are folding their arms in confidence and indifference. Its unwearied patience, its unostentatious perseverance, its constancy and secrecy, are heaping up a power which will one day overwhelm the land, and surprise the sleeping warders of Protestantism.

We regret to say, that we fear that religion, as a faith, has but few permanent and devoted advocates in the councils of England; yet we venture to warn our rulers, our countrymen, that Romanism is an envious and *angry* principle, and will never cease to seek all earthly power; and, for the attainment of this power, it will barter every minor interest: for it well knows, that, with the possession of this power, it can recover all of which it may make a temporary sacrifice. Years, aye, many years, may pass away, and the slow and certain progress of Romanism may evade the notice of rulers, ever changing; yet the appetite of the papacy is unchangeable, and, like the grave, will never cease to yawn for more. It may be, that even this generation may escape the grasp of the long-imprisoned and angry foe; even all common-sense calculation (the increase of the devotees of Romanism in England, as 29 is to 1, during the present century, the increase of the churches of the papacy, etc.), should convince us, that the strength and integrity of the Protestant Church is yielding before the importunity and varied attributes of Romanism; and, although God has loved us, and shielded us so long, he has nowhere protected those who have slighted the venerated and valuable things he has entrusted to them; for He helps those who help themselves.

There is a record well deserving the attention of all who read this book. It is to be found in a public remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris, in 1750, where, complaining of the abuses of the ecclesiastical power in France, they say to the king, that "the clergy of that realm are now busily using endeavours to support and confirm a system of independence on civil power, the foundation of which has been laid several centuries back, the principles of which have been agitated, developed, and followed, from age to age, in the conduct of the church ; and the inevitable effects of which, if not stopped by the vigilance and firmness of the civil magistrate, would be, the most enormous *abuse* of the royal authority as well as of religion, the destruction of good order and public tranquillity, of all proper and regular jurisdictions, of the laws, and of the king's sovereignty itself ; and, by consequence, of the whole state." These were the very words of the citizens of Paris, the faithful children of the Romish church ; for such were the oppressions and presumptions of the ecclesiastical corporations, that the people could endure them no more. We can now call to mind the reflection of a good Protestant nobleman, who says, in reference to this remonstrance of the citizens of Paris, that whoever considers the subject will have good reason to think, that, wherever the popish religion remains, the principles of intolerance and oppression will remain also ; and, notwithstanding their iniquity and absurdity, they will perpetually disturb, and sometimes overpower, the civil authority, even in countries the most enlightened by learning and philosophy, or affecting the greatest latitude and freedom of thought. We know nothing in the English character which assures us that Romanism would operate less sedulously, or less tyrannically, when it should become the established religion of the land. " Ah, ah ! " say many ; " with what needless alarms the author writes. We Englishmen will never permit such an absurd and

oppressive domination; and our excellent queen shall never be lost in the abyss of priestcraft." God grant that happy England may never be priest-ridden. May we never experience the truth of the words of a churchman and historian (Gul. Neubrigen, p. 324), who says, "The clergy had license (being independent of the civil power) to do what they would with certain impunity, and were in no awe of God or man."

When Henry consented to receive Ireland from the pope, he weakened the power and reduced the dignity of the civil monarchy, whilst he rendered the ecclesiastical power confident and intolerant. He, like some modern statesmen, thought that the pure things of heaven might sometimes be bartered at the shambles of expediency-mongers, or sacrificed at the altar of the demagogue; and that mere worldly details, such as dignities, taxes, and municipal rights, have a better claim to attention than the faith of the land. It is thus that men, fearing the cognomen of saints or alarmists, allow encroachments to be gradually made on that which is the foundation of the genius of the English constitution, viz., its religion. This error will endanger all their fame, and mark them as the enemies of sound government. It may cost rivers of English blood, and many years of woe. The fate and fortunes of this king are ever before them. He, whose bold and striking character might have served the cause of civil and religious liberty (by which we mean, not freedom from laws, either religious or civil, but a living under good laws, both civil and religious) much more extensively, and kept the papal domination under restraint, became a victim, because self-righteousness became his high priest, and doled out a false sanctification; and, therefore, many of his efforts failed to realise more than the glory of man, side by side of the revelations of time, and the praise of this transitory world; and the incense ascended not into heaven.



Perhaps the most imprudent concession, was that of receiving Ireland\* as a gift from Pope Adrian,† by a bull‡ still extant; and, in the very grant, as appears by M. Paris, he submitted to be told of his own acknowledgment, "That every island in which no Christianity had gained the ascendant, belonged of right to St. Peter and the holy Roman Church." However, the mind of Henry seemed at times more than a match for the whole papal and ecclesiastical politicians. During the reign of this prince, the papal chair had many occupants; but they were all at times awed by his monarchical bearing, for he was not only a bold and enterprising warrior, but, on most critical occasions, he proved himself a keen and vigilant politician; and some have even thought that he acted wisely in appearing so docile in respect to Ireland, and that by such concessions he baffled the pope, his rebellious primate, and even the king of France, and preserved the royal and constitutional power from

\* Ireland, Irin, Iierna, Juverna, Ionerma, Berma, or Hybernia. The origin of the word Erin is by some considered to be derived from an Irish word, meaning *west*. The Irish are by some historians traced beyond the flood. Others, less prepossessed, say that from the third age of the world, Ireland was inhabited by Scyths, who were succeeded by a large number of Spaniards. Religion and learning flourished in Ireland; but a civil war rendered it an easy prey to foreign invasion. During the Saxon dynasty, many Saxons received their education in this country, which was then called the Island of Saints.

† Adrian, the only Englishman ever raised to the papal chair, succeeded Anastasius; and, at his decease, came the double election of Alexander and Paschal. His name was Nicholas Breakspear, said to be the son of a bondman belonging to the Abbey of St. Albans. Being refused admission to the monastic order, he went beyond the sea, and improved so much in learning, that the pope made him bishop of Alba, and afterwards a cardinal. He proved an active and zealous pope. He put the city of Rome under an interdict for insulting one of his cardinals, and excommunicated William of Sicily. In the fourth year of his pontificate, he was choked by a fly, A.D. 1158.

‡ The authenticity of this bull is denied by the Abbé Mac-Geoghegan, author of a history of Ireland.



animosities, ever secretly burning in the breast of the Vatican, towards that mighty and independent spirit which elevated the first Plantagenet above all other men.

It was in this reign that so much disputation took place touching clerical marriage. The voice and influence of the Pope were directed against this most genial rite of nature. In spite of severe persecution, there were very excellent men who would not give up the soft society of woman. Yes! that confiding and devoted creature still adhered to the side of man, although at times under an opprobrious name, and without that ornament, the wedding ring, which had long been used by the honest Saxons. There was nothing in the office of priest to render it independent of those tender and noble affections which the ethereal character of woman has ever awakened; indeed, many of the bishops, deacons, and inferior priests had proved themselves bold and brave in war as well as skilful in the excitements and dangers of the tournament, where woman sat to place the chaplet around the brow of the victor.

Pope Innocent contended that the priests should be entirely separated from those natural connections and contracts which have ever produced strong sympathies, and quickened the best affections. They were to regard the world as a panorama passing before them, and on no account to touch or associate with the beautiful beings sent by bounteous heaven to enliven and adorn it. They were to forget that one of whom Milton says—

“Adorned

With all that earth or heaven could bestow,  
To make her amiable! On she came,  
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by His voice; nor uninformed  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage-rites.  
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye—  
In every gesture, dignity and love.”

The result of this interdiction on marriage is too





well known. None were rendered more virtuous or active in holiness; none became more charitable to the poor, or benevolent to the sick; but thousands erected a system of selfish indulgence, which monopolised their whole nature, and turned men into fiends. This is the certain consequence, when any one of the provident laws of heaven is pushed aside to make room for man's inventions. The principles of Christianity required no such distortion, that man on earth should at all times, whilst on earth, affect the sublimated and pure nature of angels. The prohibition of marriage was one very strong evidence of the blindness and fallibility of the Papacy; it gave rise to the general concubinage of the clergy, and turned the monasteries and nunneries into brothels, in which the most flagrant vices (including even murder) were constantly committed. That pure and stainless nature, which the Church had affected, was soon beclouded by those dark and degrading blemishes, which Passion and Pride indent upon the foreheads of their votaries. Religion was no longer the handmaid of civilisation, but became an obstacle to social love and peace. From the heavenly vocation of leading the blind, and teaching the thousands to control the fierce passions of their nature—of asserting pure and high principles as the best security for all—the priests became evildoers, and degenerated into oppressors, who surrounded themselves with the filth of their vices, and became more loathsome than the swine in the mire. Some of the superior priests, as Adrian at Bruges, and Abbé Truckles, had their harem, after the manner of the Eastern monarchs. No pen can describe the crimes of the Romish priests—their plots, their incests, and assassinations. Before the Reformation, there were few who were innocent, from the sovereign pontiff to the humblest curate. The facetious Walter Mapes, the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, and chaplain of

Henry II., ridicules the pope's interdiction thus; or rather it is thus translated:—

“ Priscian's head to break, 'tis said,  
 It is your intention:  
*Hic* and *Hæc* he bids us take  
 To the priest's declension.  
 One of these you harshly seize,  
 And rob us of our treasure:  
*Hic* alone for *Hæc* must moan,  
 'Tis our pontiff's pleasure.  
 Inconsistent Innocent!  
 Ill that name thou claimest,  
 Who, when young, didst joy among  
 What, grown old, thou blamest.  
 Shame await thy grisly pate,  
 And thy heart so rotten!  
 Wanton toys and youthful joys  
 Hast thou quite forgotten?  
 Sons of war, all similar,  
 From soldiers see descending.  
 From each king see princes spring,  
 Princes else were ending.  
 Mourn we then for holy men;  
 Woful their disgrace is;  
 They alone must furnish none  
 To supply their places.”

But let not our readers assume that we charge these sins on any particular faith. It is sin in man, and is to be found in all conventions, which attempt to compound a religion of the elements of the world, and the spirit of the devil; and though many assume names which seem to silence inquiry, such as the Church, the True Church, the True Catholic Church, the Protestant, the Reformed Church, yet if they want the holy likeness of Christ, they are but children of the great harlot.

In the middle of the twelfth century, the spiritual power adopted a more humble tone, whilst it negotiated with the civil government; but some circumstances very soon proved that the pope demanded the veneration of kings and people; and, to attain this, he scrupled not to use any means, however unjust and

disgraceful. He professed to have all knowledge and all power, and struggled to exercise that universal arbitrement which belongs to the Deity. He demanded a complete supremacy (see Appendix, IV.), as well as the right to make and determine the wars of nations, and the disputes of kings with their subjects. It would be easy to prove that the popes have ever been the secret and open enemies of civil monarchy, and that their intrigues have caused more bloodshed in war than all other causes. It was intended to place in the Appendix a very brief biography of the popes, with a relation of the wars they have respectively fomented; but, for the present, we have only space to describe Alexander VI.,\* who obtained St. Peter's chair by the foul influence of bribery. It may be as well to detail more fully some circumstances which occurred in the reign of Henry II., as they expose the spirit of the Vatican, and furnish a picture of Popery in contention with one of the most noble and chivalric princes. As we have before observed, the Papacy sought entire dominion over the human mind; and this object began to glimmer before the acute eye of Henry, who regarded it as one step towards reducing the authority of the civil power. The influence of this mighty prince penetrated into those interstices of society where monarchy had never before reached. Even the moral authority once attached to the name of king had faded during the reign of Stephen; for then, in the midst of social anarchy, men knew not where to go for protection against the assaults of the violent. There had been the framework of a system; but it had, during that king's reign, become unreal and powerless, employing all its faculties for supporting its mere state.

\* Alexander VI. was raised to the chair of St. Peter, although his notorious immoralities, whilst cardinal, exceeded all description. During his pontificate he committed murder, incest and rape, with impunity, and died by drinking poison he had prepared for certain rich cardinals whose property he desired to possess.

So debilitated and impure had the chief government become, and so many inferior powers had created themselves in various parts of England, all regardless of the public good, that the constitution seemed tottering to destruction. Some prompt and special interposition seemed almost indispensable to supply the deficiency of moral government, and restore some degree of unity and order. All parts of society were wanting some supereminent being, under whose protection they might live, and upon whom they might always depend for protection. It was at this crisis that Providence raised up this noble and generous monarch, Henry II., who required not the authority of ancestral rights, nor the aid of long-settled institutions; for his genius was so elevated and independent, that its action aggrandised its owner to the highest degree of magnificence and dignity. In its career, there was a glory about it so conspicuous and transcendant, that whilst the noble and great felt it honourable to be allied to it, the vicious shrunk before its development. His predecessors had been satisfied with the title of king, and gratified with their limited territories in France, and were content to be "lord of lords;" but he had determined to hold England in one hand and France in the other, and plant his standard in lands almost unknown to his predecessors, and (if we may be allowed the expression) bearing the inscription, "king of kings." He was the sun and shield of all. Yes! he was the soul of his people; and through him every hope, every wish, and every fear passed, ere it could have practical character. His public conduct secured for him the highest dignity of monarchy, viz. Chief Conservator of Public Peace. He seemed endued with the vital organs just adapted to the imperial and massive genius of monarchy. Subject to some peculiar exceptions, it may be said, that under whatever point of view we regard the character of Henry, we may discover the means of its strength and influence to arise from its

entire devotedness. It was, in truth, the leading character in Europe; and all that was seeking advancement or honour joined in its train; its course was definitive and progressive; it aroused every kind of activity, and not only sanctioned but graced every kind of improvement with its favour; it became, not only for sovereigns, but even for nations, the type and model of real power; and at last so splendid and well-established, that it promised to guard and guide the whole destiny of Europe; and to have determined to alter the genius of the nation it then presided over.

Henry II., as king, warrior, and statesman, had no equal; he was far above and beyond the day in which he lived. His private character was the display of superiority which a refined and elegant mind was ever striving to hide—it was seductive and interesting. Such was the dignity of the prince whose long resistance of papal authority awakened, in some degree, the glorious Reformation: but whose spirit, because ambitious and glory-seeking, was ultimately overwhelmed by the intrigues of the Vatican. Although there ever was an inherent enmity in popery towards civil monarchy, yet it has been the policy of the popes to endeavour to hide this predisposition from the observation of the monarchs of Europe, except when the papal power became irresistible. This demand of supremacy, this hostility to civil monarchs, is not a mere incident, but belongs to the very existence and nature of Roman Catholicism, and to every dynasty which pretends to a supremacy over the conscience and soul of man.

The elevation of Thomas à Becket to the chair of Canterbury, gave birth to a sudden, protracted, and irritating discussion between the papal power and the king of England. It would be needless to enter into a lengthened detail of the cause of the dispute between the primate and his sovereign; but it appears that previous to the elevation of à Becket, he had ever affected extreme jealousy of the presumptions of the Church,



and declared his resolution to aid the king in sustaining the supremacy of the civil power.

Great was the dismay of the king, when he found, almost immediately à Becket became archbishop of Canterbury, that he avowed himself the resolute advocate for the rights of the Church, and the foremost rebel against civil power. In the words of the historian, "No change was ever so sudden and violent as that which appeared in this prelate, immediately upon his election. The refusal of the primate to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon (see App. V.), left no doubt in the mind of the king that the hour had arrived for him to make an example of the archbishop, and to resist every encroachment of the ecclesiastical corporation. It was then that the essential nature of man and king embodied itself, as a barrier to the presumption of the priest. The hireling had risen against his patron, and nature revolted at his ingratitude. It may render this part of our subject more intelligible, if we explain (as nearly as possible in the words of the historian) the circumstances which led Henry to require the signature of à Becket to those constitutions.

It appears that, "in a certain civil dispute which occurred in the year 1163, à Becket did not condescend to determine the dispute by process of law, but excommunicated his adversary, and without having asked the king's consent. This was a direct attack on the royal prerogative. For it had been an uncontroverted right of the crown, ever since the establishment of the feudal constitution by William the First, that neither the tenants in chief, nor the servants of the king, could be excommunicated without his knowledge and consent, because the consequences of that sentence would deprive him of their service. But à Becket, who disregarded both the authority and the reason of all such laws as tended to restrain or control the ecclesiastical power, answered Henry, who sent him an order to take off the excommunication, that it did not belong to him to command any person

to be excommunicated or absolved. When he found that the king insisted upon it, he struggled, but at last yielded; yet he made no excuse for what he had done, nor did he acknowledge the right of patronage in the lord of the manor, or recede in the least from the principles on which he had acted.

This, and some like incidents, convinced Henry that à Becket would prove his most intractable adversary; and he thought that the reformation he anxiously meditated would now be most properly commenced, by taking from the clergy that strange privilege, to which they still pretended, of being exempt from all secular judicature; because, so long as they retained it, they might fearlessly persevere in all their other encroachments on the civil authority. And he had now an occasion of bringing on the question, with the strongest evidences of the mischiefs that must attend the continuance of such an immunity. A' Becket had lately protected some clergymen, guilty of enormous and capital crimes, from being delivered up to the justice of the crown. Among others there was one accused of having debauched a gentleman's daughter, and of having, to secure his enjoyment of her, murdered the father. The king required him to be brought to judgment before a civil tribunal, that, if convicted, he might suffer a penalty adequate to his guilt, which the ecclesiastical judicatures could not inflict upon him; but this was resisted by à Becket; which raising a general indignation in the public, Henry summoned all the bishops to attend him at Westminster, and declared to them, in a weighty and vehement speech, the reasons of their meeting. He began by complaining of the flagrant corruption of the spiritual courts, which, in many cases, extorted great sums from the innocent; and in others allowed the guilty to escape with no punishment beyond pecuniary commutations, which turned to the profit of the clergy. By these methods, he said, they had levied in a year more money

from the people than he did himself, but left wickedness unreformed, secure, and triumphant.

Henry having reasoned with them against these false assumptions of à Becket, and finding them obstinate, reduced his arguments to this question, "Whether they would observe the ancient customs and laws of his realm?" To which à Becket, after some consultation with his brethren, returned this answer, "That he would observe those laws and customs, as far as he could, saving the privileges of his order and the honour of God." Every one of the prelates, being asked the same question, answered in the same words. The king, extremely provoked at this evasive reserve, from which none but the bishop of Chichester could be brought to depart, said, "he perceived that a line of battle was drawn up against him," and abruptly left the assembly. The next morning he took from à Becket the education of his son, and the custody of those castles which had been committed to him when chancellor, and which he had not given up when he resigned the great seal, though obviously incompatible with his spiritual functions. The loss of the castles did not please him; but it particularly grieved him to see the young prince, whose tender mind he desired to mould to his purposes, taken out of his hands before he had been able to make any very lasting impressions upon it. Yet this he must have expected; unless he was sanguine enough to think, that fear would now induce the king to continue to him those trusts, which an immoderate and unsuspecting affection had rather incautiously conferred.

It appears by a letter from the bishop of Lizieux, who knew the secrets of the court, that Henry's anger against à Becket was much inflamed at this time, by a report, which had been made to him, of a conversation held by that prelate with some intimate friends, in which he had spoken of him irreverently, with an air of superiority, and as one who thought he could easily control and overrule him in any undertaking, from

the reciprocal knowledge they had of each other's abilities. Upon this the king said, that it was necessary for him to exert his whole power, since he found *he must now contend for his royal dignity*; and an agreement would be impossible; for neither would he derogate in any manner from *that*, nor would the archbishop desist from his treasonable assumptions.

The same letter informs us, that if there were some persons, to whom the behaviour of à Becket appeared to proceed from an extraordinary sanctity and zeal for religion, there were others who saw it in very different lights. They said, "His ambition was much better gratified, by holding that power independently, and through the reverence due to an ecclesiastical dignity, which before he had only enjoyed under the favour and at the will of another. That, being so raised, he was no longer content to sit at the foot, or even by the side, of the throne; *but threatened the crown itself*: intending to bring it into such a dependence on his authority, that the ability to bestow and to support it should principally belong to the Church. That he set out with opposing the king's commands, in order that all might appear to be absolutely subdued to his government; since no hope of resisting could be left to any others, where the royal authority itself was forced to submit." He went so far as to say, that, "if an angel should come from heaven, and advise me to make the acknowledgment desired by the king, without the saving I have thrown in, I would anathematise him."

Such was the blind and bigoted state of society in these days, that a priest could defy the laws of his king and country, and set up the interests of the church as his justification. Yet the anger of the king arose to such an extent, that even à Becket was uneasy, and made some temporary and superficial concessions; but doubting his safety, he soon attempted his escape from England. Lord Lyttleton says, that the prior of the Temple had persuaded à Becket to submit

to the order of the king. The monk Gervaise tells us, that à Becket then used, in the presence of all the bishops, these very remarkable words: "It is my master's pleasure that I should forswear myself, and at present I submit to it, and do resolve to incur perjury, and repent afterwards as I may." The bishops then heard him with astonishment; yet, as he enjoined them by their canonical obedience, they signed and sealed the Constitutions; but (says Hoveden and Gervaise) to the utter surprise of all, à Becket himself refused. The primate endeavoured to secrete himself in France (the place of refuge of many tyrants and traitors, says Lyttleton) under the protection of the king (Louis) and the pope; and although it was a high misdemeanour to leave the kingdom without the king's permission, and particularly forbidden by the Constitutions of Clarendon, yet à Becket made two energetic attempts; but the king and his council could not withhold the expression of their delight, when they heard that the archbishop had failed in his attempts; because, such was the state of King Henry's Norman possessions, that à Becket, who knew all his secrets, could have then created most extensive and irreparable injury, by communicating them to the pope, and many disaffected vassals in those parts. At this time, and ever since, the pope has claimed a knowledge of any thing and every thing respecting the intentions and interests of the sovereigns of the earth; and even the haughty à Becket was bound to communicate every secret to his superior in the church. Indeed, he was too ready to furnish information to the enemies of his earthly sovereign; and the papacy considered it was most proper that he should do and say whatever might injure the king of England, whilst regarded as a heretic by the papal court. Lord Lyttleton (vol. iv. p. 63) says, "The secrets of the state were known to the archbishop; and what use he might be inclined to make of that knowledge—how many enemies he

might raise against his master—how many friends he might cool—what instructions he might give to those who envied or dreaded the greatness of the monarch in prejudice to him and his government, was matter of very serious and very uneasy consideration; and to prevent giving offence to Alexander, the pope, it was thought expedient that Henry should even abstain from the use of his royal prerogative, in confiscating the estates of the archbishop.”

There are many instances in the English and continental history, to prove that the system of confession and secrecy is conducted by papists on principles subversive of the very safety of society. We remember the priest, Gurnet, would not tell of the gunpowder plot, and that Father Aubigny denied the knowledge of the intended assassination of Henry IV. But many of our readers are aware of the furtive influence of the popish confessional, and the various modes of secret proselytism. The Times of December 21, 1845, quotes a letter from Berlin on the machinations of popery, which says, “That a *suspicious* Catholic Association, called ‘The Order of the Roses,’ has been discovered in that capital. This confederacy seems to be organised as a lodge of various degrees and nations. Fifteen persons form a garland of roses, fifteen garlands a rose-bush, and fifteen rose-bushes a rose-tree. This lodge is headed by a popish priest, who presides over the whole confederacy, as well as the individual meeting of the members. Papers were distributed among the members, decked with roses, and containing edifying verses, for the purpose of being learned by heart, and sung. This society is to spread popery among the lower orders, and has a fascinating novelty, which gives each member an interest in proselytism. This jesuitical artifice was disclosed by a Protestant servant girl, in the service of a professor of the Consistorial Council.”

The private aid which the pope rendered in these various channels, much encouraged à Becket in his

efforts to subdue the civil power to an obedience to the ecclesiastical; and venturing the displeasure of the laity, by shielding every priest who broke the laws of the land, he became at last so offensive, that the counsellors of the king declared, that à Becket's object was to place the crown of England on the head of an ecclesiastic; or, at any rate, that he who would be king of England must be content to be slave to the archbishop, who was himself but a vassal of the pope, and ever obedient to his nod. Such awakening and candid declarations aroused Henry to seek a contest with à Becket, which should be more decisive. The primate began to suspect that he was regarded by the people as a traitor, and a most ungrateful subject of a most generous and just monarch. He therefore aimed to convince all his brethren that the king was the enemy of the holy church; and thus he excited much sympathy, and many were the prayers offered for the archbishop.

The mass at the altar of St. Stephen was attended with great form, and à Becket ordered it to begin with these words: "Princes sat and spoke against," etc.; also the second Psalm: "The rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed." The archbishop despised the advice of his friends, who recommended reconciliation, and replied to the bishop of London, "*The king's weapon can indeed kill the body, but mine can destroy the soul, and send it to hell.*" Here is the Roman pandect, which no Romanist has ever disavowed or repudiated. Yet we trust the light of the brightness of the Day-star on high may disperse this fanatical and blasphemous assumption. Many were the insults which the king suffered whilst attempting to induce à Becket to return to his allegiance; but à Becket was a true Romanist, and he then insisted upon a doctrine which is still the doctrine of true Romanism, viz.: that all priests and their disputes with laymen, should be judged by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and wholly independent of the

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civil power.\* Upon one occasion, the pope had artfully engaged the assistance of Matilda to bring about a reconciliation between her son Henry of England and à Becket, whereupon à Becket writes to Matilda. "What will it profit the king your son before God, if he transmits his sins to his heirs, and constitutes them, as it were, by his testament, adversaries of God and his Church? Or what does it now profit his ancestors, if he, taking occasion from their evil practice, offends God by a kind of hereditary right? Other services should have been done, and other gifts have been offered, to appease the Divine wrath, and for the salvation and redemption of the souls of his forefathers. God is not pleased with sacrifices from rapine. It might as well be supposed that a father would be pleased to have his son offered up in sacrifice to him." After these expostulations with Matilda, which were admirably well calculated to deter her from insisting on the antiquity of those rights that were in dispute, the archbishop invites the king, her son, to repentance, with a gracious promise of mercy; but yet he says, "that God has drawn his bow, and will speedily shoot from thence the arrows of death, if princes do not permit his spouse, the Church, for the love of whom he had deigned to die, to remain free, and to be honoured with the possession of those privileges and dignities, which he had purchased for her with his blood, on the cross."

Whoever has read the Gospel, must be astonished to hear, that an exemption for clergymen from all civil justice was one of the privileges purchased by the blood of Christ for his Church! But à Becket having, agreeably to the doctrines of Rome, inculcated this to the empress, proceeded to inform her, "that it was her duty to use the care of a mother, and the authority of a queen, in reclaiming her son; as it was she who had, with many labours, acquired for him his kingdom and duchy of Normandy, and transmitted

\* See *Times'* report of this subject, Sept. 1850.



to him, by hereditary succession, those rights and royal prerogatives, which were now made the occasion of the Church being oppressed and trod under foot, innocent persons proscribed, and the poor intolerably afflicted." Matilda had not, for some time, been used to hear that she had over her son the authority of a queen, nor that her labours had acquired for him his kingdom and duchy of Normandy. That both these propositions were false in fact, the archbishop and she herself must have perfectly known; but he thought they would sound agreeably in her ears; and it belovèd him to render her favourable to him in this negociation. He concluded by assuring her, "that, on his part, he would willingly do what he could for the salvation of her and her son, perpetually imploring the mercy of God for them both; but he should pray with more confidence, if the king, by restoring peace to the Church, would speedily and devotedly return to God, her Maker and Benefactor!" We could furnish many other instances of the blasphemy and rebellious conduct of this priest, whilst contending for a power the Church has always privately sought, and is now seeking; à Becket preserved throughout, the most inflated and often blasphemous character, assuming the character of Jesus when tempted by Satan. When the king endeavoured to persuade him to be reconciled, he told the king that his observations reminded him of the words of the devil to our Saviour: "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." At another time he told the king, in a letter, that no one had yet injured the see of Canterbury, without being corrected or crushed by our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the most infamous and insulting parts of his conduct towards Henry, was an attempt to make him perjure himself, by consenting to do that which he had sworn not to do, viz.: to give the kiss of good-will on his (à Becket's) return to England: and, when writing to the pope his report of the interview

with the king on his arrival in England, he boasts that he had entrapped his royal master, Henry II., inducing him to perjure himself. Such was the influence of this priest at Rome, and wherever the power of the Vatican was dominant! Indeed, all orders of society watched this dispute with the greatest anxiety.

A'Becket was the very centre, of a certain half-religious, half-chivalric, but altogether fanatic, aristocracy, which neither law nor power could disperse. He was the apex of scenic demonstrations, surmounting all the rest of the national grandeur. Over this aristocracy, and thence over all the civilised world, this chieftain waved his flaming crosier. The military disposition of the times, the love of adventure and exploits, had nurtured this aristocracy within the very bosom of the nation; and on the topmost heights of this convention this priest had founded a throne, which for grandeur and circumstance exceeded all the thrones of the haughty princes of Europe. His highly educated mind and remarkable energy alarmed his foes, and encouraged his friends. Roman Catholicism was then exercising one of its great powers, and exhibiting to the world the absoluteness of its monarchy, and the daring nature of its rivalry. Its assumptions in England are for the present apparently much reduced, but its constant hope is in supremacy; and for the attainment of this end it silently directs an unseen countless army of indomitable and devoted allies, who never tire or sleep. In Ireland it panders to the people, in Spain to the prince, in America to the form of government. In France it has overstrained its powers. In England it watches and waits to take its grades and make its movements, when indifference and a compromising disposition yield a safe opportunity. Thousands of Protestants slight its development, and will not mark its revelations. It moves silently along, but is everywhere in action. It is like the evening breeze; from whence it

cometh or goeth no man may trace. It is like death in its triumphs, which for the present are not displayed. Its victims are hidden away. It is a spirit—take heed, ye temporising Protestants, or ye will, ere long, form but a part of its triumph. Its councils have commenced their inquisition concerning you and me—mark their angry brows—they are resolved to crush humanity (see Council of Thurles, Sept. 1850). It patiently awaits a fair occasion to exhibit its great attribute, for the Roman Catholic Church is composed of but two elements, the power of the priest, and the submission of the people. The priest alone rises so high above his flock, that all below him are his vassals. The Roman Catholic faith depresses all human capacities; it subjects the learned and ignorant, the man of genius and the vulgar clown, to the details of the same humiliation to priestcraft; it inflicts the same concessions, and confounds all distinctions of society at the foot of the same altar, the papal throne, even as they are confounded in the holy presence of God. It endeavours to suppress liberty, whilst it often aids the truly rebellious. It fears the freedom of speech on the most vital doctrines of faith; and therefore Luther was put to death by Leo (1523) before the appointed day, lest he might speak truth, and expose the guiltiness of Roman Catholicism. Protestantism certainly predisposes men to independence, but never to assume equality, and thus confound the good order of society. All the holy ends of Protestantism can be attained in any and every form of government, for whilst it teaches a reverence for its priesthood, it reminds all that its priests are but subjects, erring men, and therefore when contests arise between its monarch and its priests, it suffers no prejudice nor mystic influence to guide its judgment against the earthly governor.

Upon one occasion, the archbishop of Rouen had the daring to tell the king to his face, that if the pope should issue a mandate, prohibiting him com-

municating with the king of England, whilst he was involved in a dispute with his archbishop (à Becket), he, the archbishop of Rouen, would refuse to speak or correspond with the king. Upon one occasion, the pope offered to absolve the king from his solemn vow, as to not giving the kiss to à Becket. Henry replied, that he could not accept it; for it reminded him of the answer which his grandfather Henry I. gave to another pope (Calixtus II.), who proffered to absolve him from a certain oath: "The pope says, that his apostate power will absolve me from a solemn vow I have taken; but it does not seem agreeable to the honour of a king that I should consent to such absolution (see Appendix VI.), for who will afterwards trust my promise, made upon oath, if, by example of what has been done in my case, it should have been shewn that the obligation of an oath may be so easily cancelled?" It would have been honourable to the memory of this great monarch, if his whole conduct in this dispute had been as firm and pure as the principle involved in this declaration of his grandfather; but we must regret that his conduct was at times vacillating, and wholly unlike his general character. A'Becket sought the aid of Pope Alexander on several occasions; and the language of one of his letters runs thus in phrases of Scripture, as Lord Lyttleton says, only fit to be applied to God: "Rise, Lord, and delay no longer; let the light of thy countenance shine upon me, and do unto me according to thy mercy" (vol. iv. p. 152). In the same volume, p. 347, the faithful historian records a letter written by the archbishop to a nun he had employed to take to the archbishop of York, for suspending this magnate priest. "A great reward, my daughter, is proposed to your labour, the remission of your sins. The mistress of mercy will assist you, and ask her Son, God and man, whom she brought forth for the salvation of the world. Farewell, spouse

of Christ." This latter term is the universal description of a nun by Roman Catholics.

The truth is, that in this dispute, nominally with à Becket, the English monarch was in fact contending with all the powers of Europe, to whom the Vatican was as the heart to the human body. Indeed, such were the extent and ramification of intrigue which were ever agitating the deliberations of the papacy, that no civil potentate long enjoyed peace or independence: even Henry of England was often driven to a simple and entire dependence on his own original nature and genius, and to erect himself with a gaunt and physical defiance, challenging the whole world.

Standing on the mountains, and looking down upon the cities of the earth, and challenging the very storms to come out from their secret places to meet the spirit of independence which reigned in his soul; and though ebon night might come on, and the roarings of the wild and savage might be heard in the passes, yet above all might be heard a mighty voice echoing from vale to vale, "I am Plantagenet, king of this world." Thrice would he call upon the mountains to swallow him, and cast him again to the dust, if he, in strait or joy, should ere become a slave. His great soul dashed from side to side of its manse to seek some ally, and though there was a voice as one crying in the wilderness, "I am thy brother, and I hold the keys of life and death," yet pride filled his ears, and he could not hear the voice of the charmer.

Glory, mundane glory's long and festive dream could not be broken. The music of his ear—the light of his eye—desire of all his heart—his hope—his fear—the elements in which all passion lived, were swallowed up in this dream of earthly glory; and in this dream he dwelt, until his manly form became as the leafless boughs in dark winter's hours.

The tyranny and breach of faith which distinguished the contracts of the Vatican has wholly dispirited

many monarchs; but it had the effect of so disgusting Henry of England, that he often preferred to declare himself its open enemy, rather than depend upon it for its aid. It was upon these occasions, that he cut through the intertwinings and entanglements of those intrigues his honest mind was unable to understand. Indeed, the course and action of government and policy were in those days rendered so extremely difficult, owing to the influence of the papacy, that nothing less than the independent character of Henry's mind could propound the means of securing peace and good government in England.

Yes! it is the awful and dismal shadow which the government of popery has left, that induces alarm when any thing bearing the features and habits of popery appears to share in the power and government of this land; it is the long dark picture of time past, which, blending with fantastic mummary, as well as presumptuous concessions to error, of present times, which awakens strong suspicion of what may be far less offensive, and yet not harmless. Such concessions and imitations may be regarded as crocodiles' eggs, which only require some fervent changes to bring into existence an evil generation. There are (too near our Established Church) certain disciples of a new fashion of worship, who claim our pity, whilst they are in a state but probationary to Romanism. At present, they deem it safest to live upon the glebe of Protestantism, although their hearts contain the full purpose of rebellion. To say the least, there is in all this a want of common honesty, and Ignatius' spirit revels in the base ingratitude. At present they conduct themselves decorously, and with so much dissemblance, that bishops and dames of court and fashion, are occasionally in their ranks; yet, we fear, they will ere long join in approval of the letter of Pope Alexander, who says, in one of his letters, "If the king does not concede, he may depend, the Lord who now sleeps will awake, and the

sword of St. Peter will not consume with rust, but will be drawn, and exercise a proper vengeance." Alexander, the chief of the papal court, described the rebellious à Becket as the champion of Christ; and for his sake he banished many excellent and noble men, confiscating their estates, and ruining their families; sometimes placing the kingdom of England and other kingdoms of Europe under interdicts, whereby the churches were closed, the sacraments forbidden to be administered, *the dead buried in the highways*—and, in some instances, the throne declared vacant, *the king pronounced an outcast*, and the people absolved from their oaths of allegiance; indeed, the whole civilized world was sometimes seen rocking with convulsive horror and anguish, under the accumulating pains and penalties issued by the Pope of Rome.

Many letters were written by the pope and his cardinals, to the archbishop, assuring him of his blessedness, and quoting the scriptural words, "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." All this was the papal reward for a system of rebellion and opposition to his sovereign, and for endeavouring to excite others to the same evil and unfaithful conduct. At the same time the king was assailed by insulting letters; and in one of them the language of Pope Pascal II. to Henry I. is quoted as applicable, and is thus—"Who doubts that the priests of Christ are the fathers and masters of kings and princes, and all the faithful? And it is acknowledged to be an act of madness for a son to oppose his father, or discipline his master, or attempt to reduce that person under his power, by whom he ought to believe that he may be bound or loosed, not only on earth but in heaven." Again, the king is told, that he ought, like David, to humble himself beneath the correction of the Church. Such was the comfort and aid rendered by the papal court to one who had opposed the necessary course of



public justice, and acted in defiance of the laws of his country, which he had solemnly acknowledged and confirmed. It was Roman papacy defying the monarch of England!—it was a season when the Roman pontificate thought itself strong enough to declare its boundless and treasonous presumptions, which echoed from one end of Christendom to the other. The relentless council of cardinals had considered and sealed the nature of the temptation to be cast before the monarch of England. Insult and defiance were now doled out by priestly tongues, steeped deep in the poisons of rebellion. The ambitious and blasphemous spirit of popery was then bold, but is wily enough to be silent in these better times;—so long silent, that some have thought it either dead, or its existence fabulous. It lives!—though, like the prince of darkness, it is in chains at the feet of the Lion of Judah. There its monstrous being heaves with unutterable anguish, couched in its scaly fold, with angry glistening orbs, which roll with redoubled anguish as they watch the tribes of the faithful breaking their idols and bowing before the One God.

We must look back, ere we can pronounce what is the actual nature of the Roman church; one chief object was, and ever has been, to depose human reason, and intercept the voice of Heaven. In the reign of Henry II. its desolating policy was passing silently over the world, when kings and princes became alarmed; for they felt their thrones tottering under them, and their lives in jeopardy; and when they sought for a cause, they discovered that there was a mysterious craft and influence in the depraved ecclesiastical power (not palpably seen, yet gigantic), which threatened to deprive them of their state and possessions, unless they consented to hold them as vassals of the Vatican. It was in such seasons that the ecclesiastical power became endangered.

There is an opinion, that if the papal council were



to recover its power and influence over England, that it would never re-enact the violent and presumptuous conduct towards the monarchs of England, nor would it enforce its absurd doctrines by severe penalties, nor perform its mummeries and blasphemous exercises, as in times by-gone. We think otherwise; and that, to be faithful and consistent to its own teachers and doctrines, it would be far more ceremonious, arbitrary, and cruel. It is true, that such conduct might offend common sense, and arouse indignation and resistance; but these would all be crushed by civil power, led by a fanaticism which regards neither reason nor social happiness, but deems torture and death proper penalties to be used by the church for proselyting and the purgation of all heresies. Henry was a noble prince, and his people were brave and resolute, yet there was a blind humiliation secured by the papacy, in which some of the greatest civil potentates took part, which enabled the papacy to retain for a while its presumptuous and extravagant arrogance. The darkness and delusion which accompany popery have ever, and will ever, counteract and avert the influence of many of those precautions and inquiries we usually make on every other subject. Nothing of the earth can resist its very subtle and wonderful power; the simple word of God is alone sufficient. I know there are Tractarians, and lovers of the works of the Fathers, who think they may venture a little way into the enemy's land; but, alas! many have been captivated by the sorceress, and, we fear, many are in greatest peril: a little more music and scenery, with ornamental dresses and ceremonies, may appear innocent; but they are the emblems and rags of self-righteousness. In Henry's reign Romanism was then also a formalist; but it then claimed to be the dictator, not only in religious matters, but in many important civil matters; and, like all tyrants, became bold and cruel in effecting every end its pride desired. Its great assumption

was that of a complete vicegerency of Heaven to rule the acts and rights of all men—to govern all thought, morals, opinions, and conscience. It was under the protection of such unbounded power, that it hoped to perpetrate, with impunity, perjury, murder, incest, blasphemy, and unnatural crimes of the worst description. Such was the dark state of the world, that all conventions, more or less, were suppliantly bowing before the ecclesiastical dynasty; and, as we have said, the mass oft-times threw themselves, in the most humiliating form, before this Juggernaut of paganism. To resist this leviathan, or check its progress, even for a time, became the task or privilege of a mind which could see beyond and out of the darkness around. It was not only necessary to awaken, but to guide, a sufficient means for the end; and to divert, if possible, all the vast and valuable capacities of the Church to their proper vocation. For this it required all the reason of a superior mind, with unprecedented physical powers; but even these would ever have been insufficient for the great engagement, unless they had been upheld by the highest degree of station and authority, and free, in a great measure, from that passion and weakness which too generally mingle in man. It required a being, or rather a spirit, which could set up a standard of ethics and moral right, with an individual independence unaffected by the dark delusions around. It required a passionate and barbarian love for liberty, united to a civilised genius and acumen. The true sentiment of human spontaneity in its most vigorous and unrestricted development, the love of nature and of man, the defiance of archives and pandects, and all which had been and might be. It required that noble sensitiveness, yet headstrong resolution, which seems truly derivative from high moral nature. It is rather difficult for us, in regulated society, to comprehend the vastness and magnificence of the spirit which must have urged the second Plantagenet in many of

his extraordinary feats. Such men have been, and have stepped this earthly arena for awhile ; but the security and very safety of civilisation seem to have destroyed the chief features of their grand development. This great prince sought to establish moral influence, and the moderate separation of temporal and spiritual power ; for, in their confusion, he saw the many vicious principles which have ever had so baneful an effect on the progress of civilisation. This great task required a resolution, which neither the threats of the mighty could shake, nor the indifference of the superior class, nor the torpor of the unnumbered multitude, could distract from its great vocation. For it was a war of years, pointed against the prejudices of a mighty class which no man could number—against the partialities of nations of warriors and philosophers—and against the alliances and affections of many of the kings and potentates of the earth. The treasures of the world, the might of physical action, the patronage of honours and riches—the gifts of the present, and the promises and hopes of the future world—were in possession of the great enemy that was now to be attacked. This enemy had held a fortress impregnable for generations, whose towers once touched heaven, and whose foundations were now blanched with the bones of thousands who had presumed to doubt its perfection, or to attempt to reduce its arrogance. But it now perceived that one of the champions of the human family, yet in his youth, in manhood's gallant hour, for a while with less earthly weakness, had thrown off the shackles which the human interpreters of the Divine will had cast upon him, and was not afraid to measure lances with the leaders of the ecclesiastical government. It was then that the defensive life and faculty which reigned within their mystic arcana were first tried and contended with. There was then a sudden exercise of all that was splendid, mighty, and cruel. It was then, that the degree of

criminality and unfaithfulness to which the tyranny of the papacy could dare to extend itself, was added to the miscellaneous band of its powers. It was then, that the meanest of the monastic order was invited to cast all his tiny share of cloistered cunning and pelf into the gathering tide of the common cause; which, fed by ten thousand tributary streams, did, by the vastness of its aggregate, astonish both friend and antagonist. It was then that the coffers of the Church, which had been filling during a long period of darkness, were opened and emptied forth, with a haste and zeal that afforded but little opportunity of distinguishing the tribute of blood from the gold which common intimidation and promises had ground from generations long since hidden in their graves. It was then that the less differences between the superior and inferior ecclesiastics were willingly laid aside, and for a while forgotten; whilst every energy was put forth against the spirit which threatened to expose the human nature and imperfection of that convention, which had been so long revered as altogether divine and immaculate. Yes! it was then that national councils, provincial councils, general councils, with their perpetual correspondence and publication of letters and of admonitions, carefully exercised their functions to one common end. Not for the search of any great truth, was the intellectual life which resided in the bosom of this government then used, but for the preservation of principles vicious and destructive! For it was then that the Church discovered, that there still resided within the temporal power that brute physical force (the only resuscitating means), which, if guided by a just and noble arm, would realise a government superior and more worthy of love than the ecclesiastical system was willing to provide. The papacy had for some time felt, that as long as the temporal ruler was satisfied to receive a part of the plunder which its various agents had from time to time torn from the people,

without investigating the degree and nature of the violence employed, there was still hope that the temporal power might be kept in subjection, and regarded as the inferior power. It was when the civil government suddenly hesitated to lend to the Church its physical powers of punishment, and claimed for itself an individuality of character and action, that the ecclesiastical monarchy proved that its own mystic machinery (however secret, demoniac, and cruel), which gleamed through interstices of the hierarchical fabric, was insufficient alone to keep at bay that spirit which had been provoked to wrestle in the gloom of moral darkness. For this spirit feared, that while the Church was recklessly tearing off the remaining features of that moral beauty and independence which its Maker had mantled it with, an arm was raised to destroy all the good order and public tranquillity of all the regular jurisdiction of the laws and of the king's sovereignty itself, and, by sure consequence, of the whole state.

One part of the great problem of government was then resolved; and well would it have been with Christendom if this king had then been content to be guided by the unseen angels of Heaven. Oft did he approach the very porch of true wisdom; but he seemed unprepared for the transcendent glories which were suffused before him from the mystic things around; and he fell back content with mere earthly means, whilst struggling in his high moral vocation. He could see the promise on the tablets over the porch of that holy place; but unsanctified feelings urged him again and again downward, amidst the expediencies and uncertainties of time. The powerful genius of Henry seemed to yearn for some eternal and divine association which neither man nor fiend could withstand; and that righteous gift was doubtless tendered him in the freedom and liberty of the Gospel; but things present enveloped him, and prevented him seeing the holy countenance of the Giver. The throes and anguish of

his soul were heaving (as in all who resist the Spirit) as a troubled sea; for whilst he saw the mighty assailant couching round his throne, seeking to stop the current of his life, and whilst he defied its trespasses, he felt unable to destroy his foe.

Yet often from the mists of papacy, surrounded by a fanatic people, with fanatic ideas and passions (cultivated during a lengthened age of superstition), this monarch came forth with a single and definite object; viz. to erect a pure monarchy, possessing sufficient absolute power for regulating every interest of the nation, so as to secure the greatest degree of liberty for his people. It was by the influence of his distinguished authority, that Henry II. reduced the arrogance of priestcraft, and elevated the genius of government.

It has been said that these were days of darkness, and it might be added, of extreme profligacy and sensuality, mixed with superstition. How could it be otherwise? Papacy dominant! Papacy, the immediate heir of paganism; retaining its essence and features, its worship of images and of dead men, whom it deified with prayers, hymns, and incense! Papacy, the teacher of auricular confessions, absolution, indulgences of sins! Miracles wrought by images, pictures, and the bones of the dead! Transubstantiation, or the assumed power of forming the real body of Jesus by the hands of man! The infallibility of the pope, and his right to be the interpreter and dispenser of the Scriptures, declaring that he held the keys of heaven and of hell, and that he had authority to absolve from oaths, to break allegiance, to dethrone kings, and to torture and destroy mankind! Papacy! the blatant, deceitful beast, which, while it boasted that druidical ignorance and impiety were expelled from the land, introduced mummeries and impositions of its own still more iniquitous, cruel, and absurd; destroying the loveliest parts of God's creatures, and with vengeful blasphemy

claiming a right to punish with tortures, even unto death, all kindreds and nations who presumed to commune with God without the intervention of the Romish priests, or who dared to deny the supreme and divine power of the pope.\* The influence of this new *religion* was unfit and unlikely to dispel moral darkness, or to elevate the supreme part of man's nature, especially since the ministers themselves were superstitious, venal, and self-indulgent.

The Romish clergy were, at times, during the reign of Henry II., very obnoxious to the people. It is said by Rapin and others, that no less than one hundred murders were committed by the clergy during the very early part of this reign, and none of the murderers had been brought to suitable punishment. Some had purchased absolution for incest, rape, perjury, and murder, even before these crimes were perpetrated; some, after; and they defied all law, depending on their influence with the pope or his satellites. All this avowed infamy will bear but a slight comparison with the number and enormities of the murders and cruelties which the papacy has perpetrated in the unseen and undistinguished walks of private society, through the instrumentality of its agents, the various priests, who (like serpents) insinuated themselves into every family of respectability. Heaven and the grave can alone tell over this awful list. When Rome was besieged in 1848, and the pope driven out, the bones of thousands of victims were discovered, who had been secretly put to death by the Inquisition. It has been but seldom that the public, or the magistrates of civil power, have been allowed even to catch a glimpse of the acts of the papal monsters, who allowed nothing to stay their

\* Solus Romanus Pontifex jure dicitur universalis. Illi soli licet pro temporis necessitate novas leges condere. Papæ solius pedes omnes principes deosculantur. Illius solius nomen in ecclesiis recitatur: unicum est nomen in mundo. Illi licet Imperatores deponere  
 --Greg. Epist.



arm when any object arose which awakened their cupidity or lust.\*

History furnishes many instances of the zeal with which the synods of bishops condemned the simple-hearted. This zeal was fatal to thirty poor Germans, and their pastor, F. Gerard, a man of good character and learning, who were apprehended at Oxford in this reign, and who having been found guilty of obstinate heresy, were branded and shorn of all covering, because they had not orthodox views of purgatory, saints, reliques, etc. They all perished of hunger and cold. The name and sufferings of this good reformer are little known, and less remarked upon; but the righteous never die, or as a poet has said:—

“They never fail, who die  
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
But still their spirit walks abroad.”—*Marino Faliero*.

Yes, his spirit dashes through space and time, and companionises with spirits of love, who lead it to plains of ever-living green, where it may bask in the light and glory of its Maker, whilst panting Time in nether worlds is charmed to endless sleep, by sweet accord from tongues of seraphim. There it will recount the ways of God to man and earth, and with ten thousand angels round the throne, cry Holy, holy, holy! Then it will see the resting-place of the people of God, and the beaming crowns for the Christian warriors who have fought the good fight.

It will be needful to refer to some instances of the persecuting spirit of popery; but an equal charge against the church of Rome is, that it has ever denied the exercise of individual reason; and though this could never wholly stay the action of those minds which this artful denial was intended to control,

\* See Appendix for quotation from that valuable Journal the *Times*, November 15, 1844.



yet it was sufficient to depress and impair that reason to which she forbade action. This was an unfaithfulness and a repudiation of her assumed divinity. It was human weakness, glaring on the brow of the spiritual vocation, fearing that her mystic knowledge and superstitious influence would be exposed and attenuated! It was man intercepting the light of Heaven from the countenances of his fellow-men! It was man opposing his Maker in the course of his wide developments and purposes! It was pride united to meanness! It was form and earth opposing Spirit and Heaven! It was a denial of the liberty of thought, and an attempt to urge that angel of light, the spirit, by force and cruelty! Yes, faith was urged by fear, and made a thing of time and place; whilst demonstrations of the power of man were exhibited—such as fire, the sword, and the inquisition—to purify heresies (so called); and the Spirit of God was insulted. The papacy required that the traditions or works of the fathers should be accepted as part of the rule of faith. Indeed, Lord Lyttleton says, that as early as the troubled reign of Stephen, the popish priests had invented a set of principles, supergoverning the law and the king, said to be found in books at Oxford by Vaccarius; and a collection called the Decretum obtained great credit.

The cities of Languedoc were at this time remarkable for their commercial wealth and their spirit of independence. They had now declared that the Scriptures were the sole rule of faith, and consequently condemned the supremacy over the conscience claimed by the Romish priesthood. Such a doctrine awakened the extreme anger of the Vatican; and they were stigmatized as the worst of criminals. All the reformers were delivered over to the fierce soldiery of the Roman Catholic princes, and the same privileges were granted to those who took arms against them, as to crusaders and pilgrims to the holy sepulchre. We shall not pain our readers by details of the terrible

effects of the vengeance of the Vatican; for these religious persecutions present the most horrible picture of inhuman barbarities. The cardinal of Albans, abbot of Clairvaux, had the melancholy occupation of commanding the first expedition against these humble and holy reformers. The horrors of these impious wars exceed all others recorded by the historian. It was thus the *church* employed murderers as missionaries, and indiscriminate massacres as her best arguments. It was in these wars, that the crafty Philip Augustus took an active and cruel part against the Albigenses, merely to avert the anger of the pope, but under the affectation of quelling schism.\*

About the year 1160, one Waldo, a merchant of Lyons, having studied the Bible, and declared that transubstantiation was unscriptural, became the founder of a sect immensely numerous. In Savoy they were called Waldenses, Albigenses in France, and Lollards in England. The good Thomas Fuller says, "The pope declared them to be the vilest order of heretics, and invited all good Christians to unite in a crusade, and root them out with all cruelty. He promised to the undertakers of this crusade the self-same indulgences and pardons which had been promised to that blind and bigoted host, which bled and died in the general crusade." Fuller quaintly says, "His zeal to exterminate these poor reformers rendered him blind to the fact, that Albigeois was much nearer than Palestine, the labour greater, whilst the rewards were equal." Dr. Field, in his *Book of the Church* (book iii. cap. 8.), says, "These reformers were worthy servants of God." Dr. White, in his reply to Fisher, says, "The Waldenses, from whom they sprung, maintained the same doctrine in substance with modern protestantism; but their resolution to resist the infallibility of Romanism excited a scene of blood-guiltiness, which has few parallels in the history of Christendom. Rankin, in his *History of*

\* Note Appendix, No. VII., Schism.

France, sets out their doctrines, which were strictly scriptural, whilst their habits were temperate, and consistent with their profession.

The Vatican pointed to them as a set of wild maniacs, only fit for entire extermination; and Pope Alexander issued the most woeful and awful decrees, calling upon all *Christians* to unite in a crusade against them, which the vilest of characters complied with.

The page of history informs us, that twenty-three thousand of these holy reformers were put to the sword in one day, by the orders of the abbot of the Cistercians. A slight idea may be formed of the cruelty and fanaticism which urged on this priest in his bloody occupation, from the following circumstance:—The noble and devoted Count Raymond was defending Besiers, the capital; and some hesitation being felt just before the assault, as to sparing those in the city who were faithful to the Romish see, the question was put to the abbot; to which his ferocious and blasphemous answer was—"Kill all; kill all: God will find out those who belong to him." In this persecution, one million of our fellow-creatures were massacred.

The Vatican was ever active in detecting schismatics of all kinds; holding up such schisms as proofs that injury arose by the spread of the Gospel, and that therefore it was necessary to withhold the Bible from the laity. It may be readily assumed and acknowledged, that many sects were generated from the sudden spread of the gospel. Its glorious rays spread light to all; yet some were dazzled by the mass of treasures which it disclosed, as the inheritance of the true followers of Christ; and some probably felt as persons rising from a long trance of darkness, and for awhile they but partially understood the mission of the holy book. Hence sects arose, professing tenets bearing but a partial similitude to the truth of the word; and very few revivals of religion

have ever occurred, without furnishing painful scenes of extravagance and fanaticism. Yet God is the same—the letter of God remains the same; a test and reference which mostly moderates the extravagant, and corrects the disorder of fanaticism; and yet amongst the wild and schismatic were generally some of the best and most heavenly-minded persons, whose virtues much extenuated the violence and excitement of their sect.

The system of persecution shews that the Vatican was wholly blind to the principles of sound government. It sought to regulate and govern, whilst it disregarded the essence of government. It relied on a mere system of ways and means wholly physical, and that, whilst affecting to recall the minds and spirits of men to listen to its teaching, and to respect and reverence its dogmas. It seemed to forget that a good church is ever intent upon discovering those truths which should govern and lead mankind; and in endeavouring to persuade men to acknowledge those truths, and to adopt and respect them willingly and freely, it seemed to forget that compulsion cannot excite faith, whose domain and territory is the conscience; and that every species of force must be illegal and wicked, whatever may be the end designed. Again, the priests of the doctrines of peace and love should hope to promulgate and advance principles only by acts of love and peace. This correspondence of good life with good doctrine will ever justify zeal and energy. By this means may the teachers hope to bring the wanderer to the fold; by the investigation, the preaching and teaching of religious truths; the constant administering to religious wants; admonishing, censuring, and living the life of their Master. They perform the holy, exalted, and noble task which religious government has to perform. How many are the privileges of the missionary to the spirits of men—to describe the land of peace and rest for the soul—to shew the path to that land—to describe

the Circean notes of the tempter—to sing of the goodness and eternal wisdom of the King of Heaven, and the Lord of life and glory, and to be ever ready to resolve the problems of human destiny, and to expound the troubles of time. When the spiritual teacher addresses the spirit and intellect, he engages the free will of man, and instead of contracting, he expands the powers of comprehension, and shews the smiling countenance of his Creator behind the heavy cloud. In this glorious vocation, spirit elevates spirit, and teacher and disciple become a grand expression of beauty and holiness, whilst freedom and heavenly love beam around them. When the teacher is thus engaged in his true and glorious vocation, he no longer appears as a dictator or task-maker, but as a guardian and regulator of those grand principles which form the basis and security of society.

Many and remarkable are the duties of the religious teacher, in addition to the common destinies and nature of man. There are a number of problems whose solution we cannot work out in the present life. These, though immersed with an order of thoughts distinct and distant from the world around us, and apparently beyond the reach of our many extraordinary faculties, do not less searchingly torment our spirits; for our nature, our immortality, are evinced most when struggling for the evidences of many mysteries which seem to append to the future. Life, death, and immortality are all mysteries without the spiritual teaching, yet these wonderful gifts of the goodness of heaven may become sources of alarm and distressing doubts, until the spiritual teaching expounds them and their relations. The solution of all these mysteries, the creeds and faith which contain them, or are supposed to contain them, are the leading subjects for divine interpretation. Again, how often does the question rush to the mind, Whence cometh morality, which leads men to the very porch of religion, the disposition to believe in some superior

being, and to look for some other and purer state? At one moment the very inmost recesses of our souls are stirred up and set in action. To-day the imagination breathes forth some wonderful conception of good or evil destiny, and some new channel and means of spiritual exercises present themselves, which flicker around the mind, and declare themselves more able to satisfy the yearnings of the soul; and the poor spirit rushes to and fro for some resting-place on earth. It is then the holy men of God, the teachers of God's doctrines and will, are required. It is then they may with a tender voice and unwavering hand point to Calvary's Mount. For this tender influence, it must be apparent that all violence, force, and formality are wholly unfit; yet, notwithstanding the exalted and ennobling nature of the vocation of the church (App. VIII.), she, the Romish church, stooped to claim a right of compulsion; a right, however, contrary to the very nature and spirit of religious society, to the origin of the church itself, and to its primitive maxims—a right disputed by many of the seers and fathers of the infallible church, and by some who were most revered and illustrious, viz., St. Ambrose, St. Hilary, and St. Martin; but nevertheless, this tenet became an important feature of Romanism. It assumed the right of driving men like sheep into the tabernacle, and punishing them physically for variances in faith, which it termed heresy (App. IX.). It was then the Romish church evinced to the minds of the truly holy and intelligent, that it was itself but a barbarian, and violator of true liberty; for it sought to domineer over all that personal and spontaneous intellect and liberty which make men accountable, good, and great.

In the mean time, this force was met by man's moral and divine resistance, and indeed there were counteracting spirits in the church itself; because all that was original and pure was not absorbed and destroyed. Human thought and liberty might appear

to be fettered, and the majority in councils might for a day hold back the natural and ultimately irresistible principles of truth and justice. Yet this strain and stretch of the powers of the church, brought on, as it were, paralytic action and painful throes for life, which humbled its high bearing, and compelled it to glance around on the world and the flesh for aids and sympathies. The mysterious designs of the church, its authority and wonderful influence, were all in part and at times acknowledged to those who were called out to aid in the oppression of man and liberty, for those mercenary allies demanded to investigate their leader's credentials. Such excitements rapidly reduced reverence, and turned allies into familiars, until at last there were resolute antagonists within the very bosom of that church, yea, that church which had proscribed heresy and condemned the right of free inquiry—that ecclesiastical convention which had shewn such contempt for individual reason, and had announced the imperative transmission of doctrines, was now evincing disputatiousness and direct heresy in some of its leading axioms; and then no society on earth was more declarative of individual reasons, or more lavish and fruitful of heresies. These very heresies have been the evidences of its vitality, and of the moral action of divine elements which no tyranny or arbitrary assumptions could crush. Indeed these very heresies were but the struggles of truth seeking the light, and some arena for its expansion. Although the Romish Church attempted to destroy the liberty of human reason, yet it was ever affecting to be making appeals to reason. We say affecting, for we cannot discover that any sincere appeal to reason was intended by provincial councils, national councils, general councils. O no; we know these were for other purposes, viz., to adjust authority, and mark out means most likely to crush resistance, and destroy all who dared to think for themselves. No government now appeared to go so far in discussions



and deliberations. The infallible church and its endless councils were ever propounding new doctrines, and inventing new means, and resorting to refined artifices for the sustentation and spread of its power, and yet such was its jealousy and tyranny, that whenever any set of men assumed the right of judging for themselves on subjects of faith, *it would array itself with affected indignation*, and vehemently hasten, with the aid of the physical arm, to exterminate those who exercised principles which it affected to use for its own preservation.

So heretical was the government of the church, so time-serving, so debased, and so artful, that whenever she fell in the *melée* of the ruin of other conventions, she changed, or rather affected to change, her very objects, and the character of her passions. Her love of power and her pride have long been her most prominent features; and yet, when at the fall of the western empire she found herself surrounded by beings of aboriginal dispositions and natures, before whom an assumption of superior power would be wholly intolerable, she couched down and waited the fulness of time. She secreted her talons, and hid away the pandects and scrolls of her authority. She went forth with the barbarian chieftain, and rebuked not his wild enthusiasm or dreadful errands of blood. She bowed down in the mire of his superstitions; and although there was neither tradition nor creed, nor feeling, to create a single sympathy, yet she perceived that her safety and existence depended upon quiet submission and continued silence. Years of time, and certain disputes and attritions of powers, in which the barbarians suffered vicissitudes, yielded her some opportunities of asserting her nature; and when the barbarians were almost unconscious, she conceived the most effective means of seduction, viz., that of dazzling their senses and working upon their imaginations. It was then she presented number, pomp, and effulgence of religious ceremony; and she converted



them to become listeners by the grandeur of her exhibitions. But even then she stepped slowly and gently amongst the magnificence and grandeurs of barbarism, and it was long ere she dared to whisper or intimate that she desired to introduce an unseen and mystic power, before which they would be required to bow. O no ; she then, as now, exemplified the attitude and artfulness of the man of sin. She knew that danger was not over ; that no common tie had united her to the barbarian. The brutality, the ingenuousness, and reality of barbarism was a fact which challenged all her powers to supergovern ; for the blood-stained chieftain went forth in the morn, defying all things, and fearless as the wild blast. The eloquence of nature, her mountains, her echoing waterfalls, her grandeur of loneliness, all met this being in brotherhood, decked his brow with wild impassioned intents, beamed on him with associating sympathies, so that he, in defiance of all powers, stamped upon the carth, regardless of the future. Such a being stood forth as a god upon the world ; and the Church saw that no principle or power of the earth could dictate to such a being ; and therefore she yielded her darling, her best beloved attribute, and announced (O hear it, north, south, east, and west)—the church, the Romish church ! the haughty ecclesiastical imperialist spoke in soft and gentle voice—and announced her own inglorious humiliation. To save herself and all her abominable rites and possessions, she, the Romish Church, declared that force had no authority over religious belief, hopes, or promises, and that the spiritual and temporal worlds are eternal, and have an eternal distinction. We have observed this selfsame artifice practised by the learned and heroic priest à Becket ; for until he had secured the highest office in the state, he pretended to be most jealous of the ecclesiastical assumptions, and resolved to maintain the independence of the civil power ; but immediately he had clutched the seals of office, and the see of Canterbury owned him as its chief, than

did the glistening scales of the serpent glow and burn with animation, and the forked tongue was used for the entire destruction of all civil government. A'Becket was but the model and forerunner of many such artful and envious Romanists, who are watching for the best occasion to set up their standards of blood-thirsty rebellion. We fancy we saw dark and awful recipes lately lying on the tables before the Synod of Thurles. Yes, we think we heard the rattling of strange and cruel instruments, which have been hidden for some ages, but are now being gradually removed from their long resting-places. Yes, though music breathed its most sweet, solemn and dulcet tones; whilst many voices sang the Litany of the Virgin in true Gregorian cadence, though manly vigour and earthly passions assumed the deep, silent, aye, and pallid expression of meekness and waiting, yet the eloquent tongue of one of Tuam reminded that council of seers that the spirit of the Vatican was awaking from its long dream; and that time, and years, and forbearance had not worn away or changed that enduring and jealous passion in the church towards the civil power; and though some who were there had so lately sought the very presence of their true, virtuous, and thrice lovely Queen, and pretended to present before her the gait and airs of loyalty and love; yet, be it known, there went forth from that council a decree containing insult to that Queen; and its breath was adapted to wither and blight the hopes of many of Erin's children, and stay the spread and freedom of all learning; and, to use the language of one of the greatest writers and thinkers: "The clergy of Ireland is disaffected towards the imperial government; it cares little for the improvement of the people, and much for its own power, and it acts in constant communication with the court of Rome, whose orders it implicitly obeys. They, the priests, attempt to tighten the screw of ecclesiastical despotism, and stop the progress of

civilization. All this time England, her sovereign, parliament and people, look on passively; and are partly unable, and partly unwilling to make any attempt to apply any remedy or remove the cause" (see Times, 28th Sept. 1850). Roman Catholicism is unaltered, having encountered nothing which has changed it; it is as old and immutable as self-righteousness and sin; and some who have made many investigations as to the nature, practice, and progress of Romanism, have no hesitation in saying that Romanism is no faith, has no faith, and contains no principles or axioms directed to the well-being of man on earth, or his elevation to the supernal world. Romanism is an impostor—it is a mere worldly conception and usurper; it affects solemnity and sanctity as a blind and deception: its history proves it to want every feature and characteristic which mantled the Saviour, and rendered his presence in this world glorious and beloved. Its cruelties and venal practices are to be found in every page of history. That our readers may themselves determine as to the reasonableness or sincerity of the charges made against the Albigenses, viz., that they were vile schismatics and heretics, we have entered, in Notes 7 and 9, into the subject of Schism and Heresy. In these Notes, as well as in the Notes on "Church," No. 8 and 9, we have abstained from any partial expressions or definitions.

In watching the history of Christendom, we observe that upon all those occasions, when men have suddenly appeared upon the theatre of time to proclaim the doctrine of spiritual power and influence, there has instantly arisen an opponent authoritative and energetic, aided by the sword of the state or the sublime wisdom of materialism and philosophy, which have been generally succeeded by thundering proclamations concerning the divinity and infallibility of the national religion. In the former case, the state lends its power for the suppression of that which it terms fanaticism or



ANGEL IN

Heretic, go, or die for the flames



artful rebellion; and in the latter case, the pride of intellect is aroused, and contends for the mastery, whilst it undertakes, through a variety of material phenomena, to prove the foolishness and vulgarity of spiritual presumptions. The birth of our Lord, the High Priest of Christendom, induced the king of the Jews to murder thousands of innocent children; and nothing less than the blood of Christ himself could satisfy the pride and jealousy of the enemies of His spiritual kingdom. The state then perceived that a new and sublime attribute was presented, that thousands were not unwilling to examine its nature and pretensions. Kings and emperors began to doubt whether it might not cast a blaze of light into the dark provinces of tyranny, and disembowel the secrets of the lust of the flesh, the pride of life, and the desperate wickedness which nourished them, and might perhaps rend aside the dogmas which centuries had heaped up as the safeguards of cruelty and imbecility, imperfection, and formality. It is on such occasions that tyranny deigns to awaken and look upon the surrounding rivals, to ascertain if they are able to contend with the eccentric allegations of truth. At such times there has been something in all this bustle which promised to emancipate mighty and native powers, whilst it revealed their true and transcendent action. But there were jealousies that an antagonistic government might arise, although there remained the echo from those holy lips, "My kingdom is not of this world." For a time this visitation awakened holy men to execute their sublime duties, fearless of all the threats of earth; for their life was hid in Christ. The fastnesses of Satan seemed about to be routed, and the borders of sin to be measured, and likely to fall into the hands of eternal Love. But alas! the example of Him who went about doing good was forgotten; and the enemy of man and the earthly ruler opened the doors of their treasures, and displayed riches and honours; the eyes of the spirit became

dazzled ; the disciples of the spirit imbibed the waters of the earth ; they commingled with the daughters of Canaan ; they sat at the feet of the philosopher of materialism ; they engendered strifes ; they sought the favour of princes of the earth ; they wielded the physical sword ; they contended without the fear of God before their eyes ; they embrued their hands in the blood of the brethren ; they yelled with the joy of fiends ; heaven was eclipsed from their eyes. This may be taken as the state of the Church during the Athanasian and Arian wars ; and we may presume to say, that the guile of the earthly princes in particular seduced the fathers into the commission of many of those woeful and heart-rending cruelties which mark the general history of religious wars. It was even then that the spirit of the Vatican was existing, and pride and the lust for power ploughed their angry path through rivers of blood ; and on the judgment-day ten thousand times ten thousand witnesses shall appear, and justify the awful judgment of God. "Who", says Bishop Newton, "can make any computation or even form any conception of the numbers of pious Christians who fell a sacrifice to papal bigotry ? In the war against the Albigenses, there perished one million. From the institution of the Jesuits in 1580, in a period of little more than thirty years, nine hundred thousand Christians were slain. In the Netherlands alone, the Duke of Alva boasted he had despatched thirty-six thousand by the hands of the common executioner. In the short space of thirty-six years, the inquisition destroyed one hundred and fifty thousand souls. Dominic was canonized on account of the cruel zeal he exercised against the poor Albigenses, and was elected inquisitor-general when that court was established ; for the pope thought this cruel, hard-hearted Spaniard would become a sure servant to persecute and torture without once relenting. Alas ! how many victims of his inhuman barbarity will confront him on the judgment day. They will rise from their









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secret graves, to give evidence against this monster—thousands and tens of thousands. From many a city and many a plain, thousands will congregate to bear testimony against the great harlot—the abomination.” Some will come from the fathomless ocean, from their deep beds on the ribbed shore; from Iceland’s snowy mountains; from Syria’s burning sands; from the graves where the dark Suliote rests and the lonely Numidian sleeps; from the peaked towers of Switzerland; from Scotia’s wild rocks; from Portugal and Spain’s fair sunny provinces, many a bronzed hand shall be reared; from Erin’s lands millions shall press around the throne, with the testimony of blood.

Although we reflect on the persecutions of Christians by Christians, yet no just mind can charge the religion of Christ with their calamities, for we know that the pride of Paganism conducted a most frightful persecution amongst its votaries, who were as much in principle and practice persecutors, as any Christians. The wise and learned Socrates was persecuted on account of his religious views; the charge against him was, that he did unrighteously and curiously search into the great mysteries of heaven, and that he taught his disciples to believe there were other divine essences besides those said to be among the gods worshipped at Athens. These views were regarded as dangerous to the state; and therefore the governors of Athens became tyrannical.

There is a passage in the book of Judith which intimates, that the ancestors of the Jews, namely, Chaldeans, were persecuted on account of their religion (see chap. v. 6). Anaxagoras was persecuted because he said the sun was a globe of red hot iron, which was deemed heresy, and a faith capable of bringing the national gods into contempt—the sun being worshipped as a god by his countrymen.

Not only the Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Spartans, ancient Persians, and Scythians, but Juvenal also gives some very tragical accounts of the persecutions among



the Egyptians, "whenever," as he says, "any man or set of men dared to analyze the nature or character of the national gods."

Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Antoninus Pius, Antoninus Philosophus, Severus, Decius, Gallus, Valerianus, Dioclesian, and others of the Roman emperors, will long be remembered as the chief monsters who persecuted the early Christians. The history of the awful persecutions during these reigns also evinces that the jealousy of the government was the cause of the persecutions.

Persecution comes of no creed, but is a disgrace to all. It comes not from natural religion, nor is it akin to the religion of Christ, but it comes from the professors of all religions; it is seen in the owner of the palace, in the conduct of the inhabitant of the cottage, in the priest, the soldier, and citizen, and in every order of society it exists, where pride and the devil reign, and is never exemplified but by the enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ. It prevailed amongst the ancient fathers, the popes, priests, and confessors. It has been seen amongst Mahomedans, Buddhists, Catholics, and Protestants. Its awful flame has been seen devastating in the patriarchal and profane, the ancient, the middle, and modern ages of the world; it is the beacon of pride and domination, and has created disorders and misery murder and blood-shedding, in every order of society; it is the foe of man, it is the man of sin, rejoicing in the destruction of God's creatures. Its modes and attitudes of cruelty are indeed various. Sometimes it seizes its victims as a roaring lion; sometimes, as an artful serpent, it entwines itself around the being of its victim; sometimes it tantalises and insults; sometimes it defaces the form and comeliness of the body; at other times, it undermines and deceives the capacities of the mind, by formalities and gorgeous ceremonies; whilst it endeavours to rob its victim of the hopes of the spirit, it presents false shadows in

place of that peace which passeth all understanding, and that rest which belongeth to the people of God. Alas! alas! but what varied differences amongst the teachers of the Gospel led to the woes and travail of the Church. The pretext for these cruelties has ever been the cause of religion.

We believe that the greatest offence which these Albigenses gave to the Romish Church was their firm denial of Transubstantiation.\* It is not intended in these few pages to discuss at any length the various doctrines of Romanism; yet it may be remarked,

\* The language of the Council of Trent respecting this doctrine is as follows:—"I profess, that in the mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, there is truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation." Authors differ as to the period when this doctrine was introduced, which, perhaps, is not important. No heretics ever disturbed the church so extensively. Not even Pelagius, who agitated his heresy in original sin and free will; nor Arius, in his contention on the consubstantiation in separate and unequal constituents of the Trinity. The true scriptural doctrine upon the subject of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is this—that the change which takes place in the elements of bread and wine is merely a change of *character* and of *use*, and not a change of *substance*. The bread and wine become, when consecrated, the sacraments, or the outward and visible signs of the body and blood of Christ; and as such they—that is, the material symbols—are used by the Holy Spirit as the channels or means of conveying to the faithful communicants the inward and spiritual grace, which consists in a personal interest in the sufferings that Christ endured when his body was broken and his blood shed upon the cross; so that those who communicate in faith do verily and indeed feed upon the *real* body and blood of Christ in their *souls*, at the very time when they receive and feed upon the consecrated *symbols* of His body and blood with their *mouths*; and their *souls* are as truly strengthened and refreshed by feeding on the *real* body and blood of Christ by faith, as their bodies are strengthened and refreshed by bread and wine. Thus the consecrated elements are the *external* means, and faith the *internal* means of receiving the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament.

that no article of the faith was better calculated to exalt the power of the priesthood: its assumption of ability to form the body and blood of the Saviour, and the blind concession of the multitude to this doctrine, endowed the priesthood with the additional character of magicians; the nature of this doctrine was incomprehensible, and therefore incontrovertible; and this circumstance, instead of exciting doubt or jealousy, only increased the ready veneration of all orders of society. When princes and potentates have been about to confide in their influence over their people, they have been warned of the superiority which mantled the vocation of the most humble priest in his daily practice of creating parts of the real body and blood of Christ. There have been some disputes as to who was the propounder of this perverted doctrine: common sense has often rejected it, and some learned and devout Catholics have struggled to prove it unscriptural (such as Berengarius); but the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church has super-governed and stifled all reason.

We remind our readers, that the opinion that the pope is infallible was maintained principally by the Jesuits. But this is easily refuted. Several of the popes have actually erred. Adrian VI. declared that popes were fallible. In this he was either right or wrong: in either case, the question of the fallibility of popes is decided. Stephen VI. annulled the decrees of Formosius I.; John X. annulled those of Stephen, and restored those of Formosius. Again, popes have contradicted themselves, as in the case of Martin V., who confirmed the decree of the Council of Constance, which placed a general council above the pope; and yet he afterwards published a bull forbidding all appeals from the pope to a general council. Again, popes have embraced heresy, as in the case of Liberius, who, according to Athanasius, adopted Arianism. Honorius defended the heresy of the Monothelites, and was condemned by three general councils, which

were all confirmed by the pope. John XXIII. was accused by the Council of Constance of heresy and schism; and pope Gelasius condemned communion in one kind as sacrilegious, though this has been subsequently established by the Council of Trent. These, not to adduce innumerable other instances, ought to determine the question of the infallibility of the pope.

Some have said that a council, with a pope at its head, is infallible. But where was this criterion ascertained? Upon what *independently infallible* authority does it rest? Or is it merely an opinion, resting upon the supposition or imagination of fallible men? Is it not as rational to argue that two cyphers make one unit, as to argue that two fallibles make one infallible? unless we have been for centuries in error, in not extending the principle that two negatives make an affirmative, to subjects of a *metaphysical* kind! And again, on this principle, instead of a *perpetual infallible judge of controversies*, infallibility has only existed *occasionally*, and after long intervals! And, since the Council of Trent, there has been no infallible tribunal in existence! If this opinion were true, how desirable that the present pope should summon another general council, in order to give the world infallible information as to the character of the many religious opinions which prevail, and threaten the very existence of the Church of Rome!

The opinion that infallibility resides in the Church Universal, so that when the decrees of popes and councils are received and submitted to, they then become infallibly true, is equally absurd; for this opinion will either transfer the infallibility from the *governors* to the *governed*, or set it aside altogether: as the reception of the decrees of popes and councils by the Universal Church could be sufficiently accounted for by the prevalent opinions held out as to the *authority* and *supremacy* of popes and councils, without introducing the question of *infallibility* at all.



The mere fact that decrees are submitted to, cannot prove them to be infallibly true; but merely that the power of those who have published them is generally recognised.

“Where, then,” says the intelligent Dr. Cumming, “is infallibility to be found? Let this question be decided; and let the advocate of the Church of Rome remember, that this claim cannot be substantiated merely by *moral reasoning*, as the foundation should not be weaker than the superstructure. Nothing but infallible evidence can support a claim to infallibility.”

We regard the idea of an infallible Church as a device of Satan, to divert man from Jesus, the only infallible guide. It is another feature of the self-righteousness of Romanism.

The public Council of Trent declared “all accursed who refused to receive the ecclesiastical traditions with like piety and reverence as the Holy Scriptures” (see Appendix X., where the famous creed of pope Pius IV. is set out as drawn by the order of the Council of Trent, as a condensed formulary of the doctrines of the Church of Rome). This creed adds ecclesiastical traditions to the Bible. It declares the Scriptures may only be interpreted as the Church propounds, although the Church has never propounded any distinct interpretation. It speaks of “the unanimous sense of the fathers,” which are full of inconsistencies and contradictions; it multiplies the sacraments; it changes the scriptural doctrine of Justification; and declares there is no salvation, except to those who hold the sentiments of the Church of Rome.

It would be very useful if we could condense a review of the arguments and evidences offered by Roman Catholics in support of the doctrines of Romanism; but we confess this is but a sketch, and intended rather to arouse some more able writer: and we wish we could furnish some brief biography of some of the papal chiefs, and endeavour to place

in a true light those circumstances which would be likely to furnish their historical portraiture; but our space will not permit us to say much on this head. Let us, then, take the great motto of the learned Dr. James, "*Verum amo et verum volo mihi dici*," for truth requires neither legends, nor spurious tracts, nor wicked and artificial inventions; and, as the author of the "Whole Duty of Man" emphatically says, "Truth does not blindfold men, nor force them to lay down their intellect when they take up their faith, but leaves them the use of their holy faculties."

We have said elsewhere, and we cannot repeat too often, that religion is of the very highest consequence, not only present but future honour and happiness being conserved by its immutable principles; and, therefore, that, in our search for truth, we can appeal no where so safely as to the simple Scriptures. This truth has been admitted in the hearts of most men, but disputed in the practice of many who have prostituted the Christian religion to vile secular purposes; and, to sustain this prostitution, they have not hesitated to corrupt the Holy Scriptures, and to forge and falsify testaments and documents as the authority for their inventions.

In the course of this very short historical review, we shall be compelled to point at some of the forged decretal epistles and sham councils, which have been set up by the pontificate, for the purpose of giving authority to some of the most injurious and absurd doctrines of the Roman Church.

These fictions were handed down from enthusiast to enthusiast, which has much contributed to that darkness which the pontificate succeeded in casting over the greater part of Christendom. It will also be our duty to sustain the allegation we have made elsewhere, viz., that many of the rebellions against civil potentates, were induced and fomented by the papal chiefs, who, often with an armed force, have

confronted their sovereigns, dethroned kings, and proudly trodden upon the necks of emperors—leading millions of subjects to a fatal and ignominious death; often exciting subject against king, child against parent, and brother against brother; seeking for themselves a supremacy over the minds and consciences of men, and claiming attributes and powers which belong alone to the Creator.

As we mark the course of the Vatican, our readers will share in our sorrow, when we expose its fatal influence over millions of beings, of various climes and tongues, who blindly acknowledged its supremacy, and, in all human probability, have sunk into the arms of death in the midst of this delusion.

But who can describe the tortures and anguish with which it visited those who denied its assumptions, and dared to cling to the simple truth of the divine message, as it appears in the Holy Word of God? An old writer said, that, divested of their cruelties and persecutions, the history of the popes would contain little worth inquiry; and we ourselves are aware, that the mere portraits of the popes would display but little which is engaging to the affections, or elevating to the mind. But we think in the course of our inquiry some interesting examples of holiness and moral fortitude will be incidentally introduced from amongst the victims and opponents of the Vatican; for, in the proper place, we shall (as proposed) open the massive doors of some of the cells of the Inquisition. It is not by human power that the cruelties of the Inquisition can be adequately described; but God will be revenged, for he hath said, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul;" again, "Beware of men, for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues."

However, it has proved, that when the blood of martyrs was flowing from their veins, the faith of Christ was growing and triumphing in the presence of death himself. But this, and many other important

and interesting principles, are amongst those revelations which are pronounced by the voice of truth, and will be made manifest in the course of this present volume.

Before entering upon the brief notice of the popes, we should warn all against the spurious work said to be written by pope Damasus, from whence have flowed numerous adulterated epistles, false decrees, and ridiculous fables, and from whence many of the modern learned advocates of Romanism have endeavoured to prove, that the main and most objectionable doctrines of Romanism are divine, and descended from the infancy of Christianity in a clear and uninterrupted succession, and were the fundamentals of the faith of the fathers. It has been admitted by some of the apologists of Romanism, that many of the festivals and lessons in their breviary and missal, which are read in their churches in time of divine service, have no other foundation than these forgeries and inventions of Damasus. There is another author, of later date (Binius), who has willingly adopted all the falsehoods of Damasus, and affects the most solemn form and particularity whilst, with fervent bigotry, he endeavours to defend the inventions of Damasus.

Baronius falls into some of these delusions, and would induce us to believe many of the wild narrations.

There are several subjects we shall discuss; but it may be proper at once to enquire for the origin of the papal office, and for a time investigate the authorities and arguments for such title and its prerogatives; and although we shall experience the usual difficulty which attends the investigation of subjects of so remote an origin; yet the zeal and hardihood with which the advocates of Popery have endeavoured to sustain their peculiar pretensions have furnished much material, from which we may prove the untenability of many of their allegations, and divest the subject of most of that mystery and affected sublimity with which it is generally veiled.

As regards the mere title of Pope, it seems scarcely enviable, as there were so many infamous beings who possessed that title; but we believe it was originally common to all bishops, being derived from the Greek word signifying Father.

Other titles have been assumed by the papal chiefs, such as the Bridegroom of the Church, the Keeper of God's vineyard, Prince of the apostles, Vicar of Jesus Christ, etc.

We will not, however, anticipate our subject; but taking its true and its pretended history seriatim, leave our readers to form their judgment concerning its origin and its pretensions, as well as its title to the respect of the Christian world.

Saint Peter is set up by the Romanists as the common ancestor of the popes; and, although Dionysius, Cerinthus, Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Lactantius have sufficiently proved that St. Peter was some time at Rome, yet the Romanists attempt to prove a more important and fundamental allegation, viz., that whilst he lived, he named three bishops as his successors, viz: Linus, Cletus, and Clement. The learned Bishop Pearson, in his second dissertation, Chaps. 1 and 2, quotes the statement of Irenæus, "that the blessed apostles, laying the foundation of the Church, gave the administration of it to Linus," which can be regarded no otherwise than a deputation from the apostles to Linus in their absence; and indeed Epiphanius gives a reason, for he says, "so might other bishops be chosen, because the apostles being gone into other provinces to preach the gospel of Christ, Rome could not be left without a bishop." But this oft-agitated point becomes of less importance, since it can in no way be proved who was the immediate successor of the apostles.

On this particular point, we would refer the anxious enquirer to the following works, which are remarkable for patient investigation and candour. The first in order is a treatise on the corruptions of the scriptures,

councils, fathers, etc., by Dr. James; then Cook's *Censura Scriptorum Veterum*, etc.; to which may be added Dr. Combe's valuable work on the priesthood of the early Churches. This work contains solid and undeniable arguments, first justifying the language of Cook, that the apologists for Romanism have no other foundation for their main tenets, than impious frauds; but we need not anticipate our subject, but leave the short biography of popedom to shew that at least some supposititious councils and canons have been palmed upon the converts of Romanism, to validate and enforce false doctrines.

Our notice of the early popes (even before the time of the conquest) will be brief, and chiefly for the purpose of tracing the pretended foundation of the main doctrines of Romanism, such as the office of pope, and his appellate rights and dignity, his assumption of supremacy and infallibility, the invocation of saints, translation of relics, the offering of the sacrifice of mass for the dead, image worship, St. Peter's office at heaven's gate, etc., and other doctrines in their respective order of time. Yet, even in this period, we shall refer to several instances of the cruelty and ambition of the pontificate.

The Rev. Laurence Howel, in his erudite work, published 1712, states, that the first forgery, remarkable and worthy of notice, is this, that Damasus and others have said that a council was held at Antioch, which established image worship, and from which time it was universally acknowledged; and Turrian, a Jesuit, says that the testimony of Pamphilus Martyr proves that there was a synod of the apostles held at Antioch, about various controversies, in which synod there were nine canons made, which were afterwards found in Origen's library; and then he sets out the ninth thus, "permission is given to make an image of our Saviour and of His servants." It is this authority which made Fran-Longus à Cariolano (a violent partizan of Rome) so

bold, when he asserts "the ancient use of images in opposition to the heretics of all ages." We gather from the perusal of Lahee, that this was an infamous fabrication set up by the Nicene Council some centuries after, which wanted an authority for the establishment of this fanciful doctrine. Neither Eusebius, Socrates, Theodoret, or Rufinus, nor any of the ancient writers name it; and no evidence exists of the practice, until several centuries after. Lahee says, there was but one canon at the Council of Antioch. Here, as in many other instances, the craft and assumptions of the Romish advocates have over-reached their object, and proved too much; for, who will believe that the immediate followers of the Saviour would have propounded such a doctrine, which detracts from the honor of God by turning men from the one God to the worship of forms of wood and stone. They soon forgot the last words of that holy disciple of Jesus, from whom they claim a lineage; but his true followers can still hear him say: "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. To him be glory, both now and for ever. Amen." Again he says, in his second general epistle, chap. ii. 1.: "But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of."

The Romanists fearlessly quote decretal epistles as authorities which never existed, and Alphonso de Castro and Gratian give such epistles the same dignity and repute as canons of the Church. For instance, the five epistles ascribed to Pope Clement (on the authority of the first of which the doctrines of auricular confession and of supremacy are made to stand) are subtle forgeries, although Bellarmine and Hosius boldly rely on their accuracy.



Binius struggles to make the world believe that Anacletus was a very wonder-working pope, and, of course, is pronounced to be writer of epistles, but which, like those we have referred to, bear several marks of fiction.

We might be deemed tedious if we quoted the words of the various champions of the pontificate, who have striven to prove the reality of the epistle of Anacletus; but their object is very obvious, viz: to furnish authority for the doctrine, "that all the world ought to appeal to the Roman Pontiff." And for that reason it is, that Peresius so much lauds this epistle, and, contrary to all reason and probability, insists it was written by Anacletus. But we observe, that many passages of this notable epistle are extracted, even verbatim, out of Clement's first epistle, whereas Clement succeeded Anacletus twelve years after, and by the very title of the epistles, cannot be said to have written them before Anacletus' death. We observe the ancient fathers, particularly Irenæus, lib. iii., cap. 3, *Advers. Hæres.*, in express words:—*Fundantes igitur et instrumentes beati apostoli ecclesiam, Lino episcopatum administrandæ ecclesiæ tradiderunt. Hujus Lino Paulus in his quæ ad Timotheum epistolis sunt, meminit, 2 Tim. iv. 21. Succedit autem ei Anacletus, et post eum tertio loco apostolis episcopatum sortitur Clemens.* The apostles laying the foundation of the Church, gave the administration to Linus; which Linus St. Paul mentions in the Second of Timothy chap. iv. 21. To this Linus succeeded Anaclete, and after him, Clement was the third bishop. We have given the quotation and translation, that our readers may refer to the authority quoted. We might notice other absurdities; but we cannot pass over the attempt made by Romanists, to invent a foundation for the doctrine of apostolical succession. Bellarmine quotes a third epistle de Rom. Pont. lib. ii. cap. 11 and 14, to prove that Saint Peter was bishop of Rome; and that the pope of Rome is Saint Peter's successor in the



monarchy of the Church. This doctrine is made to stand upon a perverted application of the word Cephas (which, in Syriac, means stone), from the Greek word, *Κέφαλη*, *caput*; and from thence they make out their imaginary supremacy.

We must forget this false teacher, Bellarmine, and turn to Euaristus, of whom little need be said, except to quote the words of Contius, in his Preface, c. 30, who states, that this pope is said to be the author of two epistles; but there is no truth in the statement. At this time, the popes of Rome were but little regarded; and there now remain but few scraps of authentic record concerning them.

About 119, Alexander ascended the papal throne. There is much squabbling in the Roman breviary, *Liber Pontificalis*, Binius, Labbe, and others, as to the time of his accession. However, all these authorities declare he was endowed with an extraordinary power of converting men, and thus gathering them within the fold of the Roman church. The names of many are given who were not in being for many years after the death of his holiness. This pontiff, like his predecessors, is declared to be the author of epistles; and the first, quoted by Bellarmine, deserves particular notice, seeing he quotes it (*De Rom. Pont. lib. ii. c. 14.*) to defend the papal supremacy, and to prove that water mixed with salt is powerful towards purging away sins (*De Cultu Sanct. lib. iii. c. 7.*). Here is an instance of awful distortion of the Scriptures. The words of St. Paul, in Heb. ix. 13, 14: "If the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling them that are unclean, sanctifieth, as touching the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ ..... purge your conscience from dead works?" Whereas the profane and fictitious epistle of Alexander changes the words thus: "How much more shall water mixed with salt, and consecrated by our prayers, sanctify and cleanse the people?"

The inventor of this blasphemous epistle has committed a striking error, which evinces the absence of truth and integrity; for he is in this very epistle, as though accidentally, very prolix about the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity; whereas this doctrine was never enunciated before the beginning of the third century, when Alexander had been dead many years. Another crafty but awfully false translation, or rather misconstruction, must be noticed, appears in respect to the words of Hosea, iv. 8: "They eat up the sins of my people;" the true meaning of which is, that the priests connived at and encouraged the people in their sins. Yet this evil inventor has expounded the meaning as implying the dignity of the priests, who by prayers and offerings eat up the sins of the people, and thus absolve them. The good St. Jerome sheds many tears over this awful fraud; and although these epistles are the pretended foundation of some of the leading doctrines of Romanists, yet Azorius, the Jesuit, says, the epistles of this pope are very questionable (Coc. p. 30.)

A.D. 130 is fixed for the accession of another pope, called Xistus, or Sixtus. Baronius and Bellarmine trace epistles to him, especially one in defence of appeals to the patriarch of Rome; they also say he died a martyr, but no one else yields this honour to him.

A.D. 140 ushered Telesphorus into the office of pope; but nothing is pretended of him, but that he wrote one epistle, which is quoted to prove that the word *Mass* is very ancient. See Durant, de Pic. Eccles. Cath. lib. ii. c. 1. n. 6.

A.D. 152. Hyginus appears to have been the head of the papacy; but nought is pretended of him, beyond that he was the author of two epistles, written in the consulship of Magnus; whereas no such person as Magnus is mentioned to have existed in or near this period.

A.D. 156. Here the chain of pure succession becomes

very doubtful, even with Romanists themselves ; some contend that Pius, and others Anicetus, was next in order to Hyginus ; so it is that fictions and pride become adversaries, and detect each other ; else this much boasted principle might have appeared less disputable. Bellarmine has preferred the title of Pius ; and therefore we will, for the sake of some order, notice the pretended epistles of Pius, and mainly to evince the miserable basis for the grand and darling doctrine of supremacy. After setting up the epistle of Pius as conclusive justification for the doctrine of supremacy, he adds, when speaking of another point involved in them, “ I dare not affirm these epistles to be of undoubted authority ” (see *De Rom. Pont.* lib. ii. c. 14). Even the authority of the epistles of Anicetus, who sat in the papal chair about A.D. 165, are also doubted by Bellarmine, when examining them with relation to a fanciful subject, namely, that of shaving the priests’ crowns ; and yet, when speaking of the supremacy, he hesitates not to pronounce them as conclusive authority (see his remarkable words in the above work).

A.D. 173. We must examine a pretended epistle of Soter, who is said to be next in order ; because it is put forth to prove the Romish thurification, or offering of incense, to be a primitive institution. It is quoted by one who seldom errs so much as to speak the truth, viz., Durand, *de Rit. Eccles. Cath.* lib. i. c. 9. He represents that this epistle was written when Cethegus and Clærus were consuls ; but there were no such men at this time.

There are many distinct and unmitigated falsehoods put forth as the authority for certain doctrines, and no sophistry can hide their deformity ; but it is well to observe, that the advocates of Romanism have occasionally sought to gain a kind of ascendancy over the mind by a pretended narrative of facts which do not at first sight appear to sustain any element of Romanism ; such, for instance, as the pretended

epistle of Lucius, A.D. 177. to Eleutherius, and Eleutherius's answer. By examination of Collier's Ch. Hist. vol. i. p. 15, etc., it appears that the very words there used were the words of the Emperor Constantine to Theodosianus, above one century after Eleutherius's time, and which the forger of the epistle, concealing his name, patched up (Contius. c. 30). Some have thought the name of this personage was assumed, after the ancient Eurystheus, who, by Juno's instigation, enjoined Hercules to destroy divers monsters, in hopes he would be killed (see Virgil's Epigrams; also 19th Iliad; also Diod. Sicul.). Helvicus's Chronology places this 1278 years before Christ. The cycle ☉ ☽, p. 33.\*

We could continue this class of argument and evidence until we had exposed the untruthfulness of every doctrine of Romanism, but we fear being too tedious; and therefore we will now give a short biography of one of the popes, Alexander, and then return to the consideration of the general delusions of Romanism.

Alexander and his notorious children occupy a prominent place in the history of papal infamy.

Alexander VI., when cardinal, lived in notorious concubinage with Vonazza, a Roman lady, by whom he had four sons and one daughter.

Cæsar Borgia, the second son, was, notwithstanding his known depravity, created a cardinal. The other sons were supplied with riches to support their habitual debaucheries, and titles of honour to defend them from summary punishment, when they violated the rights and feelings of their fellow-creatures.

Lucretia was the only daughter, and seemed of true kin to her wicked parent. She married a Spanish nobleman; but, not liking him, obtained a divorce through the influence of her father. She then gave

\* The reader will obtain the best information concerning the doctrines and forgeries of Romanism in the very excellent work by Howel, published by Pemberton, 1712.

her hand to the prince of Pesaro, from whom she was also divorced; she then married a natural son of the king of Naples, but she released herself from this contract by causing her husband to be murdered. Lucretia then married the duke of Ferrara. Her general conduct was so infamous and degrading, that it awakened horror in all members of society; but dread of her skill in disposing of her reprovers by assassination reduced them to silence.

The duke of Calabria having refused to allow his daughter to marry, this vicar of Christ became enraged, and evinced his irritation by entering into an alliance with Louis Sforza, the usurper of Milan, and joined him in inviting the king of France to seize the throne of Naples. The king of France disappointed this vicar of peace by accepting the invitation, which was made merely to alarm the duke of Calabria; whereupon Alexander privately proposed to the duke, that he would secure Naples to the reigning family if he would consent to the marriage of his daughter.

The sudden death of Ferdinand surrounded Alexander with new anxieties; he used various dishonourable stratagems for the conservation of his power. At one time he levied troops, and invited Charles to become the champion of Christendom against the Turks. At another time he joined Alphonso, informing the French ambassador that it was the duty of the vicar of Christ to prevent the effusion of blood; and a cardinal's hat was offered to the favourite counsellor of the king, if he would dissuade Charles from the expedition. Alexander was thus decoyed into difficulties by his own double dealing, which induced him to adopt other frauds; he more closely attached himself to the king of Naples, and sought the friendship of one he had sorely injured, viz. the emperor Maximilian, and obtained his aid by assuring him that his crown was in danger; and then coaxed Ferdinand, the Catholic, to employ against the French the money raised in Spain to defray the expense of a

crusade against the Turks, and at the same time he proposed a secret treaty of alliance with Sultan Bayezid. This Mussulman, being desirous to obtain the high sanction of the Vatican for the murder of his own brother, offered to give Alexander three hundred thousand ducats if he would employ means; whereupon this just priest agreed to use proper means for securing the assassination of the sultan's brother, who was accordingly promptly assassinated. By the above frauds, the brave and generous duke of Calabria was compelled to return without the satisfaction of a battle.

During the administration of the Borgias, the dagger and the poisoned bowl were the common means used to remove every one whom this wicked family regarded with jealousy. The foul Lucretia committed incest with both her brothers, the duke of Gandia and the cardinal; which causing jealousy in the mind of the cardinal, he added fratricide to incest; and, within a few days from that awful transaction, the cardinal, Cæsar, was taken into favour, and returned to his crimes with fresh vigour.

It would seem that history can scarcely report anything worse; and we would stop our pen, but we think there are very important political principles involved in this relation; and although the policy of Romanism may have changed its attitude, and now aim at a different form of government, yet supreme power is its object, although that power may not be so concentrated in the executive of the Vatican. The pontiff conciliated the French king, by aiding his divorce from a virtuous though not very handsome woman, viz., the daughter of Louis XI., and allowing him to marry Anne of Brittany, the beautiful widow of Charles VIII. For this Louis created Cæsar Borgia duke of Valentinois. Thus passion and policy cast a great and chivalric monarch into the meshes and toils of the Vatican. Alexander raised a very large sum by sale of indulgences, under the pretence of

aiding the wars against the Turks, but in truth for the use of Cæsar Borgia, who was aiming to subdue Romagna. Capua was taken by the cardinal, Cæsar Borgia, who entered the city to violate all forms of decency; and he selected forty of the fairest nuns of the city, as a part of his share of the booty.

The earthly potentates were constantly being deceived and injured by the intrigues and falsehood of the Vatican; but they were disposed to adopt the equivocal explanations vouchsafed to them, rather than defy its unmitigating vengeance. But Alexander required no apology for a policy which aggrandised himself or his family. Cæsar Borgia ruled Romagna with more moderation than was expected; but the Italian lords deemed that but an artifice and prelude to some wholesale aggression.

The jealous eye of Cæsar detected the anxiety of those Italian lords; whereupon he consulted cardinal D'Amboise (for whom he had obtained the profitable office of legate in France), who approved of his resolution to destroy these noblemen, the flower of the city; and, in a few days, there remained but few who had escaped the sword, the gibbet, or poison. It should be observed, that at this time the king of France was subdued by fear of the Vatican; and although Cæsar Borgia and his father had determined to turn their arms against Louis, they induced him to place his treasures under their control, upon a pretence that they would save the kingdom of Naples from becoming the prey of the Spaniards. The Spaniards, under Gonsalvo, had triumphed in Naples, and caused the duke de Nemours to seek a most disastrous flight.

These changes alarmed Alexander, and he felt that nothing but an immense treasury could now correct these disorders, and secure the station and power of himself and family; and it was with the greatest anxiety he waited the success of an artful and cruel plot, by which he hoped to secure ample finances.



His plot was, to poison all the rich cardinals (most of whom had purchased their caps of him at immense sums), and then, under an ecclesiastical regulation, he would be entitled to their property and the revenues of their sees. He sent several flasks of wine to the cardinal of Corneto, in whose house the holy list of cardinals were to sup. The servant was ordered not to permit any body to touch the wine; and this atrocious priest thought it would be kept until supper, for the sacred lips of the cardinals; but Alexander and his son Cæsar Borgia coming early to the place, received from the hand of a servant a cup of this poisoned wine, of which Alexander drank freely; but detecting the mistake, he lived only long enough to prevent his son taking a second sip. Immediately after this, the father reeled in agony, and died in a few hours. The son suffered excruciating pain; and though he survived, so potent was the poison, that the small portion he took nearly killed him; and he lost both his skin and his hair.

It is thus that history requires we should describe this specimen of those called by the Council of Trent "the successors of St. Peter, princes of the apostles, and vicars of Jesus Christ!"

Though the death of Alexander VI. spread great joy through Rome, yet the only person who had preached against the sins of this wicked family—viz. Savonarola—was, on account of this his bold and patriotic conduct, brought to trial, convicted of heresy, and put to death.

The authority of the ancient fathers will bear but little investigation, although certain Romanists, called Puseyites, may be so desirous of raising them up as guides to the Reformed Church. They have needlessly and vainly, and without even the pretexts of love for the truth, disturbed the Reformed Church, with declarations concerning the imperativeness and importance of traditions, and compliance with the rubrics of the Church. This zeal and respect for



the works of the fathers is not new; but has often bubbled and gurgitated on the lateral streams of the Church. It is one of the inventions and doctrines of men referred to by our Saviour.

We must not forget to bring before the tractarians a very recent and additional invention; or the holy scapular of the passion, mentioned by a modern writer, who says:—

From the 16th of May, 1251, to the 25th of June, 1847, the scapular of the Carmelites, presented by the Virgin Mary to Simon Stock, enjoyed the monopoly, the “redemptorist fathers” of Park Road, Clapham, being the authorized agents for the sale of the scapulars, and holding the special licence of the pope to bless them; but now we have introduced a rival—namely, the scapular of the passion. Jesus Christ himself, we are told, came down from Heaven, and presented a piece of red rag, with appropriate devices of the passion engraved on it, to a sister of charity of Saint Vincent of Paul. To prevent, however, the possibility of making any awkward inquiries as to the truth of the miracle, both the name of the “sister” and the locality of the convent are withheld.

The story is thus related in the “Holy Scapular of the Passion, and of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,” published by Mr. Burn, 17, Portman Street, for the “redemptorists:”—

“On the evening of the Octave of St. Vincent, the 26th of July, 1846, Sister W——, belonging to the community of the sisters of charity of Saint Vincent of Paul, being in the chapel, felt convinced that our Lord there appeared to her in a vision: he held in his right hand a scarlet scapular, suspended by two woollen strings of the same colour. Upon one side of it, the divine Saviour was Himself represented hanging upon the cross, and at his feet were the instruments of his most sorrowful passion; the prætorian’s scourge, the hammer, and the robe which had covered his bleeding body. Around the crucifix were inscribed the words,








Fig. 1. Scapular of St. Vincent of Paul



‘Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, save us!’ At the other end of the string, was a piece of the same material, covered with a representation of His sacred heart and that of His holy mother. A cross placed between the two appeared to spring from both hearts, and encircling them were the words, ‘Sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, protect us!’

“In making these particulars known to the general superior of the congregation of the mission and of the sisters of charity, the same sister, who is inspired by our Lord constantly to meditate upon His sacred passion, added further, that our divine Saviour seemed also to express an exceedingly fervent desire to see this new scapular immediately copied, and similar ones everywhere distributed, in order to put men in remembrance of the cruel sufferings He endured for their sakes, and of the ardent love he bears them. The apparition of our Lord, holding in his hand the scapular of his passion, was several times repeated; it took place on the day of the exaltation of the holy cross in 1846, attended by this additional circumstance, viz: that Sister W—— thought she heard our Lord address to her these consoling words: ‘Every one who wears this scapular shall receive every Friday a great increase of faith, hope, and charity.’

“The superior at first attached but little importance to these communications; but being at Rome in the month of June, 1847, he thought it his duty to lay the particulars before the vicar of Jesus Christ, and to his astonishment, the holy pontiff, Pius IX., evinced no doubt whatever of their credibility; but, on the contrary, mentioned the satisfaction he felt in seeing a new means brought forward to assist in promoting the salvation of souls. Upon the simple representation that was made to him, he published a rescript, dated the 25th of June, 1847, authorizing all priests of the congregation of the mission, called that of Saint Lazarus, to bless and distribute the scapular of the passion of Jesus Christ.



“ In this same rescript, his holiness grants :

1st. “ Every Friday an indulgence of seven years and seven forty days for every person who, wearing this scapular, shall receive the holy communion, and recite five times the Pater, Ave, and Gloria Patri, in honor of the passion of our Lord.

2nd. “ An indulgence of three years and three forty days on any day of the year whatever, on which, being at the least contrite, they should meditate for half an hour on the same passion.

3rd. “ An indulgence of two hundred days to all the faithful who, kissing with devout contrition this same scapular, shall recite the versicle: *Te ergo quæsumus famulis tuis subveni, quos pretioso sanguine redemisti*” (pp. 3, 6).

It appears that the above indulgences have proved insufficient to satisfy the ambition of the “ congregation of the mission;” for I find that the present pope, by another rescript of the 21st of March, 1848, has added a further list of plenary indulgences to be conferred on the scapularians of the passion. “ The holy father (Pope Pius IX.), further grants a plenary indulgence every Friday, to all the faithful, who, being truly penitent, and having confessed and communicated, shall, during some time, meditate devoutly upon the passion of our Lord, and shall pray for peace among Christian states, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the exaltation of our holy mother, the Church.” We have given our readers a picture or illustration of this scapular.

We may not leave this subject without saying, that a grave sorrow passes over the mind of every sound Protestant who sees the flood of the plain Gospel light about to be mixed up with the deceitful meteor gleams transmitted by the ancient fathers, and the various inventions of wicked impostors. At present, the gospel is accessible, and the reading of it made easy; and we have been taught that its knowledge is a shining light, which will show us all, poor and rich,

the way to Heaven. But if the knowledge of works of the fathers, and a belief in such invention, is considered saving and necessary, then what is the extent of responsibility of the prophets and advocates of this new divinity? What has become of the saints who died in the faith of the simple gospel? And if such knowledge is not considered saving, wherefore the need of this resurrection of such writings? The works of the fathers were set up by papists long before the nineteenth century, for the purpose of darkening the pure light of the Bible.\*

It is no new invention; for our Saviour says, "howbeit, in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men; for, laying aside the commandments of God, ye hold the traditions of men, as the washing of pots and cups; and many other such like things ye do."

Men may be eccentric in some of the sciences, and antiquarian in some of the arts; but the religion of the Bible is too sacred and important a subject for amateurs and pedants to exercise their emulation for petty distinction. There have been some zealots and enthusiasts who have given their worldly substance, and even surrendered their bodies to be burned or tortured (as the bonzes); and whilst men have yielded them pity, they have thought them sincere on account of their personal sacrifices. The *Church* was much excited when John Wesley avowed his views; but who can doubt that much sincerity and holy love provoked his conduct, and that signal honor and veneration mark his memory? The changes he sought were spiritual, and a closer communion between the priesthood and the people. And so long as the priests and people were well content to walk in his simple path, and supported by singleness of heart, they were an eminent people, and might perhaps have furnished

\* At the beginning of Henry's reign, the Roman priests again struggled to sustain the decretum, for which they claimed an authority above the Bible.—*Lyttleton*.



a bright example to all religionists; yea, they might have been honored arbiters in many a contest for civil and religious liberty, even in these troubled days. Indeed, at this hour, they might have been of great use to the established Church of Protestant England. But some having sold the bright gem of simplicity, and having married the Canaanitish women, and having danced in ceiled houses, they seem to have forgotten that simplicity was the power of their sect. However, let all (and we speak it not invidiously) remember those words of a great man :

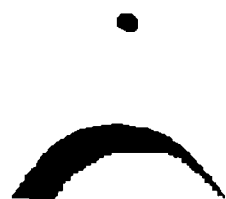
“ Alas ! Alas !

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once;  
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy: how would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

But the washers of pots and cups of the nineteenth century have as yet done no good, but much evil, and incurred the contempt of all who love peace. However, the adoption of new formalities in the Church is an important matter, and we leave it to justify itself by time; trusting that the bishops of the various dioceses, the archbishops, but, above all, the sovereign of these realms, will watch with a jealous eye all these changes, and firmly put down that which is wrong. We cannot leave this subject without reminding those who love new forms, that the Eastern and Romish Churches were long divided as to the proper mode of shaving the heads of the priests. Such things must weaken the high authority of any clergy.

The philosopher and religionist will be content to watch these strange exhibitions, and wait in dumb reflection their development. Yet they must bear in mind (it is well for mortals that it is so!) that He to whom our services are addressed replied even to the publican—accepted the works of Joseph of

Arimathea — and rejected not the costly ointment of Mary. Yes! by God will be heard the bold anthems and hosannas of the Church, as well as the inward quivering of a sigh. If the mind of man is so much more mysterious than the body, how exceedingly sublime and mystical are the attributes of the Deity, to whom prayer and praise are addressed. And as God's spirit condescends at times to walk with the spirit of every man, how can any man, or any set of men, presume to tell his fellow-spirit that forms are fit subjects of disputation before God — and that even by those who profess to worship him in spirit and in truth! Let them take heed, for they are very near Satan's elements. Forms and ceremonies are very fascinating, and sometimes very delusive. The Protestant Church may decline through internal diseases. Nothing else can destroy her beauty and powers but her own harlotry with the world. No arm can successfully assail a spiritual church; but a brick-and-mortar church is of the earth, and readily destroyed. Let those who desire changes of ceremonies often inquire, whether it is the spirit of love that induces this anxiety for change; and whether it is not possible that small changes may produce great troubles in a church long venerated for its consistency and union. These novelties may appear small or large to those who are inventing them; but what injury may arise to the church, by creating mistrust and contempt in the world, and strengthening the enemies of the Reformed Church! God is a spirit; and it requires some stretch of credulity to believe, that his sublime nature is more pleased with some of the forms, or rather actions in worship, lately attempted to be introduced by persons not very distinguished for any thing else but this emulation to change. If they desire to increase the pomp of the earthly church, let them remember that the devil is a formalist, and that image-worship in the modern Romish church is said by some to have had a simple and rather



fanciful origin. The Deity says, "Son, give me thy heart;" he does not say "in such a manner," or, "with such a form." Jahn, in his valuable work on the Hebrew commonwealth, says—"At first probably a representation of Jehovah was set up; but this was soon transformed into an idol, or was invoked as an idol by others—of which there is a very remarkable example in the time soon after Joshua (Judges xvii. and xviii.). Idolatrous images were afterwards set up with the image; and the Hebrews imagined that they should be the more prosperous, if they worshipped the ancient gods of the land from time to time. Idolatry was at last openly professed; and this national treachery to the King Jehovah always brought with it national misfortunes." The idolatry of the Romish church is absolute, but much denied by the papists, who are true descendants of paganism, and invoke the dead saints to intercede with the Deity; for, says the creed of Pope Pius, drawn up by the council of Trent, "I firmly believe that the saints, reigning together with Christ, are to be honored and invoked; that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their relics are to be venerated."

The new formalists may be compared to certain, young officers, who applied to the military authority for more ornaments to be placed on their new appointment or dress; but when commanded to meet the enemy, they deserted their ranks, and mutinied against their chiefs. Ye antiquarian rubricians! it may be, that ye have a pure and sincere respect for the rubric, which may not be (in form) strictly followed by the Reformed Church; but bear in mind, ye are servants and ministers of the Holy One, who regards the spirit of the giver. Antiquarian rubricians, take heed; be busy in works of love and charity, and ye will forget these new attitudes, forms and ceremonies. What will the Lord of the vineyard say, if he comes when you are busied in contesting unimportant forms, and have left his vineyard to be choked by thorns and weeds!







Adoration of the Virgin.



Suppose the spirit, Death, should divide you from your congregation, whilst teaching them new forms and ceremonies; can ye who are so anxious for new forms say to those with whom ye are contesting—namely, your congregations — “O God is my record, how greatly I yearn after you in the bowels of Jesus”? Take care, or your refinements may awaken first pity, then contempt; and soon some enemy, compounded of the world, the flesh, and the devil, may cast you down, and produce scandal and insult upon the holy things you were entrusted with.

We cannot help observing, that the new formalists may be regarded as noviciates to all the woful doctrines and practices of Romanism, and that very pride which makes men formalists, will turn their eyes to earth instead of heaven: and then, indeed, the boasted works of the fathers will excite more of their veneration than the simple words of God, which shew man his own nature, and that there is but one God, the Man Christ Jesus.

The tyrant Diocletian, A.D. 303, ordered the Scriptures to be destroyed, lest they should awaken the Romans to a sense of their personal dignity.

The Vatican caused a tradition of the fathers to supersede the authority of God's word; because it desired to tyrannise over man—which tyranny would be exposed by the simple word of God. When the popes discovered that they could hold the sceptre without the writings of apostle or prophet, they hurled them into darkness, until they seemed to perish from the memory of man. When the Inquisition was executing its direst cruelties on the human family, the edict of the Council of Toulouse was published, which forbade the laity to read the Bible. The most remarkable era of papal activity and craft was, when a bull was issued confirming the terrible law of Philip II., which made it death to sell, buy, keep, or read the Bible. In every country where the papacy obtained influence, it invariably succeeded in extin-



guishing the use of the Bible. The infidel and profane Louis XIV. openly exulted that his persecutions had cleared his nation of every man who read the Bible. In the bloody scenes of 1793, in which Robespierre enacted chief fiend, the Holy Bible was fastened to the tails of asses, and dragged through the streets.

In all the travail of the Scriptures, perhaps this was one of the greatest indignities it suffered, and was followed by a series of the most severe national judgments.

On these occasions, Christ was again and again crucified by fanatics; but the destroying angel came forth from behind the throne of God, and spoiled and spared not. France, take heed to thy ways, break up thine images and idols, and come down from behind them, and cease thine abominations. A voice from the cities of the plain cries aloud to thee and thy little ones. Death, with his black troopers, tracks thee; even seas of blood detain him not; he swims the gory flood, and waves, with angry triumph, his tall trident over the surging tide. See, he drinks red gore, and hope, and joy, and youth, and love, the smile of bliss and home, the future and the present, float within his chapless jaws; he longs to sieze thee and thy firstborn, and, with thee, dash down the deep dark steeps of eternal night.

Wake, sleeper, wake! Blood smokes at thy posterns — blood of thy nearest kin. Thy kings and princes are outcast. Thy men of war are sleeping in Death's cold arms. Thy maidens may not braid their sunny locks, their heads being matted in blood. Wo and Death go about thy streets. Nature calls upon thee to surrender to thy Maker. The valleys sigh; thy rivers, blushing in blood, moan on their way. Look on the walls of thy palaces; see the burning letters, "*Mene mene tekel upharsin.*" The scarlet harlot may offer thee libations from the golden cup held by her blasphemous hands; but the prophets warn thee;

desolation shall come from far. To whom will ye flee for help? and where shall ye leave your glory? Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; gird yourselves, and it shall be broken in pieces. The gentle hand of Omnipotence may long forbear; but many are the woes of every land which is content to wear the rags of Romanism!

O France, cast off that pollution which hinders thy enfranchisement, and perverts all thy great and noble emanations. Thy priests still hide from thee the letter of God, where true freedom may be found. But remember, every clime has now thousands of copies of the Bible; and now God has forbidden every human power to take them away. The armies of heathen barbarians, led on by a Julian or commanded by a Trajan, can never again drive the Christian before them. The peaceful decrees of a Theodosius, or the Edict of Nantes, are no longer needful to preserve the Scriptures, or to protect the Christian. "The Morning Star," which shed its earliest rays over Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, has now cast its meridian splendour over the chief cities of the world. In vain would the Vatican send forth its murderous decrees. In vain might the fiend of the Inquisition dart his polluting glance over Christendom; the arm of these persecutors is now shortened by the vigilant anger of God. It matters not that an emperor, learned and mighty as Justinian, should declare the pope to be the head of all churches; for the innocent tongues of children would testify to his blasphemy.

Hark! listen to the music of the lisping voices which come o'er the western wave—'tis from Afric's tawny children,—it echoes through the ice-bound mountains of Greenland, and is chaunted upon the choral strand of India; it bounds from pole to pole!

All the great enemies of the Bible, from the days of the Roman tyrant Diocletian to those of Napoleon, have realized the wages of scoffers and infidels. Those

nations where the Bible was desecrated and ejected, have encountered the curse of one of the churches of Asia : they have been cast out as an infectious thing, and degraded before the eyes of all Christendom. Where is Ephesus, the proud queen of cities, that erst studied the verdant banks of the rapid Cäyster? Where is the temple of Diana, with those who there rejected the eloquence of St. Paul? Why was the cruel Turk allowed to devastate the beautiful city of Smyrna? Where are the magnificence and vast library of the once celebrated Pergamos? The sighs of that holy martyr Antipas still echo in the ears of the Christian, and remind us that the inhabitants of this once beautiful city are cast down with the enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ. Where is the famous Thyatira, mentioned by St. Paul, as the scene of the labours of the fair Lydia? What has become of the ancient city of the Lydian kings? Where is proud Sardis, once adding fame to those men of war and might, Alexander, Cyrus, and Cræsus? She fell into the jaws of false religion. She has heard the prophet say, "Thou livest, but art dead;" and she now sits in darkness; and (Tacitus says) her comeliness has been broken by the awful earthquakes which have turned valley into mountain: a few mud huts contain all the population of Sardis. Those plains, once covered by thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings, are now a solitary desert. The traveller pauses awhile, revolving the time past in his awe-stricken mind, just to view once more the beautiful plain which bounds the grandeur of the Gygaean Lake. Where is Philadelphia, now Allah-Sehr? What now remains of her beautiful church of St. John? A few crumbling ruins remind us of those holy words: "I will make them of the synagogue of Satan." Where is the once happy and opulent city of Laodicea? It filled up its measure of iniquity; and He who said, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot," has made it a desolate waste, where the greedy jackal and the

hungry wolf have roamed for ages. Greece, once the nurse of the arts and sciences, the fruitful mother of philosophers, lawgivers, and heroes, suffered a long chastisement under the iron yoke of ignorance and barbarism! Carthage, once the mighty sovereign of the ocean, and the centre of universal commerce, now puzzles the inquiring traveller in his search after even a vestige of her ruins! And Rome, the mistress of the universe, which once appeared to contain whatever was esteemed great or brilliant in human nature, is now sunk into comparative meanness, effeminacy, and infamy! The rejection of Christianity left these splendid republics unprotected, when those violent factions arose which destroyed their natural strength.

Where is the proud Assyrian, who basked by the banks of the Tigris—the soothsaying Chaldean, who watched the vast waters of the Euphrates—the gorgeous Persian, whose dominion extended from the Indus to the tideless Mediterranean? Where are the kingdoms of Damascus and Idumæa—of Jerusalem and Samaria, and the wild and warlike Philistia? Where are the dense ramparts of Nineveh—the beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon—the gay palaces of Persepolis, and the massive temples of Balbec and Jerusalem? Ye winds of heaven, say, where are the busy fleets of Tyre, that conveyed the spices and precious stones of Ceylon—the shawls of Cashmere—the diamonds of Golconda—the amber of the Maldives—the musk of Thibet—the aloes of Cochin—the peacocks of India, and the myrrh and gold-dust of Africa? Alas! where are those magnificent ships and those beautiful cities with their vast possessions? Whisper, ye winds; let north and south and east and west declare, where are they now? Alas! ye have joined with time and the other servants of avenging Heaven, and ye have thrown down the mystic temples, demolished the palaces, and stripped them of all their false elements and ornaments, and destroyed the strongholds of idolatry! The Phœnician has been hurried

**away!** The Chaldean no longer bows before a vile reptile, and the proud Persian no longer worships fire.

Such is the picture of facts upon which all men may look. Yet many statesmen and heroes deny *practically* that Christianity, the evergreen of the vintage of the earth, is the only safe and imperturbable basis for national happiness.

The history of men and nations which have been, furnishes a picture which should induce all English statesmen to exercise their best efforts for the preservation of the faith of this land, and patiently await that silent and sure development by which the Great Creator has, from all eternity, determined to uphold that nation which trusts to His arm in the hour of trial. Assaults from the evil one may come, temptations may be spread about, and demagogues may thunder forth their earthly threats; but great statesmen always bear in mind that nations are not so ephemeral as man, and the principles which yield the happiness and welfare of a free and religious people are not gestated without trials and long-sufferings.

Whilst we write these lines respecting paganism and popery, we are endeavouring to describe some of the great enemies of man; but let us not be understood to say that our own Church establishment contains no elements of evil. We believe it does, and that the prayers of the faithful can alone preserve it from corruption and desolation. Whilst we make these references to Romanism, we believe there are many very excellent persons who would almost regard us as prejudiced and invidious. They might probably direct us to the passive and unassuming aspect of the Vatican, and refer us to the Roman Catholic of the present day, as evidential of the very peaceable and harmless nature of this section of Christians. Our first and general answer would be, that popery in power was a cruel persecutor; but in the days of its humiliation, it put away its blood-stained garments,

and arrayed itself in sheep's clothing. It has only secreted its instruments of torture—its racks and chains, with all the hellish machinery of the inquisition. Let not kings or subjects trifle with the Romish Church, as with a principle that has lost its faculties and passions. They who pamper and dandle with this monster, do not understand its nature or attitude. It is true, that until of late it appeared to have lost its domination over England; but we observe many awful expressions of its hideous countenance, whilst awaking from its artful sleep—for it still lives, and breath still issues from its corrupt being;\*and though its energy has appeared restrained, yet it still withers and poisons many generous hearts, desolates many happy homes, and enacts many tragedies which never reach the public ear. It is the enemy of man, and now writhes convulsively, yearning for a day when it may renew its hellish practices and fiend-like cruelties.

We are aware that there are some who think it wise to be silent on some of the most important differences in society, and have included the present subject among those differences; but to them we would read the law of Solon, which declared every man infamous who, in any sedition or civil difference, should continue silent and neuter, refusing to side with either party (see Plut. in Vit. Solon). Aulus Gellius gives a stronger character of this law; for he says, the penalty was no less than the banishment of the delinquent, and confiscation of all his effects (see A. Gellii Noct. Attic. lib. x. epist. 1). What effect the law had among the Athenians, we cannot say; however, it is plainly founded upon that relation which every

\* The late pontiff, Gregory XVI., issued a bull, dated 7th May, 1844, against Bible societies. The present pontiff must have held very heretical views, or a long list of the links of the ecclesiastical ancestry have been very unfaithful in their conduct. We may smile now at some of the impotencies of Roman Catholicism (see account of flight and return of Pope, 1850).

member bears to the body politic, and that interest which every individual is supposed to have in the good of the whole of the community. It is still, though not in express terms, virtually recognised in every free country; and surely there are times for men to declare themselves for God and their country, and to warn their fellow-countrymen of the rebellious spirit and deadly purposes of Romanism—to warn them of its insinuating artifices, and accumulating means, which are now directed for the destruction of the social happiness and eternal hopes of England.

The plain form to put the charge against Roman Catholicism is this: first, that paganism was the most blasphemous and disgusting form in which religion was ever presented to man (see Appendix XII).

Secondly, that Roman Catholicism is the real representative of Paganism, its main feature being idolatry, and cruelty towards all who refuse to worship the idols it from time to time sets up.

It matters not to man, whether he is persecuted and murdered by the worshipper of Diana or the worshipper of the Virgin. It could make little difference to a Christian, whether he were torn to pieces by wild beasts in an amphitheatre for the gratification of some ferocious Roman emperor, such as Domitian, or burnt at an *auto da fé* to celebrate the arrival of a Prince of Parma at the city of Valladolid.

It matters not to the follower of Christ, whether it is the idolatrous hierarchy of ancient Rome, or the impious pontificate of modern Rome, which demands his life as the penalty, on his refusal to bow before an image, and ask its intercession with the Deity. The Roman emperors demanded to be deified. The papal chiefs declared that they possessed all the attributes of God himself, viz: remission of sins, infallibility, the gift of miracles, the grant of separate glories in heaven; and were worshipped as the representatives and equals of the King of kings. Through all things, the papal power forced itself, dominating



over every spiritual and temporal interest, whilst it generated the most awful woes on every society in which it moved. Its spirit is still the same; and its conduct would be the same, but that He who never slumbers nor sleeps holds this monster in chains. Sometimes the monster moves, and then the clanking of his chains gives warning to Christendom to rally their mighty armies, and resist the reign of tyranny. The deadly foe of man is now moving towards the very midst of Protestantism. Let the present reformed Church take heed to its ways, and abide by the integrity of its early reformers; let it reject the temptations of pride and wantonness, and the flexible expedencies of some statesmen, and ever refuse to become part of the blind multitude; let it look at the simple picture of modern paganism, or Roman Catholicism, and observe the steps of its degradation, beginning at the early part of the thirteenth century, down to the 25th of March, 1727, when the leader of democracy, viz., Napoleon, caused the papal chief and all his cardinals, except three, to be placed in the hands of soldiery, and hurried off to an ignominious prison, where the pope himself died. It would far exceed the limits of this humble sketch, to detail the interesting principles which a chain of historical facts elucidates. It is sufficient to say, there is one established principle—viz. that a nation which denies the government of God will be as the memory of the wicked man—forgotten or despised. The nation and its idols will be trampled under foot, and boundless perplexities will drive it on to self-destruction. Then the man of sin will rejoice, and the elements themselves unite their powers, as in the destruction of the Spanish armada in 1588.\* And it is worthy of remark that this armada was the hope of Rome, sent forth to

\* A tribunal having the authority and capacities of the inquisition of Spain, was established even in the fleet of "Invincible Armada."—*Chandler's Hist. of Persecutions*, and *Limborch's Hist. of the Inquisition*.



enslave our happy country, and defy the living God; but He who led captivity captive raised his mighty arm, and sent out his servants, the north, the south, the east, and the west, to destroy the enemies of England. What must have been the consternation of that host of idolaters and infidels! They, like the Egyptians, called upon their gods, and hung upon the mantles of their priests; but their shrieks for help were answered by the mighty billows, which closed upon them for ever; and then the destroying angel, flying over their watery graves, cried, with a woeful shout, "Ye are the enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have earned the reward of the unfaithful steward!"

To the Church many sacred things were entrusted; and, at first, its natural object was power sufficient to carry into full execution those principles, which its deliberative habits and nature prescribed; and the Roman hierarchy claimed to be the sole dispenser from the holy treasury. If it had executed this charity in full faithfulness, there would have been a consistency united to its admirable capacities, and its divinity would have been eminent before all men; and its glory would have glittered through the attire which hung in graceful folds around its godlike form, whilst ministering on earth. But, alas! its object was earthly dominion, to which it soon discovered that riches form the most direct road. And to obtain riches, it bartered with the Evil One; and selling love and charity in exchange for earthly ambition, human pride, and satanic cruelty, it laid down the white robe of salvation; and, enveloping itself in a dense cloud, it took up the sword and firebrand of destruction.

Of the cruelties we have referred to, some indeed stain the pages of history, but the greater part are known only to God. Beatrice Cenci would have been respited, *sine die*, but that the church who judged her required the confiscation of her estates, to increase its store of golden bribes. The riches which belonged to many of the victims of the *auto da fé*, were the





main cause of their being thus inhumanly murdered.\* The beauty and comeliness of some caused the wicked inquisitors to ensnare them, violate them, murder them, and then burn their poor bodies.

In our second part, we shall give some details which will shew the enormous degree of blood-guiltiness which is associated with the sham and blasphemous court called Holy Inquisition. We have referred to some of the doctrines of Romanism, viz., Auricular Confession—Absolution by the Priest—Indulgences—Purgatory—Worship of Images—Invocation and Intercession—Deification of Mortals—Transubstantiation—Rule of Faith—Supremacy of Pope—Infallibility—Justification, etc. etc.; but Mariolatry is the chief abyss of popery; and although much and often denied, we must content ourselves with quoting the creed of papists on this head. The Council of Trent says, “I most firmly assert, that the *images* of Christ and, the mother of God, ever Virgin, and also of the other saints, are to be had and retained, and that due honor and veneration are to be given unto them.” Now what that veneration and honour is, may be judged of by the constant practices of Romanists. We have given an illustration of that which is called the procession of the Virgin, and was taken by our respected artist Mr. Hassell, when at Honfleur. The Virgin is an object of pre-eminent devotion by the Romanists. We would especially refer our readers to the Appendix, No. XIV., wherein all these doctrines are set out as part of the creed of Pope Pius, confirmed by the council of Trent, the very back-bone of Romanism. The doctrine of purgatory is upheld in the same creed, in the following unequivocal language: “I constantly hold that there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful;” and the doctrine of indulgences is thus affirmed also, “that the power of indulgences

\* Llorente—Hist. Inquis.

was left by Christ in the church; and that the use of them is most useful to all Christian people."

Another word here on the supremacy of this church. The period fixed by Romanists for their leading epistles is about A.D. 91. It is here, they say, supremacy and image worship are sustained as orthodox. Let us examine them; for in one of them it is said, that when St. Peter ordained Clement his successor, he thus spoke to the congregation: "Observe, brethren, that I ordain this Clement to be your bishop, and to whom only I deliver my power of preaching and doctrine. And then Clement threw himself at St. Peter's feet, and in modesty declined the honour of the chair; but St. Peter resolutely insisted that Clement should be his successor." But how can this be, when all, both ancient and modern writers, agree that Linus and Cletus were before Clement (see St. August. Ep. 165. Eusebius Eccl. Hist. lib. iii. c. 2.; Irenæus; Sixtus Senensis, Bibl. lib. ii.): and Cardinal Cusanus boldly says, "These are the inconsistencies which betray them."

This epistle might be proved absurd and fictitious in many respects; and we cannot pass it lightly, seeing it is relied on by Romanists as the basis of their very history and nature, and as the history and authority for their main doctrines, without which the whole must tumble into a mass of confusion. In another part of this famous epistle, St. Peter is made to say, "I beseech thee, O Clement, before all that are here present, that after I shall have paid the last debt to nature, thou write to James, our brother," etc. This is wholly untrue and improbable, as James had died at least seven years before St. Peter, as appears from Josephus and Eusebius. Even the fanatic Peter Comestor, in Hist. Schol. in Act. Apost. c 10, says, "This epistle must be spurious; as St. Peter died in the fourteenth year of the reign of Nero, and James in the seventh. Cardinal de Turrecremata makes great outcry against this epistle, which he calls

“forged and fabulous;” but a more remarkable test of the imposture is, that in this first of the epistles, the word primature or supremacy, is used, which word was not in use in that age, nor until many after-ages.

The address of the second epistle disproves itself, being thus,—“Clement, bishop of the Roman Church, to James, bishop of Jerusalem,” whereas St. James died before St. Peter, and before Clement was made bishop. Again, the epistle is stuffed with trifling advice concerning the burning the altar-pall, chair, candlestick, and veil, when grown old, and even more insignificant subjects, just to give the letter an appearance of originality, though this furnishes but another argument against its truthfulness, as it is very unlikely that St. Peter should treat St. James, the brother of our Lord, as requiring direction on these heads.

Another suspicious blunder appears, and, by one word, proves the character of this pretended epistle (the third); it says, “A presbyter shall not say mass in his parish, without leave from his own bishop.” Now, Baronius says, that Clement died in A.D. 102, whereas the parishes were not constituted nor divided till A.D. 261, when Pope Dionysius was living; and Polydore Virgil says, in his work “*De Invent. Rerum*,” lib. 4. c. 9, that Dionysius first divided the people into parishes. The truth is, that the Romanists are excessively jealous concerning this epistle, as it contains the only authority for many of the modern rites of their Church. There are several other evidences of the fictitious character of their pretended epistles; and we would refer the more inquisitive reader, or those who doubt, to Saint Jerome’s “*De Viris Illust.*”;—also the renowned work of Roscius, called the Clementine Constitutions.

We think we have given sufficient proof for our allegation, that the apostolical succession and genealogy claimed by Romanists is based on fiction and deceit; but, at all events, we think that a Church which

pretends to infallibility and supremacy should be free from such charges, and stand on a foundation very different to that which the Roman Church is content to acknowledge. However, perhaps it might be argued, that the very early part of the papal portraiture is too obscure, for absolute conclusion. Then let it speak for itself; for, indeed, our main object is to furnish facts, and leave our readers to draw conclusions.

We will now notice a peculiarity in the papal church, which does not precisely arise from the essential doctrines of its faith, but the outward discipline of the people, which (as Rapin observes) may be considered the spring of all the remarkable events which happened in the Church of England for several centuries, particularly in the early and middle ages. One of these principles of discipline was, that Christ committed the instruction of the faithful to the care of the Church. The words of Pope Innocent III. are: "So hath Christ established the kingdom and the priesthood in the Church, that the kingdom is sacerdotal, and the priesthood is kingly; he hath set one man over the world;<sup>1</sup> him alone he has appointed his vicar upon earth;<sup>2</sup> and as Christ is obeyed in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, so shall obedience and service be paid to his vicar by all, that they may be one fold and one shepherd;"\*—whence were drawn these two peculiar inferences—viz: that the faithful (meaning the people) must be wholly guided by the priesthood; and that the priesthood were the sole arbiters and judges of all the difficulties in faith and Church government—the priesthood being the Church. This was a false interpretation, presenting to the people a most sweeping doctrine, viz: that the priesthood was the Church. Again, to render this reasonable as an active principle, it was needful to assume infallibility in the priesthood;

\* <sup>1</sup> Unum præficiens universis.

<sup>2</sup> Quem suum in terris vicarium ordinavit.

and this gaining rapid ground, and being soon an admitted doctrine, the priesthood hesitated not to punish the people in such manner as they thought most likely to render them worthy of the favor of the Church. And as the faithful were to be branches of the true vine, and spotless, the priesthood did not scruple to cut off any branches from the Church by excommunication. This conduct, with other assumptions, created contests and resistance amongst the people; and therefore it became necessary, for the preservation of the authority of the Church, that it should have the sufferance and aid of some civil power, competent to execute its corrections on the unworthy. Such a power was only to be obtained and secured by bribes and pecuniary grants; and it being requisite that the Church or priesthood should be well enabled to supply such pecuniary means, the Church charged many fines and mulcts on those were able to pay,—and that in addition to excommunication. And as the strength of the Church increased, so their daring and extortionate spirit increased; until, at last, the love of money became as much a passion in the heart of the Church, as in that of any human being. So long as the Church was content to seek this pelf from the mere subjects of the realm, and evinced a willingness to divide such pelf with the civil power, the sovereigns of the world (in too many instances) consented to, and aided such extortion. But the strength of the Church rapidly increasing, caused it to attack the coffers of the most wealthy, and at last to subject the treasury of kings and the common weal of nations to their scrutinizing, and extravagant demands. It was on such occasions that kings and princes resisted these demands; whereupon the powerful arm of the Vatican was stretched out, and the great council of the chief priesthood, viz: the pope and the cardinals—was called together, for the purpose of considering the sins and short-comings of such a disobedient child. The result was, that the papal eye cast its cruel, withering



gaze o'er all the fair kingdoms of the earth, to see if there was any other prince or king, powerful, envious, or wicked enough to take up the cause of the Church, and assail this disobedient son, and reduce him and his subjects to the most humble submission, and acquiescence in the papal demands.

Then war—relentless war—stalked forth, deluging the peaceful meads with blood, and razing the proudest cities to the ground. Then the shrieks of the dying and wounded filled the air, and nature groaned, whilst the Vatican regarded all as the triumph of the cross of Christ.

We shall not here give any details of the many butcheries consummated by the priestcraft of the middle ages; for, the whole development of mere Romish priestcraft is cruelty, superstition, and fanaticism, and although Christ, the first-fruits, had borne and suffered for all mankind, and submitted to the ignominious death of the cross, that all might be justified, yet, mad and imperious men stood forth to persecute afresh the Lord of life and glory, although for eleven hundred years his gentle voice had echoed o'er mountain and in vale, “Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God;” yet, the rack and fiery brand of persecution were the ensigns of those who blasphemously termed themselves the vicars of Christ. It has been truly said, that some holding office in the Protestant Church have, in times past, assumed the right to persecute; but we believe Protestantism itself contains no authority or approval of any persecution; and all true Protestants regret that any religionists bearing the name of Protestants should have been persecutors; but we fear that Romanism has ever countenanced the persecution of those it has regarded as heretics, and who may have denied the infallibility or supremacy of the Romish Church; and we are informed that a pure Romanist regards torture of the body as a very correct means in the hands of the Church, when it encounters obstinate denial of any of its doctrines.

There were occasions when certain earthly princes were not only rebellious, but more powerful than all or any of the powers of the Vatican; and it was then that the dark councils of the pope and his satellites were required to exercise the highest faculty of intrigue, for the gradual destruction of its great enemy: and though many years might be consumed, whilst this great object was heaving on the breast of time; and though the infallible Vatican might, in this revolution of time, more than thrice change its chief; and though the bench of cardinals might all, one by one, sink into mortal decay, and all the identity of enmity appear to have faded, yet there was a vigour and eternality in this ecclesiastical foe, which heeded not time; it purred and pawed, as a spirit in the vacuum of delay, yet ready at the proper moment to pounce upon its victim, and rend from it every feature of pride and independence.

It was by such unworthy strifes, that the Church, or rather, the priesthood, was gradually exposing its mortal and human parts to the contempt and anger of men. Then came doubt, and that bold criticism, which have eventually found an arena for extraordinary feats in the cause of truth; and now, having laid bare the rents in the papal garment, which time and the tongue of martyrs have created, there remained, until these times, in this happy land but the scroll of its bygone presumptions, wafting to and fro before the scorn of the truly faithful.

For a few minutes we will recur to our hero, Henry II., whose life and actions would fill many volumes; and it may not be deemed irrelevant, but some relief to our readers, if we now make some observations concerning the private character of the prince who made so many efforts to subdue the tyranny of the papacy.

On Henry's return to England, he ascended the throne with a firm step; and all men saw that his resolution was to punish the wicked, and protect the

weak, and rule all with that strong nerve with which nature had gifted him. He was hailed by the English as the descendant of their ancient Saxon line. Immediately upon the coronation, the new bride was conducted to the king's palace, at Bermondsey, which was then a pastoral village, although partaking of the Flemish character. These were highly cultivated lands, with their smooth and velvet meads, bounded by the fast-flowing Thames. At that time, the old temple was ornamented with its beautiful garden, and the banks of the river were studded with the dwellings of the nobility.

When Henry married the accomplished Eleonora, she had just attained her thirty-first year, whilst Henry was in his twenty-first year. At an early period of the career of Henry II., ambition taught him to regard all danger and fatigues as the flowers which were indigenous in the path to glory and dominion, in which he must make many sacrifices.

But a few days after his marriage with the fascinating Eleonora, he left her insinuating loveliness, to seek the face of his enemies. It might be said of him, that when he knew he required sleep, he only took that rest which restored his body to its perfect powers; but he never slumbered, or folded his arms. Everything that sustained the comfort of his people, or the honor of royalty, was now under his own eye; indeed, the good order of cities, the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, occupied a just portion of the mind of this mighty and chivalrous being. He was a king: he claimed not to be a delegate of Heaven, or heir to all earthly sovereignty; but he bowed to listen to the sighs and wishes of a misgoverned and noble people; and thus, by duly respecting their comforts and his own dignity, he formed the model of a monarchy which was destined to generate principles that have formed a part of the present peace and happiness of England.

That he might be temperate and energetic at all

times, he knew that he must keep his body under; and oftentimes exercised a self-denial both in eating and drinking, which astonished his courtiers. In his dress he regarded all ornament as an incumbrance and an effeminate association, which might, in the hour of strife or danger, become a hindrance: this is too often disregarded from its minuteness, or fascination; but has in some signal instances given that little balance of advantage to an antagonist, which has turned, in the person of the leader, the scale of fortune against nations long revered for their municipal wisdom and warlike power. Yet it must not be assumed that he was ignorant or regardless how much the mass, the herding multitude, are effected by splendid equipage and gorgeous display; but he ruled them by superior and more majestic powers. He was not unaware that the soft eye of woman delighted to bend over brilliant dress and elegant ornament; but his manly and dignified person, his expressive and serene eyes, soon procured a preference in woman's heart, for one whose knightly fortune and warlike successes had become as the living romance of those romantic times.

The history of his gallantries seems rather imperious and indistinct; and some historians have said they throw a shadow on his honour and manliness of character. Indeed it is to be feared that his lust for beauty produced many enemies and detracting factions. Although the softer passions, such as love, may give fervour and energy to many of the actions of life, and without them our nature seems gloomy and uninteresting; yet this great king most frequently governed them as servitors, to bow under the dark and lofty banner of Ambition. He well knew that to become the too docile subject of sensual appetites, was to disturb the attributes of the mind from their inherent action, and to destroy the powers of that body which should be a companion to the spirit in all its earthly exaltations. Therefore neither Rosamond the

Fair,\* nor the handsome Stafford maiden, nor all that is lovely in woman or flattering in man, seemed likely to seduce the mind of Henry from the great vocation of ambition, and the leading objects of his life. Yet, alas! there are lines and pages in the history of this great monarch, which include incidents derogatory to the general distinction which he attained for himself. But perhaps no instance is so definite and detracting to the honour of Henry II. as that of his love for Alice, the intended bride of his son Richard; and, if the historian Brampton may be relied upon, there was, in this ungoverned attachment, some justification for Richard's rebellion; and this weakness seems to have been one of the causes of the sudden ruin and premature death of this mighty king. Indeed the rhymes of Piers of Langtoft are very peculiar, quaintly describing the dispute between Philip, the brother of Alice, and Richard Cœur de Lion, after his accession. For it will be remembered that Richard did not marry Alice, but the beautiful and accomplished Berengaria of Navarre.

\* Rosamond had two sons by Henry II., both gallant, spirited, and noble-minded men—viz. Geoffrey, bishop of Lincoln, and William Longsword, earl of Salisbury. It is remarkable, that Geoffrey was more dutiful and affectionate than any of Henry's legitimate offspring. It was about the year 1148 that Henry commenced his attachment to Fair Rosamond, daughter to Lord Clifford. The anxiety which he must have had, in the progress of his life, to conceal the amour from the high-spirited Eleanor of Guienne, is consistent with Brampton's tale of the Woodstock bower, and Rosamond's death by poison. We know not exactly when this fair lady died; but we are told that her body was found near Godstow nunnery. The tomb of Rosamond was lighted by many wax tapers, and shaded by a gay canopy. In 1300 the bishop of Lincoln (Sir Hugh) affected to be disgusted—his words were, "Dig up the body, and bury her out of the church; for after all, what was she but a harlot!" Rapin intimates that Eleanor dispatched Fair Rosamond. The conspiracy of Eleanor and her sons, John and Edward, rather favour the idea that Rosamond was destroyed by the Queen during Henry's absence in Normandy. King John raised a tomb to her memory, with this inscription:—

"The tomb doth here enclose  
The world's most beauteous rose," etc.

“Then spake King Philip,  
And in grief said,  
‘My sister Alice  
Is now forsaken.  
Since one of more riches  
Of Navarre thou hast taken.’  
When King Richard understood  
What King Philip had sworn,  
Before the clergy he stood,  
And proved on that morn  
That Alice to his father  
A child had borne,  
Which his sire, King Henry,  
Held for his own;  
A maiden child it was,  
And now dead it is;  
‘This was a great trespass,  
And against my own wille,  
If I Alice take.”

Yet no gentleman of the age excelled him in real politeness, for the *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re* were well developed in his character. His conversation was popular and lively, and well abounded with amenities and tolerance. His memory was good, and supplied a constant spring of varied and interesting facts, which he associated with that singular adroit eloquence with which he graced all he said. He was an ardent and faithful student. Peter of Blois records that his companions were men of erudition and science, and in his conversation with them he proved that his knowledge must have been gained by long and patient study. For, unlike most princes and grandees of this world's theatre, he cultivated his mind, not for show, or mere protection from the insolence of the ignorant, but as a friend in severe trials, or hours of ease; and when the glory of fortune cast its beams on him, it was reflected with increased lustre by the object it glowed upon. With his intimate friends he lived on terms of sociality and condescension. His notions of decorum were those which nature and a noble mind dictated. The man—the spirit, we should say—who could conquer nations, lead armies, instruct senators,

raise the meritorious and humble, quell the rich and arrogant, forgive a thousand injuries, love as a romantic being, face death in any form—was not likely to do any thing very inconsistent with the true pride of royal state. Perhaps the form of a settled court would frown on such condescension as he ever evinced; but the frame and fashion of courts have changed, and may not, for any proper object, be now compared to the courts of the princes of the middle age; for whilst the one commands our love and respect, and the other our admiration, yet their nature and habits bear little analogy. Henry II. knew how to maintain the honour of his country in camp and field; no journey was too long, no enterprise too dangerous; but at his table he smiled on all honourable men as his equals, though he never contaminated himself with low society or coxcombs. This king was a man formed in nature's best mould; yet he never evinced vanity of his own person, or contempt of beauty in others. As we said before, there were certain vices inherent in him—viz. haughtiness and immeasurable ambition, conjoined, as some have thought, with covetousness; and yet there was an urbanity and liberality which are seldom united to these qualities; and, as regards ambition, we should not complain of it, when it was wise enough to devote itself to the happiness of mankind. And such was much of the ambition of Henry; indeed his intellectual greatness, if not his moral qualities, soaring above the vulgar lust for mere dominion, exhibited many proofs that he prized true glory. When the war trumpet had ceased, and the glittering sword was encased in its peaceful scabbard, he took much pleasure in hunting and hawking; but when the interest of his people or the presumption of his enemies called, he cast such diversions away, as unbefitting the vast and responsible duties of his station, and as too soft a relaxation for the man who had determined to sustain the "foremost place of all this world." Yes;



though he deemed hunting the fierce boar, which then roamed in our forests, as an exhilarating and manly amusement for the young nobles of his court, yet his spirit was too perfect in its capacities, and his ambition too vigilant, to permit him to postpone the still more dangerous scenes of those sudden and bloody wars which were so constantly occurring in England and Wales, and his more distant territories of Normandy.

Peter of Blois, a chaplain of Henry II., in his letter to a friend, says of his royal master:—

“In praising David the king, it is said that he was ruddy; but you must understand that my lord the king is *sub-rufus*, or pale red. Of middle stature he is, so that among little men seemeth he not much, nor among long men seemeth he over little. His head is round, as a token of great wit, and of special high counsel the treasury.” Our readers would scarcely expect phrenological observations in an epistle of the twelfth century; but we faithfully write what we find therein. “His head is of such quality, that to the neck and to all the body it accordeth by even proportion; his eyes fine, and clear as to colour, while he is of pleased will; but through disturbance of heart like sparkling fire or lightning with hastiness; his head of curly hair, when clipped square in the forehead, sheweth well his visage, the nostrils even and comely according to all the other features; high vaulted feet, legs able to riding, broad bust and long champion arms—which telleth him to be strong, light, and hardy. In a toe of his foot the nail groweth into the flesh; his hands, through their greatness, shew negligence, for he utterly leaveth the keeping of them; never, but when he beareth hawks, wearcth he gloves; each day at mass and counsel, and other open needs of the realm, throughout the whole morning he standeth afoot, and yet when he eateth he never sitteth down. In one day he will, if need be, ride two or three journeys, and thus hath he oft circumvented the plots of



his enemies. A huge lover of woods is he; so that when he ceaseth of war he haunteth places of hawking and hunting; he useth boots without folding caps, and homely and short clothes weareth he; his flesh would have charged him with fatness, but with travel and fasting he keeps it under; and in riding and going he travaileth mightily. Not, as other kings, lieth he in his palace, but travelling about by his provinces espieth he the doings of all men. Nor man more wise in counsel, nor more dreadful in prosperity, nor steadfast in adversity. He doometh those that he judges when they be wrong, and punisheth them by stronger judgment than other men. When once he loveth, scarcely will he ever hate; when once he hateth, scarcely ever receiveth he into grace. Oft holdeth he in hand swords, bows, and hunting gear, except he be at counsel or at book. When he may rest from worldly business, he privily occupieth himself about learning and reading, and among his clerks asketh he questions; for though your king be well y-lettered, our king by far is more y-lettered. My lord the King of Sicily a whole year was my disciple: though by you he hath the beginning of teaching, yet by me he had the benefice of more full science; and, as soon as I went out of Sicily, your king cast away his books and gave himself up to Palatine idleness; but, forsooth, our lord, the King of England, is each day a school for right well lettered men, hence his conversation that he hath with them in busy discussion of questions. None is more honest than our king in speaking, ne in alms largess. Therefore, as holy writ saith, we may say of him—‘His name is a precious ointment, and the alms of him all the church shall take.’”

The reign of Henry II. was remarkable for the number and variety of great men who surrounded this energetic prince, having their respective objects, and requiring considerable foresight in the monarch to prevent their powers uniting to the injury of the Crown, or serving as rivals or antagonists, and by

that means weakening the supreme weight and power of the government. Besides the rebellious archbishop à Becket, and the bishop of Winchester, there were others whose ambition and talents revolved about the path of royalty. There was Roger of York, whose character is given by John of Salisbury as loaded with atrocious crimes, yet surmounted with sufficient political guise to keep an eminent position for many years. Next may be mentioned Strongbow, earl of Pembroke; William Longsword, earl of Salisbury; Geoffrey, archbishop of York; Hugh Lacy, and Ralph de Glanville. In addition to these were the young princes, and above all, the pope, who was watching with subtle fear every movement Henry made. There were also the various monarchs of Europe, who had more or less become jealous and mortified whilst observing the splendid career of Henry of England.

In tracing, however slightly, this energetic being, Henry II., from the buoyant age of eighteen, and through the various vicissitudes and deep anxieties which ever attended his path, we shall observe that most of such trials and struggles seemed rather to develop the powers and resources of his mind, than to crush or overwhelm him: some were light as playful bubbles, bursting on the face of the current; some as billows, soon joined the general stream. But there was one as a wild tide, producing angry eddies and dinning whirlpools, which have ever and anon threatened to dash the noble swimmer to the depths of ruin. Or, if we may presume to alter the simile, Henry II. and his primate were as two mighty tides, seen by the timid traveller in the trackless seas, contending with each other, so that their chief powers were spent in breaking each other's form and comeliness. It is difficult to conceive, what would have been the result of Henry's reign, if à Becket had never been entrusted with the see of Canterbury; but it is very probable that some most useful and important reforms were prevented by this circumstance. We must remember that

that intrepid spirit might have produced such valuable changes and benefits to his country, that even at this far distant day his name would have been ranked amongst her greatest, most honoured, and most loved patriots. History has assigned causes to the quarrel between Henry II. and à Becket his chancellor. Holinshed's Chronicle states, that one of the earliest complaints made by à Becket was, that Henry did not give him the custody of the Tower and Rochester Castle; but it appears from Lord Lyttleton's simple yet consistent history (which has led us in all the details of this narrative), that the priest was aiming to overreach the king, and the king insisted that the ecclesiastical power was subordinate to the state; hence this great contention which stains the page of history. We quote the following letter from the primate to his sovereign:—

“ Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the King of England:—

“ I have most earnestly desired to see you. Although I cannot deny that in this I had a view to my own, yet it was in your interest that when you should see me again you should call to mind the many services I have done you, with all imaginable regard and affection; for the truth of which I appeal to Him who is judge of all mankind, when they shall appear before his tribunal to be rewarded according to their deeds. I flatter myself you would be moved by compassion towards me, who am forced to beg my bread in a strange land, though by the grace of God I have plenty of all things necessary to my subsistence. I receive, however, great consolation from the words of the Apostle, ‘They that live in Christ shall suffer persecution;’ and likewise from the saying of the Prophet, ‘I never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.’ As to what relates to you, I cannot but be sensibly affected with it, for three reasons:—1st. Because you are my liege lord, I own and offer you my best advice,—such, however, as is due from a bishop having the voice of God and the head of the church: as my king, I owe you profound respect, and withal am bound to direct my admonition to you; as my son, it is my duty to correct and exhort you. Kings are anointed in three places—the head, the breast, and the arms; which denote glory, holiness, and power. We find, from several instances taken from the Scriptures, that the kings who despised the commandments of the Lord were deprived of glory, understanding, and might. Such were Pharaoh, Saul, Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, and many others. On the contrary, they that humbled themselves before God received

a larger measure of grace, and in greater perfection. This was experienced by David, Hezekiah, and some others. Take, therefore, my liege Lord, the advice of your vassal! Hearken, my king, to the admonition of your bishop! And receive, my son, the corrections of your father, lest you are drawn aside into schism, or persuaded to hold communion with schismatics. All the world knows with what honour and devotion you received the pope, how respectfully and zealously you protected the Church of Rome, and what suitable returns the church and pope have made you. Remember, therefore, the declaration you made, and even laid upon the altar, at your coronation, to protect the Church of God in all immunities. Restore the Church of Canterbury, from which you received your authority, to the state it was in under your predecessors and mine; otherwise be assured that you will draw down on your head the wrath and vengeance of God."

In the year 1173, Henry walked three miles bare-foot to the tomb of à Becket, and took a cup of water in which the blood of the Archbishop had been mingled; and then suffered a sharp flagellation. It must ever be a cause of serious regret, when a great man acts so inconsistently as to allow the occasional acts of his life to contradict and counteract its general tenor.

The grave had now closed over the valiant and querulous à Becket. But Henry's troubles did not end with the death of this haughty primate; indeed it could not be hoped that this king should be excepted from the *ordinary fate of all the civil potentates who refused to become abject vassals of the Vatican*. Henry II. was an indulgent parent; and, like William the conqueror, he lived long enough to bear many severe blows dealt by the arms of his own children, who were more or less excited to disobedience by the papal influence. And although this exceeding tribulation caused heavy grief to his heart, yet it awakened afresh all that determined and energetic spirit which had so often been his guardian and leader. In addition to the ordinary calamities which mark the steps of war, there are other poignant and peculiar horrors that attend all civil wars. But even these were much increased in the wars in which Henry was now

required to contend; for they were wars in which the blood of his own children might be spilt—wars in which his own blood was sought by those children he had so much loved.

In these wars, Henry was supported by the same undaunted powers for which he was so renowned; and although a variety of unusual and painful thoughts occupied his breast, yet he felt that the same principles were at stake in this war as in all others, and that some one was seeking to tear from him power, majesty, and right. Therefore his brow wore again the deep furrows of a warrior's intents; and he fought with a desperation and headlong potency which paused not to distinguish the unnatural nature of the rebellion from the frequent internal wars he had so often quelled. But now the children of his loins and the wife of his youth were bent on his destruction; and it is to be suspected that their treason was somewhat provoked by the conduct of the king. It is, however, stated by Brampton, that this rebellion was concocted during his absence in Normandy (about the year 1170) and that the part Eleonora took was through fear of Henry's anger, when he should return to England and discover that the life of the Fair Rosamond had been taken under her influence and directions. The death of Rosamond was regarded as an incident of slight importance by the general courtiers; but it was far otherwise with Eleonora, for she had nestled by his tumultuous breast, and had listened to the divinations within; and she knew, as from secret revelation, that there had been a sale and bartering of many of the sympathies and much of the being which executed its parts within that breast. Yes, they had oft been exposed at the markets of blood and policy—had been weighed in the scales held by the papal palm—and their price had been given by all the hucksters who bid at the shambles of ambition. But she knew (for she had still "grace in her steps") there were rays still burning in the arcana of great

Henry's soul, which overshadowed, as with glory, that unseen altar before which all that was seen by man, both glorious ~~and~~ great, bowed in worldly obeisance. She knew that to touch the sacred things which ministered their essence there, was to wound the spirit that was ever panting for their conservation, and lived upon their mystic perfume. Ah! ah! she knew there were idols there, which being disquieted, rendered their devotee frantic and revengeful. It was therefore that Eleonora girt herself about with the rags of rebellion—to hide, if possible, the shame of a murderess.

To this hostile party, there were many ready assistants; who, having watched with envious fear the progress of Henry's power, became bold enough to take up arms against him, when they found his own family were the leaders of the rebellion. The kings of France and Scotland, and many of the English barons (all secretly countenanced by the Vatican), uniting with these princes, gave a most formidable character to this rebellion; which was a cloud that had been slowly gathering during the sunshine of his prosperity, and now appeared so dense, that none but the fierce and indomitable nerves of this king could have aspired to break through this gloom. Yet, against such a phalanx of power, containing within itself all kinds of resources, the spirit of Henry fearlessly wrestled; and in the year 1174, we find the power and government of Henry in the most flourishing condition. Within the limited space of these pages, it would be impossible to relate the many very interesting circumstances which occurred during this extensive rebellion. The names of Hugh Bigod, Robert, earl of Ferrars, Bertrand de Born, Viscount de Hautefort, Roger de Mowbray, William, earl of Gloucester, are in the list of nobles who were concerned in the rebellion. The number of battles fought, and the quantity of Christian blood vainly spilt, are matters for the statistical historian, and may be found





Eleanor, Queen of Henry II



in Hoveden, M. Paris, Brampton, and other contemporary writers. When this rebellion closed, we perceive that Henry was absolute master in England. The kings of Scotland and Wales were submissive vassals, and his more distant dominions in France again owned him as lord and sovereign. The king of France was now nearly sixty years of age; and, quite despairing of the object he had hoped this unnatural confederacy would secure, was anxious for a peace. Besides, other fears were awakened by the successes which had attended the military forces of Henry. These successes did not blind Henry to many important imperfections in his power, which did not strike the eye of others; nor had the unnatural character of the rebellion stopped the action of his generous disposition; and therefore he reinstated many of the barons in their estates, and forgave all his children, but he caused his queen to be imprisoned, for she had assailed his private passions, by destroying his beloved mistress, Rosamond de Clifford.

In referring once more to the queen of Henry II., it should be remarked, that although her youth was replete with frivolity and love of display, yet she must have been endowed with some very high mental qualities, which neither the blandishments of courtiers, nor the intrigues of courts, nor the unfaithfulness of her husband, nor the excitements of a long life of vicissitude, could destroy. In her adversity, we must acknowledge that her highly-cultivated mind displayed much vigour, though with all the susceptibility which an early love of poetry and romance had engendered. Her advice was often sought by the kings and princes who flourished and quarrelled during her latter years. The stain upon her name is the murder of Rosamond.

Henry destroyed the castles of some of those barons, favouring his sons, in 1173; namely, Huntingdon, Framlingham, Bungay, Northampton, Alverton, and some others of less importance. Hugh Bigod paid 1,000 marks, and was pardoned; as also Robert, earl





of Ferrars, Roger de Mowbray, Richard, earl of Clare, William, earl of Gloucester, and others. In this peace, he enacted many good laws, and revived others which had been neglected. It was about this time that Richard de Lucy, chief justiciary, died; and Henry divided England into circuits, and sent justices to each, for delivering the gaols; and made many other arrangements for the comfort and permanent advantage of his people, Randolph de Glanville being appointed chief justiciary. It was about the same year, 1110, that Pope Alexander, and Henry's powerful foe, Louis, king of France, died. It is said by some, that Louis caught a severe cold when visiting the tomb of à Becket; on which occasion he gave a massive gold cup, and 7,200 gallons of wine yearly, for the priests.

New tribulations again environed the crown and palace of Henry. His sons still manifested a rancour and implacable hatred of any superior to themselves, and were ever secretly conspiring against their father. This disposition did not escape the observation of the pope, who was becoming anxious lest the hours of peace might again attract the mind of this great king to his dearest object, viz: civil and religious liberty; and therefore he aided the young princes, whilst they planned the destruction of their kind and noble-hearted parent. But the death of the eldest, Prince Henry, changed the nature and number of those foes, who had so long deprived the king of that tranquillity which his fatigues and trials rendered so necessary for the preservation of his valuable life.

Richard and John were still alive. The former had an impetuous and cruel disposition, united to a wild and visionary mind; and watching a certain juncture of his father's affairs, and suspecting that his father intended to disinherit him,\* and also pretending

\* It was the wish of Henry II. to crown his son John, king of England, during his lifetime, and to give Richard all his dominions

several injuries which his father had done him, he traitorously turned over to the great enemy of England—Philip of France—and placed the remaining power of Henry in the greatest dilemma. For a short time, Henry rallied; but his forces being successively routed, and all sorts of misfortunes bringing on a crisis, the only expedient remaining was to apply to the pope, and endeavour to induce him to reconcile Philip of France, and stay some of the other cruel enemies who now assailed him. Philip rejecting the interference of the pope,—or, more correctly, the pope being now wholly indifferent as to the favour of the king of England—Henry determined to meet Philip and his own son, Richard, at Verzalai. The terms, however, of a peace which he there entered into, were so humiliating and disadvantageous, that his spirit lost all its vigour and activity; and suddenly that bright light flickered for a moment, then sank within its earthen tabernacle, never to rise again, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Down the deep ravine which separates time from eternity, the spirit of our hero fled as sinks the day-star in the watery floods. His voice was heard no more amidst the admiring crowd; his soldiers rallied no more to his commanding voice; his council no longer looked upon their bold and judicious leader; now cowardice and priestcraft looked out from their hiding-places, for the arbiter of justice and civil liberty was in the damp tomb.

The conduct of Philip-Augustus at this period was most crafty and unprincipled, and reflects much discredit upon his reputation. It is not to be doubted, that to this very day, there is amongst the aris-

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lying beyond the English sea. Richard was not content; but fled to Philip of France, saying, "Sire, for God's sake suffer me not to be disinherited thus by my sire. I am engaged to your sister, Alice, who ought, by right, to be my wife. Help me to maintain my right and hers." *Bernard de Tresorier.*

ocracy and well-informed classes of the French nation, sincere and generous sorrow concerning this part of Philip's reign. His character was, in some respects, splendid and warrior-like. He had appeared willing to aid Henry in the crusade; yet a close examination of all the circumstances proves that Philip Augustus was seeking the praise and approbation of the pope. France and England were once twin-nations, as two streams from one most hallowed source, but rocks have risen to divide them in their course; yet they are children of the same parent-blood, who should sustain each other (God grant they may!); and, therefore, we will not make many reflections upon a period of history for which the present generations of men have no responsibility. England has freely adopted a pure and ennobling faith, and therefore her great ship, "The Indomitable," has ridden safely through many a storm which has filled her neighbours with dire tribulation. France, let thy hands turn out the polluting rags of Romanism, and all will be well.

Henry II. as a conqueror, surrounded by the brave and triumphant, was a dazzling spectacle; but when the storm of life set in, and with pelting violence followed him everywhere, his hardy frame at last yielded and sunk. The shock must have been tremendous, to a spirit wholly unschooled to humiliation. Alas! what can describe the intense agony that quivered through the mortal frame tenanted by this undaunted spirit, when the dream of his invincibleness was broken, and the tide of his victories rolled back, with the shock of his destruction echoing through all Europe! That immeasurable weight of horror, which then entered this spirit, could find no place on earth to bear it up; but heaving headlong in his mortal parts, urged them down even to the relentless grave. A violent fever attacking him on the 6th day of July, 1189, at the city of Chinon, he used himself to be carried into the church, before

the altar, supported by the arms of Geoffrey, the youngest son of Rosamond; where, heaving several heavy sighs, and throwing his head on the bosom of Geoffrey, he gave up the ghost. His reign was amongst the longest of England's princes, viz., thirty-four years, eight months, and twelve days. Stebbing, in his "Kings of England," says, Henry's burial was thus:—"Clothed in royal robes, crown on his head, white gloves on his hands, boots of gold upon his legs, gilt spurs upon his heels, a great rich ring upon his finger, his sceptre in his hand, his sword by his side, and his face all bare and uncovered."

All historians agree, that blood gushed out in a fresh ruby current from his dead body, when his rebellious son Richard approached it. It is old John Speed who says, that in Henry II. the fierce Norman blood was moderated by the mild Saxon. All historians find it difficult to give a general character to this monarch. There are instances, many of his justice, some of his severity, yet many more of his clemency. But all agree he was great and chivalrous—affectionate and forgiving to his children—and generous and friendly to his subjects. Yet the philosopher and moralist must feel a thrill of sorrow, when they mark the various stains which dye the mantle of this prince; and there is one who must deeply feel—we mean the religionist—who will declare that here again is another instance of perverted talent and power; for doubtless Henry II. seemed intended as a vessel of honour, which fell aside in its great vocation. He was, by the generosity of his noble nature, disposed to favour civil and religious liberty; and he appeared endowed with a genius exactly suited for the realisation of its object. For a time he seemed devoted to this exciting occupation; but in his progress he awakened the gigantic enmity of the Vatican, which alternately distracted his judgment and dazzled his imagination, and brought on an inequality and infirmity of purpose, which, added to his intemperance

in one particular passion, rendered his reign far less useful and distinguished than was at first anticipated. Time, and many spirits, all the servants of Providence, took down the tabernacle of this mighty and illustrious prince: it was reserved for mortals only to look on, whilst time wasted, and the fervent heat within the vessel destroyed its comeliness and being. The early part of his reign was of the very happiest character; indeed, there was not a monarch more feared and respected. He was regarded by all nations as a king of transcendent ability and virtue; and until the period of the untoward difference with his archbishop, à Becket, the rays of honour which encircled his brow scarcely encountered a single shade.

The glory of this mighty spirit may be said to radiate and cast its glowing emanations even upon these times, and will form a part of all the vain glory of man during the ages of time. We say, vain glory; for man's real nobility and birth-right are beyond the limits of time. Yes! it is when enshrined in the white robe worn by him who has a simple spirit, that man will be truly great. Yet every act of virtue and nobility of mind is productive of benefit to man. No one can hesitate to concur that all our acts, individual or collective, never cease in their effects or results. One vicious act, or one virtuous act, is of spirit, and never ceases its bounding or reflecting action; and it is this that creates the immeasurable responsibility pertaining to every act, during this brief state of probation. Man is in warfare with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; and although this may be doubted by reference to the conduct of some who seem to be in closest and most amicable union with these enemies, yet there are private hours, when every soul points lances with these its common enemies. Some yield (alas! too many); and some bow, as abject slaves hating their masters. If this be so, the good example of our



fellow-soldiers must be constantly exciting us. Now and then comes a most happy manifestation, and Apollyon is stopped on the highway; a joyful sound is heard amongst the ranks of the great family of man; the silver trumpet blows. Oh! 'tis a glorious sound!—'tis the voice of peace!—'tis the death of sin! Then, what coruscations of burning lights! Then stars shine out, innumerable and vivid, marshalled by the unseen hand: "*sponte sua quæ se tollunt in luminis oris!*"

It is then that Christ visits His Church militant, attended by an innumerable company of angels. The fainting soul, the ardent spirit, the dying saint, the suffering martyr, are ever the subjects of his care; for some he pours oil into their lamps; for others He girds their loins; on some he puts the breastplate of salvation, the sword of the Spirit; but to all He whispers His secret, "I am the Lord, travelling in my strength, with dyed garments from Bozra; place thy finger in my side, for I am the Lord of Calvary; partake of my body, and drink of my blood, and ye shall become whole."

Whilst the death of the first of the Plantagenets was a severe blow to civil and religious liberty, it awakened joyful acclamations in the halls of the Vatican. Once more the creation seemed drear and passive, as dark Romanism again spread its awful shadow over the whole intellectual and spiritual world. The once gallant owner of the palace of Woodstock was now the dumb inhabitant of the grave, and the spirit of the Vatican arose with a satanic smile, to fashion other snares for the subjugation of the warrior king, the prince of chivalry, the crusader knight, Richard Cœur de Lion. It would have been our duty to delineate the peculiar predispositions of this monarch, and mark the rapid increase of the influence of the Vatican during his reign; but we postpone this engagement for the second part of this humble work. At present, we must content ourselves with observing,

that although the Vatican was a tyrannical and degraded representative of a holy convention, yet that convention was of God, and contained within it principles which, however perverted and prostrated by the weight of the world, the flesh, and the devil, can never die; and although the energies of Henry II. had broken up some parts of the fabric of papacy, yet their severance was only temporary, and rapidly reunited under the systematic and formidable government of the Vatican. How much the contentions between Henry II. and the Vatican served the cause of pure religion, was impervious for centuries, and could scarcely be expected to be distinguishable, until the spirit of true religion became the direct and exciting cause of the struggles between man and the great antagonist; viz., the spirit of the Vatican. If the Reformed Church will faithfully follow the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, she will vanquish all the enemies of the Cross, and occasionally witness wonderful manifestations of the progress of truth; but if she will dance round the golden calf, she is then but an idolator, although she may profess to war against idolatry.

We sorrow to say, there is in the Protestant Church a certain haughty and prideful spirit, which has given too much encouragement to a simpering lackadaisical puerility called tractarianism—the owner and author of the mummary and gilded millinery which is displayed in some churches, called Protestant churches, but which evince a pedantry and vanity never associated with truth or holiness, but are of the meanest if not the vilest expressions of popery. The martyr and fanatic of Romanism may make some earthly claim to bedizen himself with frippery and formality; but the priests of Protestantism should remember that God, and not the pope, is their Master, and that He is insulted by such time-serving harlotry and formalism.

Perhaps some deem such formalism as proofs of research and sound information; but thousands seize

upon this change as an arena for their puny self-righteousness. Yet we believe that they are regarded with contempt even by the high-minded Roman Catholic, whose faith induces him to subdue his indignation, as he observes they are in the snares of the papacy, and on the high road to modern paganism. They seem to forget that exclamation, What shall a man take in exchange for his soul? Tractarian priests should bear in mind that they eat the bread of the Protestant Church, and have hired themselves as the servants of a sober and holy church, which has been built in the blood of the martyrs. Perhaps they rely on the steadfastness of others, as a sufficient barrier to the fall of the church; but God will require an account of themselves. They talk of the habits and practices of the primitive church. Tush! To be consistent in this, they must give up the symony and sinecurism of the present day; and many leading aboriginal characteristics must be adopted by them ere they will even obtain credit. The infatuated and enthralled Romanist is their superior; for he has perhaps been nursed in the midst of the forms and ceremonies of heathenism, and has been taught that such things form true religion; but Protestants well know that Romanism is no more religion than Paganism. It is, we repeat, a mere earthly power clad in artful guise. It is Satan defying God, whilst he laughs at his victims resting in their dream of self-righteousness.

We hear some well-intending men say, that Romanism requires neither comment nor notice, and will dwindle away; whilst the spread of truth and the light of the glory of the gospel will expose all its enormities and absurdities. We also agree, that it shall not always be dominant, but shall, on the final day of account, stand as a culprit, to be judged of all its whoredom and murders. Its blasphemous tongue (even then raised to justify its iniquity) shall be parched up by the wrath of the Lamb of God, stand-

ing on Mount Zion, with his glittering company: he shall drive the mother of all abominations into the bottomless pit; and the light of ten thousand falling stars shall coruscate upon her forehead; and whilst ministering angels pour out their vials of wrath, in one instant, in the twinkling of an eye ten thousand angels round the throne shall read the dreadful, black, and awful doom of Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. For a moment silence shall pervade all worlds, and then, yes then, another angel shall come down from heaven, and a strong voice shall be heard, echoing in triumphant blast (announcing an end to the mystery), "Babylon the Great is fallen;" and He that hath on his vesture under his thigh written King of kings and Lord of lords, shall then appear in all his glory clad. And he shall sit upon a throne of that mighty city, where neither sun nor moon will shine, but where the glory of God and the Lamb will be the light thereof. Then will the mighty God, with his own hand, wipe away the tear of the martyr, and there will be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for his voice of love shall whisper, he that hath overcome shall inherit all things; for I will be his God, and he shall be my Son. We believe all this; and yet we cannot justify supreme indifference to that which we regard as the rapid progress of Romanism in England.

We need scarcely again observe, that we regard Romanism as man, i.e. our nature in sin, manifesting sinfulness in direct and palpable form; and we desire no other means for subduing this development than such as we would use to put down pride and self-righteousness. We are sorry to know that Romanists make an open boast of these sins. Romanism is Satan vauntingly struggling to march by the side of God's militant Church, to deceive the children of men. Satan preaches, promises, and sacrifices, and has days and places of worship, and penance, which bear so many

semblances of holiness that it requires a knowledge of the secret of the Lord to detect the imposture. Satan well knows that the light of the word has awakened anxieties in fallen man, as to the ends and circumstances of eternity—the certainty of death and judgment. He has noticed that man is conscious that some mighty being claims his love and veneration, and that this earth cannot wholly satisfy the yearnings of his spirit; but he has also noticed that man has a natural reluctance to make the entire surrender of all he has and is; which seems often beyond his power. Satan watches the contortions and struggles of the spirit, and smiles when man delights in things present and vaunts in his own being and power; it is then the evil spirit shews him a religion which does not require the entire surrender of his independence. Yes, Satan is king of this world, and he takes his victim gently by the hand, and tempts him with the intoxicating draught of self-righteousness and pride. He takes him to the mountain's top, and shews him the things of the earth. Yes, Satan goes up again, as in the days of Job; "to present himself among the sons of God, from going to and fro in the earth;" and he also approves of religion, and shews one which yields many concessions to man's nature; one in which man may, as he says, work out his own salvation, by penances and payments—a religion of circumstance and materialism of sense and excitement—a religion in which man calls himself the vicar of Christ, and having the personal power to forgive every sin. Under this religious banner, all kinds of sin may be committed and absolved.

The darling sin, the inbred lust, the love of the world, and the fashion thereof, may be all purchased. The ceremonies of Satan's religion are interesting and gorgeous, and free from all simple abstractedness. It promises not to make our pleasures less, to make us independent of heaven, and free us from faith and grace. Its exercises are accompanied with many a

pleasing concomitant in which our personality is not wholly lost. It has robes of beauty, and ornaments for the person of beauty. It has paths and scenes which would well fill up the wanton mind, yea, it can seduce the romantic and gratify the stoic in a word, an awful word it can unite heavenly things with earthly things; things of the sight with the things of God; palpable impositions with the mysteries of godliness; confound the graces of the spirit with the works of the law, and present gladiatorial exhibitions, as the works of the just made perfect. It can cast a blindness upon man; it can teach him to blaspheme and insult the great God of heaven; affects extreme humility, whilst it is requiring sacrifices of mind, body and estate, which are declared necessary to the salvation of the soul. We again remind our readers that it casts a blindness over its victims, so that they see through a cloud darkly, and every delusion it presents bears a degree of similarity to things of God.

Romanism has, we begin to fear, a new ally, a new mask, a modern degree, a phase in which it has not for some centuries appeared. It is again shuffling into Protestant places, and going up with the sons of God to present itself in the attitude and guise of mere formalism. The guileful cunning of the children of Loyola is here modest, and professes to seek no other end but a compliance with forms—neglected forms.

The form of the place of worship is altered; it is also immersed in a grave of theatrical dress, its divine songs of promise are sustained by the accomplished operatic voice—its priests are sticklers for many robes, and for the rubric, and ornamental crosses; whilst the fair sex, who listen to the new lore found in the books of the fathers, claims its share of the millinery and jewellery so very meekly introduced by the old enemy of man. It is therefore, we now see ladies wearing crosses; and we fear, the fifteen beads or fifteen mysteries, the paternosters, and ave

marias, are not far off. Fellow countrymen, fellow-countrywomen, these are some of Satan's seducing guiles, led by clergymen, so called, who continue to eat the shew-bread of Protestantism, whilst performing leading parts in the mummetry of modern paganism.

The general rapid progress of Romanism in England is before the eyes of all. Its monasteries, convents, cathedrals, chapels, and colleges, are covering the land. Its priests are hiving and spreading like locusts in many of the provinces, its members have increased during the present century, as twenty-nine is to one, whilst the population has increased only as two is to one. Roman Catholicism is no longer the timid Jesuit, but is fearlessly driving its standard into the most public and populous parts of England's fair lands. We remember when papal priests were scarce objects in the provinces; but now they may be seen walking the high roads of England (in some parts), three and four abreast, dressed in the robes of their order. Once our country people knew not what mass and the procession of the host meant; and even our more intelligent countrymen only recognised it as some form used in Spain or Portugal, or other parts of the continent; but now (listen and be astonished) the procession of the host may be seen in the open roads and streets of England. All this is going on, and those who are the sworn administrators and expounders of our faith are sidling up to these enemies of Protestantism.

In these pages we have made an attempt to exhibit some of the more sinister features of Romanism, but we are aware there is much imperfection and incompleteness in this effort—it is a mere glance; but, in our next part, we shall pass through a reign of sin and wickedness; and, in our description of the leprosy of Romanism, we shall refer more distinctly to the death sufferings and persecutions of many a noble being, whose love of pure religion attracted the malice of the papal council. We shall also endeavour to point out



the peculiar influence of popery in present times, and trace the history of the Spanish Inquisition, which was established in the following reign; when we shall relate facts and depict scenes which we think will prove that all the human blood spilt by that cruel court was a part of the sacrifices ever demanding by the Spirit of the Vatican.

One of the errors of our nature is, to believe we can go thus far in error, and return when we like; and we believe that many who are becoming formal in their worship, believe they can prevent the growth of any greater error. Yet we must not all deem ourselves so able to retire, when we begin to see the nature of the horrible deceptions—when we begin to feel the hollowness of the promises of a religion of formalism and display. Alas, how many have been hurried from one stage of fanaticism to another, until sickness has overtaken them, and the chill hand of death has threatened to grasp them; then they have felt the worthlessness and impurity of a religion of form and ceremony; they discovered that such a religion could not lay under them the everlasting arms of God, nor make their bed in their sickness. Then it is that the votary and victim of formal religion awakens to the sense of the eternal woe it creates. The robe of formality will not hide our sins from God. Alas! how many are being deluded by the new fashion of religion, now creeping into the once happy and blessed churches of Protestantism. We fear this new fashion may lead to the bosom of the great abomination. We have known some, alas! many, go by that fascinating path, and many have foundered in that delusion. So, many who trust themselves within its power are unable to return.

Some have returned, and one of high station, and of a religious order, now occurs to our memory. His first departure was evinced in a love of form, of pictures, dressings, crosses, and chauntings, which gradually prepared him for the more terrible tempta-



tions of Satan, and he joined the Romish Church; but, like Saul of Tarsus, he was met on his way—and hear his own account of what he discovered in Romanism. Forget, for a moment, what we, as simple Protestants, have said in this our first part, and reflect on the letter he addressed to his friend—

“ My dear Bickersteth,

St. Helens, Oct. 5, 1843.

“ I deem it my duty to inform you, that I last Sunday received the sacrament at St. Helens, as declaratory of my separation from the Roman, and my return to, the Anglican Church. I am therefore no longer a member of the Church of Rome. I have come to the conclusion after much deliberation; and the conviction I have is this, that the Church of Rome is the great harlot, the mother of abominations, an adulteress, and her worship is idolatry, chiefly mariolatry.

“ R. W. S.”





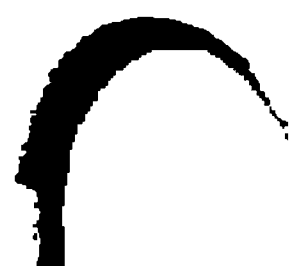
**B**ERENGARIA, the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily, was married to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in Cyprus, in the year 1191, and in the month of May, on the morrow after the taking of Cyprus, on the festival of Saint Pancras.

When Berengaria was left in Acre, with her inseparable friend Joanna, Richard's trusty friend, Bertrand-de-Verdun, had the supervision and care of these princesses. We wish time had spared us to give some details of the circumstances which occurred in the castle where these two amiable beings lived and loved together. Their happy days were ended on the same day, the day when Richard fell, the memorable 6th of April, 1199

He losing fast the cheerful beams of light,  
His noble spirit proudly took its flight.

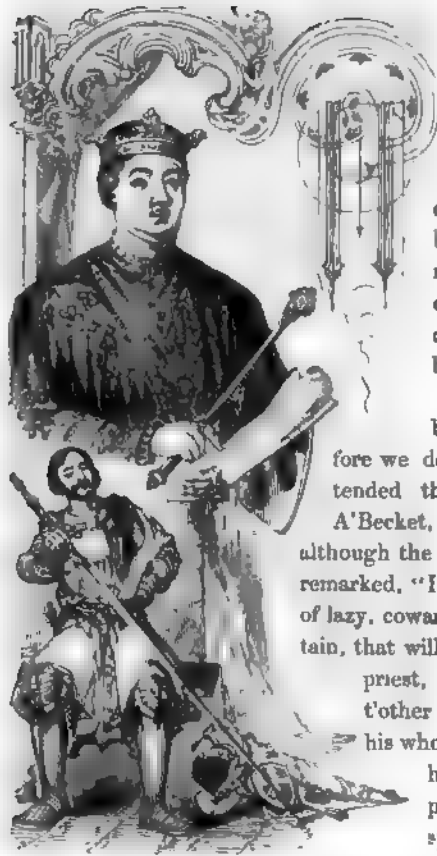
Our muse may be permitted to describe our thoughts of a place  
of which so little is now known, as the old castle is now in ruins.

A ruin'd tower beneath wild Acre's skies,  
From happy towns and busy cities lies.  
The golden sun reveals no cheering day,  
Whilst ancient firs admit no straggling ray.  
The fosse and moat are nowhere to be seen,  
For ev'rywhere is curling evergreen.  
Now musing Silence holds her noiseless throne  
And Contemplation hopes and sighs alone.  
Before the portal sad Oblivion waits,  
He suffers none to pass except the Fates.  
And when the traveller bends toward that place  
They wave their hands and warn him with a grace









HENRY II. restored in his person the Saxon race. When Henry heard of the death of Stephen, he was besieging a castle in Normandy; and he preferred to complete the siege, ere he came to England to wear its brilliant crown.

This king was noble, brave, and forgiving; therefore we doubt whether he really intended that the intolerant priest, A'Becket, should be assassinated, although the historian says, that Henry remarked, "Is there not one of the crew of lazy, cowardly knights, whom I maintain, that will rid me of this turbulent priest, who came to court but to other day on a lame horse, with his whole estate on a wallet behind him?" These were the expressions which, having been spoken with uncommon vehemence, animated for action

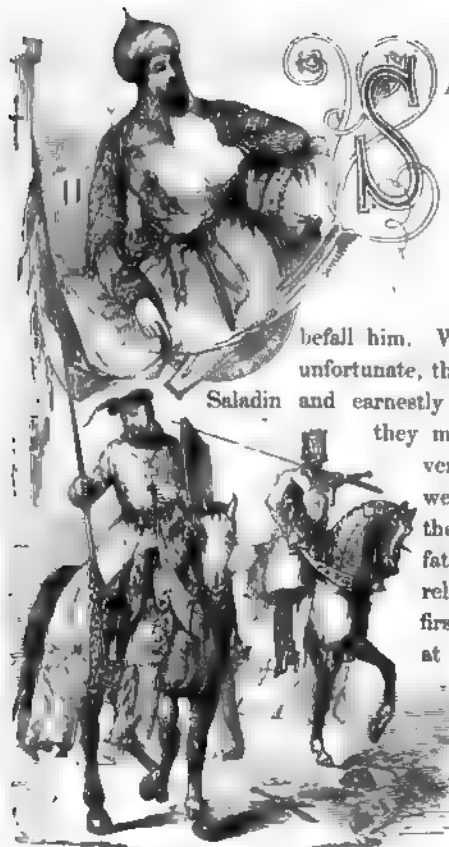
four courtiers, Reginald Fitz Urse, William de Tracey, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Blets. They first went unarmed to the archbishop, and required him to absolve the excommunicated prelates, and humble himself to the king: on his refusal, they left him and armed themselves. The monks then exclaiming "They are armed! they are armed!" with much persuasion A'Becket retired to the cathedral; they followed him, and literally beat his brains out with clubs, not far from the high altar; when they had done the deed, no one prevented their escape (*Vit. St. Thom.*).

The vulgar of Gloucestershire have assigned a very whimsical punishment for one of the families concerned in the assassination. They express it proverbially thus, "The Traceys have always the wind in their faces" (*Fuller's Worthies*); no very severe judgment upon them on a summer's day. One Grime, a priest, had his arm nearly cut off by Fitz Urse; he had aimed a blow at A Becket who had called him "pimp." The murderers, after a year's residence at Knaresboro' Castle, were absolved at Rome on condition of joining in the holy war. Tracey died at Mort, near Ilfracomb.

Many epitaphs were composed for A'Becket.







**S**ALADIN was a generous and noble warrior. He often declared that his great foe, Richard I., was the only man he could endure as conqueror, if such sad fortune was intended to

befall him. When the Christians were unfortunate, the Turks appeared before Saladin and earnestly entreated of him that they might be allowed to take

vengeance on them, as they were now in their power, for the death of their friends, fathers, brothers, sons, and relations who had been slain, first at Acre, and afterwards at other places, now, as they

said, they had so good an opportunity. Saladin consulted with his generals; and Mestoc, Saphadin, Bedridin, and Dorderin, were

speedily in attendance. When the subject was placed before them, he determined that the Christians should have leave to come and go without injury or hindrance;—"For," said he, "it would be a deep stain upon our honor, if the treaty which has been made between Saladin and the king of England should be broken, and the faith of the Turks for ever afterwards be called in question." After these observations, Saladin gave orders immediately that the Christians should be taken care of and escorted to the city, and back again, without molestation. To discharge this commission, Saphadin, a relative of Saladin, was, at his own request, deputed; and under his protection, the pilgrims had free access to the Holy Sepulchre, and were treated with the greatest liberality; after which they returned joyfully to Acre.

How differently did the Christian leader act upon one occasion, when he caused fifteen thousand prisoners to be put to death because the Turks appeared to depart (though slightly) from a treaty.

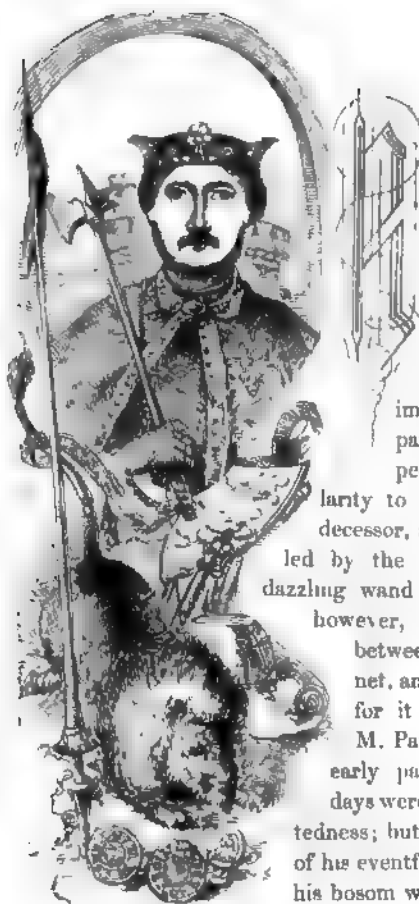






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RICHARD had a wild and romantic spirit, which disregarded the sanctifying hand of Heaven, and preferred to be led by mere precipitate passions; and even the domestic habits of this man of blood exhibit the perversion and imperfection of the brilliant parts of his soul, in this respect they bear too much similarity to that of his immediate predecessor, and of many who have been led by the trumpet of fame, and the dazzling wand of ambition. There was, however, one particular distinction between Henry, the first Plantagenet, and the lion-hearted Richard; for it appears by the chroniclers M. Paris and Brompton, that the early part of Henry's matrimonial days were marked by warmth of devotedness; but that, during the latter years of his eventful life, the wife and warder of his bosom was cast, under circumstances we have referred to, far from his pre-

sence and immured within the walls of a prison. Now, Richard's conduct towards Berengaria during the first years of conjugal life, was distant and somewhat indifferent; and to some minds, more sensitive to deep suspicion and green jealousy, would have poisoned peace and happiness. However, Richard lived at last to express his high estimation of the peerless pearl; and in his latter days she was more often his companion, and even in his most dangerous wars. Berengaria was a queen, and a noble, pure and etherial being, who could nestle no jealousy, admit no fear, no hope, no joy, which could cast one ray of dishonour on one she had sworn to love and obey, in one around whom honor and glory and magnificence settled. As a deity, he appeared to her—the prince and lord of her heart.





## PART II.

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The object of the first part of this work was to prove that the desire of earthly power is an ever active passion in Romanism. At the same time, we endeavoured to furnish a portrait of one of the most noble defenders of civil and religious liberty, contending with the machinations of the chieftains of the papal hierarchy. We described the various expedients adopted by the papacy to destroy the power and being of the chivalrous Henry, and also to incite the unnatural rebellion of his children, which greatly accelerated the death of one of England's noblest kings. Our present endeavour is to expose another of the mystic powers of popery, by the seductions of which the second Plantagenet (naturally a magnificent prince) was excited to destruction, and induced to lead the flower of his people to an early and inglorious grave. Under the meretricious but glowing affectation of serving, the cause of Christ Jesus, the Prince of peace, he was made to violate every genial tie of nature, and every duty and obligation belonging to the office of king. The melancholy relation of historical facts will prove, that whilst Richard, Cœur de Lion, was bearing the banner of the cross in the Holy Land, he was wasting the treasures and property of his realm, surrendering the vital interests of his government to the care of mercenaries, and leaving his people an easy prey to the depraved and sinister purposes of a false-church. Whilst the demoniac parade was consum-



inating, papacy was striking its roots deep in the best soil of England, and establishing on the continent the fastnesses of that revolting and cruel court, blasphemously styled the "holy inquisition." Its emissaries, like locusts, spreading over the land, suppressed every element of that civil and religious liberty which had been so resolutely and fondly fostered by the first Plantagenet. It was thus that with one notable exception\* the church abandoned its just vocation; and, instead of leading the prince, the regent of heaven, to execute his great mission, namely, the conservation of the peace and happiness of the people, and the advancement of social order, intoxicated him with an ardour for false honour; and its indulgence inveigled him to perform the works of a murderer with the zeal of a fanatic.

It is obvious that England lost a great protector and leader when the second Henry sank into the grave; but the love of liberty which he had excited could not be quenched by any of the common casualties of mortality. Death cannot entirely triumph over, and time can only develop, such reformations, as that propounded by the free and noble genius of that prince. Two reformations were then progressing side by side, that of the king, and that of the people. Such was his constancy and devotion, that he became the very image of a glorious and noble being (set up as an object of excitement and adoration to the whole world), ever exhibiting intellectual and moral vigour, enlightening, enlivening, and rejoicing tens of thousands of his countrymen, and willing to encounter the whole world in the name and with the ardour of a distinguished faith.

\* An old divine, Folkes, pressed Richard to dismiss his three daughters before going to Palestine. "Why, hypocrite," said Richard, "thou knowest I have no daughters."—"You have three," said the priest, "Pride, Avarice, and Wantonness."—"Ah!" said Richard, "let the Templars take Pride, the Cistercian monks Avarice, and the bishops and monks Wantonness."

Millions were astonished; the grandees of the world trembled, and the eye of tyranny itself quailed before his august and impressive bearing; whilst the meekest joined in the demand for political rights, and were beginning to inquire, why they did not enjoy them? who had usurped them? and how those rights were to be regained? The hour of restoration seemed to have arrived; for their king had declared himself their brother, espousing the common cause, and pointing out the true obstacle to all freedom and justice. The *church!* the church was still as haughty, though not so reckless, as in Stephen's reign. The base corruption in which she had so long wallowed, had inspired thinking men with contempt, disgust and horror, and the very populace had begun to doubt the *holiness* of the "*holy.*" Indifference to the menaces of the high priesthood manifested that everything was changing. There was, indeed, a secret presentiment, diffusing itself amongst all men, that a great moral revolution was struggling forth, which was likely to furnish a panacea for most of their oppressions. A senate of revolutionists was standing around the king, and although neither prince nor people had fully comprehended the depth and extent of their pretensions, yet they approached each other with the design and fixed hope of eternal union, for the repression of the assumptions and impurities of this offensive leviathan, the church.

It has been seen in the previous part, that the first Plantagenet was far above the age in which he lived; for, inspired with a deep sense of the paramount importance of his mission, he executed his part with manifold and concomitant distinction, whilst he excited his subjects to gather around his standard. But alas! we have seen his bearers carry his death-stricken body, his courtiers and friends desert him. We have seen him, one of England's greatest princes, contend with the sublime agony of death, whilst the



dew of the morn of the resurrection mantled his noble brow.

Death is for awhile triumphant, having planted his bony foot on the noble heart of that once active form. The glorious undertakings and purposes of this magnificent prince, fell from his grasp to be carried on by other agents of the "King of kings," and the very enemies of those undertakings were made to perform some share in the great purpose of heaven; the reformation being brought about by its foes as well as by its friends. Notwithstanding the sudden departure of this great spirit, nothing could, as we have before remarked, effectually efface from the minds of the people the knowledge they had acquired of their rights and dignity; for the maxims of civil and religious liberty had been clearly indented by the sacred finger of that Lord of liberty, and the memory of their leader was often recalled with respect and affection. In casting the mind's eye over the eventful reign of this prince, and then pausing to reflect upon the dismal and hopeless state of the great cause of civil and religious liberty, as it presents itself immediately on the demise of Henry, men are surprised that although the means were so ample and so especially adapted to the end, that the result should be so disheartening. But the advancement of truth is often active under cloudy and dreary epochs, and its works are not unfrequently performed by agency apparently unsuited and disproportioned to the object proposed. Indeed the grandeur and sublimity of truth are displayed in revelations and events, which do not submit to the ordinary calculations of man, nor to the means with which men are familiar.

The remarkable and interesting events of the reign of the first Plantagenet raised hopes in the hearts of the best men, and in all reflecting and patriotic philosophers, that the mind of man and the

faith of the spirit were about to be relieved from their fetters. But this towering champion and leader was worsted by death, and the works of civil redemption were unfinished. How may we account for this? Perhaps the agent was not wholly consecrated, his ministrations were imperfect, and the bow of his resolution was not strung by the archangels of heaven. He who refused to succumb to mortals, often neglected to bend before the true Presence, when he approached the holy of holies, and to acknowledge the universal supremacy of his great Creator, whilst honored with a commission to carry on some of the eternal purposes of His providence. Perhaps vain-gloriousness had usurped the place of that spirit of meekness, which should ever accompany power, as its chief ornament and grace.

But hark! we hear the shouts of war; the neighing of fiery chargers; and the blood-stained garment floats on the breeze. The mountains hear the voice of woe. Cries are heard in the valleys, and the mighty rivers are swollen with blood. Beside the limpid water, and by the golden sand, Christian and Moor lie blanching in the wind. But see! there comes one mightier than the rest, with hues as varied as the bow of heaven. As some tall pine, he tops the myriads round; his sable plumes wave like terrific clouds; his vest is smeared with gore; his clanking mail resounds as the troubled waters of Acheron. 'Tween heaven and earth, like a dark fiend, he comes; his eyes flash with fire and rage; midst groves of spears he cleaves his fearful way, fierce as an angry boar. His charger is as the charger of Death; she paws the yielding air, and tramples on the slain, the brave, the gory, tired brave (where stained and broken armour, and foaming steeds, and dying men, in one vast ruin lie). His lance seems like some weaver's beam; his ponderous axe smokes with bright blood; it seems as though the judgment day was come, and yet he smiles and rallies thousands to his

floating banner. He smiles, as if in summer sport, to see the thousands entering the first morn of the eternal world; they are his fellows, the equals of this king. He joys with Death—gaunt Death—to see the share he takes—and Death taunts and grins again. A shrill and piercing cry comes o'er the blasted heath, and all is still. The herald's vaunting trumpet sounds—"Richard, the warrior king, the prince of chivalry, Richard, Cour de Lion, knight of the Holy Wars!"

And now, as another king appears, it may not be improper to make some few reflections on the kingly office.

A king! The extensive and unlimited powers and privileges of this being have infused a general awe and surprise into the minds of intelligent creatures; and although time and the general bias and conformity of our fellows have rendered the subject familiar and less astounding, yet ever and anon we cannot suppress our astonishment, that the social condition should require such an unlimited delegate, and necessitate the surrender of the life and liberty of millions into the hands of one, whose moral and physical nature is marked by nothing peculiarly transcendant or indestructible; but, on the contrary, is obviously susceptible of the same depression and mortal decay which are notable in every child of man. The moral purpose of this elevated personage is, to watch the development and action of society, with a pure zeal and unceasing superintendence, so as to secure, by a mighty and majestic authority, the greatest possible degree of happiness to that part of the human family who obey his nod, and maintain the grandeur and circumstance of the daily revelation of his office.

In the course of our meditations, we are prone to believe that such a being should be virtuous and incapable of doing wrong, a protector to the weak, and that his countenance will become shaded with woe, whenever the power of any oppressor distresses his

subjects, and that his spirit will be contemplating the means most likely and ample for ensuring the peace and happiness of his beloved people; and that he will, with joyful eyes, look through time present, and anticipate the august and holy privilege of appearing at the last day before God and assembled angels, to receive the approving smile of the King of kings. But all the brightest endowments of our nature, and even the hallowed influences of guardian spirits, and the constant anointings of the heavenly hands, would seem needed by this being to secure that peace and happiness to the millions, who have willingly surrendered their own will and judgments, and are ever delighted in sustaining the essential and material augustness of one, who has sworn to defend their lives and liberties, and to maintain society upon principles which he has acknowledged to be just and most fit for the grand end of government, viz., peace and happiness. Sometimes we have thought this must be the second state of such beings, and that they must have passed through some conditional state of probation and preparation in some region, which the governed are not permitted to unveil, or that their education must have been so preparative and exemplary, self-sacrificing and refined, that every mortal imperfection and every unworthy passion, are held back by some inscrutable power.

But the faithful page of history must speak for the dead. The quaint and fervid historian (John Speed) reminds us that Roger Hoveden introduces the biography of Richard, Cœur de Lion, with much exultation, and quoting his words, "*Mira cano, Sol occubuit, Nox nulla secuta est*;" meaning that though the radiant glory of Henry sank in the west, yet at the eastern gate a star, more bright than Aurora, instantly arose and spread a universal joy. He says, "the glory of Richard necessarily surpassed that of his father; for Richard consecrated his warlike mind

and actions to the honor and service of God, and to the readvancement of the cross of Christ, so much dishonored by the infidels in Asia." The Saviour's glory was indeed a noble and sublime topic, and before which every earthly hope and love may well give place; and it is now well for this gallant prince, if jealousy for the honor of the cross was his motive. We may not pass judgment; but the angels of heaven have kept a true record. This subject is treated extensively by Hoveden, Matthew Paris, Camden, Brampton, Mezery, and others; Abulpharagius, the Christian historian, his contemporary Bohadin, the Mahomedan historian, both contemporary with Richard and Saladin, and others who have fully sympathised with the spirit of the young and romantic prince, Richard. They make it appear that he sacrificed much, freely and ardently, for the object of his admiration; indeed, this prince sacrificed his crown and the dignity of government for the reclaiming of the holy city, and the cities of the plain, which were then in the hands of the infidels. It would appear, that, at the time of Henry's death, the heir apparent, Richard, was in Normandy, but he did not immediately repair to England; having, however, promptly concluded some matters of interest, and released his mother (Eleanor of Aquitaine) from that imprisonment, which she had suffered during the latter years of the reign of Henry II., he crossed the channel to meet his subjects in England.

We shall soon perceive, that Richard's mind was weakened by the influence of the papacy; and the grand and sober qualities he inherited were subdued, and he was taught that his kingdom was not made of lands and palaces, crowns and coronets, but was an emanation of spirit, in which spirits of other and unseen worlds performed works extraordinary. Moral blindness came over him; and with these spirits he spent seasons of awful reverie, and with them he entered into solemn compact to reveal and surrender



his mortality, his honour, his power and his people, for the ends and purposes of spirit alone. To leave home, and land, and people, to face the angry eastern winds, to sleep amidst charnel beds, to defy the sultry sun, to companionize with Destruction, and go out with him in his great feats against mortality. To seek blood and the grave, and stamp upon the pulseless heart of Death. In this unearthly engagement he was led by a flickering burning star, which seemed to its votary's eye as pendant from heaven's vaulted heights. Alas! it was that phantom, twin brother to Sin and Pride; 'twas Ambition; it was the light of hell! It was not, therefore, surprising, that he soon disregarded the duties and just circumstance of a formal royalty. His mind and heart were already foretasting the essences of the ideal grandeur and personal aggrandisement which submitted not to the casualties of earthly royalty. For the prompt service of ambition, the chief attribute of his soul, he assumed the title and crown of King of England, and came over to his subjects to be formally crowned in the place where his ancestors had first worn the golden weight. The coronation was most magnificently performed at Westminster, by Baldwyne, archbishop of Canterbury. Innumerable prelates and nobles were there, before whom and his whole people, and before the great God of Heaven, he entered solemnly into the following oath:—

“ 1st. That all the days of his life he would bear peace, honour, and reverence to God, and holy church, and ordinances thereof. 2ndly. That over the people unto him committed he would exercise right, justice, and equity. 3dly. That he would blot out all naughty laws and perverse customs (if any were brought upon his kingdoms), and enact good laws, and the same in good faith keep. Which oath, the chronicles say, being solemnly taken, and the sacred unction performed, the archbishop standing at the altar, forbade him, on the behalf of Almighty God, to assume that



honour, unless he had full purpose to keep what he had sworn. Whereto Richard assenting, and with his own hands, humbly taking the ponderous crown from the altar, signifying he held it from God alone, then delivering it to the archbishop, the ceremony of coronation concluded."

Whether the motives were pure, and the works of this prince acceptable in the sight of the Prince of peace and Lord of life and glory, is a question which can be partly answered by the acts which form the historical portrait. That he might equip fleets, and summon a mighty host of knights and soldiers for this great purpose, and become the leader of this extraordinary undertaking, we learn that he yielded up all the grandeur of civil government, and left his people (entrusted to his care by the revelations of Providence) under the protection of certain favourite officers. He put up to sale all manner of honours and employment, to furnish money for the splendour of the intended crusades; and he even sold the feudal homage of Scotland; and though some have thought he thereby conciliated his dangerous neighbour William the Lion, yet such conciliation was a sacrifice of national honour, and unbecoming the protector of the rights and immunities of the nation; and we fear Richard must have forgotten the oath he had so recently taken at his coronation. There is reason to believe this prince might have been a useful and honoured sovereign; but he was tempted and attracted from his duty, and eventually surrendered all to the protection of martial and physical powers. His spirit seemed to exult in its new vocation, and there it was dominant; there, at the head of the host of devoted knights, seeking the holy city, Richard was magnificent; yet his voice echoed but faintly in the counsels of distant England, and at last became wholly disregarded by the chief administrative government. It was only when he brandished his mighty battle-axe in the air, that his followers regarded him as the

unconquerable champion of some great principle, which had, as it appeared to them, elevated him far above the mere kingly character.

We have made some observations as to the kingly or sovereign character; but before we enter into any detail of the transactions which occupied the short reign of this king, and determine their moral influence, we may usefully inquire somewhat into the genius of the crusades; the state of parties in England when Richard left for the Holy Land, and the nature and conduct which emanate from true religion, the love of which was the alleged justification for the crusade, in which Richard was engaged. A proper understanding of these questions may partly enable us to award the true expression to the conduct and actions of Richard, Cœur de Lion. The glowing trumpet of fame has often in tuneful eloquence pronounced the awful scenes in which Richard spent his reign, as alike glorious and great; we will make the inquiry, with proper concessions to the age; yet we must remember that principles of truth cannot change, though this world, its generations of philosophers, religionists and wise men, with its warriors and men at arms, and all its tournaments and pageantry must pass away as "the baseless fabric of a vision." The reign of Richard demands other investigation than that which the reader of a picturesque novel might desire.

When the second Henry ceased to breathe, the Church was no longer opposed by those active adversaries, the proud barons; for now they feared not the correction of their king, and their suspicions of the secret energies of the Church having readily vanished, the cause of civil liberty was left to the uncertain protection of the most liberal and enlightened of the priesthood. The powers and authority of the monarchy were soon seduced from their high vocation, and, instead of being busied in their holy work of civil and religious liberty, they were lost in the drear

vale, where the warm blood of the Crusaders was being daily shed, in sacrifice to the spirit which had been excited by the artifices of the Vatican.\* Such was the passionate state of this spirit, as it grew in the soul of Cœur de Lion, that the maxims, the forms, and even the rights and dues of pure monarchy, were forgotten by a prince, who had now delivered himself over to the incarnate duties of a religious warrior. In this new vocation, he seemed to have passed from out the body, and staked all the temporary possessions of earth, and cast from him the affections of flesh, lest they might awaken in him sympathies which would delay that triumph which was to secure for him the title of Holy Deliverer and Conqueror of the infidel, Saladin.

This disposition of the nominal leader of government could not but embarrass the civil rulers of the land, and gradually reduce the force and authority of those laws which were intended to protect the just and industrious citizen, whose habits and dispositions were untainted by the general mania.

This disposition in the monarch was the more offensive to a people who had so lately seen, in all his splendour, a king majestic, grand and brilliant, receiving from his immediate retainers and allies a solemn devotion, and from his people a romantic and overwhelming affection, almost fanatical. There can be

\* The hill, named Vatican, was so called from Vaticinia, the responses of oracles, anciently there received. On this stands a famous place of the same name, close by St. Peter's Church, where the popes used to reside in winter, in which is the conclave of all popes, being a long gallery big enough to lodge sixty cardinals, allowing each two rooms. The middle of this long place opens into the Vatican library, famed all over Europe, and founded by Sixtus IV. This is but a small part of the Grand Palace, if we credit what they assure us, viz: that this Colossal edifice contains 5000 rooms.

The Vatican hill was avoided by the Romans on account of the impurity of the air and the stagnant waters. In the beginning of the second century of the Christian era, Heliogabalus cleared it of all such disagreeable nuisances.

little doubt that this state of things was subversive of civil and religious liberty, and would, ere long, have produced a revolution (a term scarcely then known); so that at last it required the influence of the Church itself to prevent the most awful consequences, and divert the indignation of a people whose natural protector had been beguiled, by the ruling hierarchy, into a distant and foreign engagement, which swallowed the national treasures, and intoxicated the flower of the nobility. The Vatican was therefore compelled to make some apparent concessions, and grant heavy bribes from its treasury, whilst it combined to undermine the feet of pure monarchy, and prepared a ruin amidst its fancied progress and exaltation. The foresight and cunning of the Vatican were never more clearly developed; for it seemed as though the priesthood had cast a blindness over the eyes of the aristocracy, who left their castles without defence, with every loved and lovely tie, that they might form part of the mass, who were infatuated by the occupation assigned to them, of tearing the holy place from the dominion of the noble infidel, Saladin.

The government was left to the care of those few who retained a love for home and the duties of humble citizens; but they, too, were often obliged to accept the advice of the priesthood, whom the Vatican had posted in all parts of the land, to be ever active in the path of government.

The citizens being thus separated from much of the important constituents of the state, and all that augustness and circumstance which mark the seat of royalty, became pusillanimous and mean, and shrank from the contemplation of the contempt which they feared would be cast upon them by their fellow-countrymen, when they should return from the splendid scenes of war and adventure. All this time the Church was assiduously occupied in advancing its standards and deepening its foundations in the soil; and it was thus the Church was sucking up the entire elements of the

nation; and, without shew, without apparent design, as though unconsciously, it was taking possession of all the social strength, and the true source of power.

We have before said, that our object is to describe the times and character of King Richard; but our space will not allow us to traverse the holy land with the Christian armies of the first and second crusade. We must ever sigh when turning to this very dreadful page of history; for it but recounts scenes of blood and violence, having few parallels in horror and cruelty. It is the principle of these holy wars, and their apparent relation to the cause and profession of Christianity, which we desire to investigate, at the same time marking the part they performed of the general revelation of the will and works of the Almighty.

In the course of our task, we shall furnish what we believe to be the character of the Arabians, in connection with some philosophical reflections on the great historical fact of the Crusade or holy war, and in which two principles will be found closely united, viz., vain-gloriousness and persecution.

The details of the first and second Crusade may be found faithfully recorded by Mills, Fuller, and various authorities; and we have considered it proper to refresh our minds with their perusal, although their particular relation would not aid in the illustration of our subject. The great distinction in the principle involved in this, the third crusade, appears to consist in its universality, and in the nature of the feeling which excited their respective leaders. In the two former crusades mere fanaticism was paramount; wild, bursting, unappeasable fanaticism, fanned by the eloquent appeals of the spiritual orders. And historians seem to yield more sympathy and pity for the mass of human beings who composed the Christian armies of the first and second crusade.

The short history of the crusades, up to the time of our narrative, seems as follows:--That about the

beginning of the twelfth century, the hierarchies of all nations becoming jealous of the long possession by the Turks of Jerusalem, and other important places situate in the Holy Land, raised large armies, and made several attempts to drive the cruel Turks from the loved and lovely lands of Palestine.

About this time there lived a certain priest at Amiens, in Picardy, who having made a journey to Jerusalem, and witnessed the cruelty of the Turks towards the Christians in Palestine, he made an earnest appeal to the reigning pope for aid to rout the Turks.

The pope affected a sincere anxiety that means should be taken for the destruction of the infidels, and that the land where our Saviour was born and died, and from which he arose again, should be rescued from their blasphemous hands. Whereupon a renowned hermit led the first army against the Turks in Palestine. But such was the indiscretion, vain fanaticism, and immoral practices of his army, that it was entirely routed, and so nearly destroyed, that only a few of his followers, and they with the greatest difficulty, escaped this ill-considered and reckless enterprise. The high patronage of the pope had rendered the subject exceedingly popular, and many kings and princes had become part of the dense ranks which now began to move on towards the Holy Land.

Godfrey of Bouillon, and Robert of Normandy, having attacked Jerusalem, they conquered Solyman, and took possession of the Holy City. They put all the inhabitants to the sword, except the few Christians found within the city.

The second and third crusades were gradually brought about, for the sultan, Solyman, continued to occupy the open country, and took every opportunity of distressing and harassing the Christians; whereupon another priest, named Bernard, exerted himself to induce the princes of Europe and their people to

unite for the extermination of the infidels. He knew it was necessary that he should obtain the aid of the feudal lords, who were the link between the sovereign and the people. Oft would he and his holy missionaries enter the baronial hall, and there cry aloud of the woes of the Christians in Palestine. The patriarch of that barbarous magnificence, surrounded with armed knights, and retainers, and serfs, would at last yield his attentive ear; whilst the song of the troubadour and the quips and oddities of the slave-born fool were in ceaseless dissonance, and the patient Wamba watched with faithful, aboriginal love. But gradually that patrician spirit, which presided o'er the soul of the baron, awakened and became decked with the halo of chivalry. A light then blazed on that brow which nothing on earth could put out. Upon such occasions, all ranks became enthusiastic in the subject, and nobles, bishops, priests, and people, took the cross, and turned their backs upon their homes, with a resolution to destroy every Mahomedan remaining in Palestine. Knights and pilgrims, noble and ignoble, rich and poor, joined hand in hand to effect this great end.

While these preparations were making, there arose a bold and powerful warrior, a sincere Mahomedan, whose heart was swelling with anger and indignation at the deprivations and humiliations his fellow-countrymen had suffered since the siege of the Holy City. He avowed his resolution to recover Jerusalem from the hands of the Christians.

In the second and third crusades, princes and priests became the heralds of the great summons to Palestine, and therefore it was not surprising that the listening, astonished, and admiring mass were awakened and excited into one universal passion, which at last became ungovernable, even by those who ministered to its creation. Even proud reason fled from the spirit of men, and let passion into the temple; aye, and even a superhuman greatness,



which nothing could check but death and destruction. All parts of the world were set in motion; indeed, the earth reeled to and fro with the mania. The wild and lawless rejoiced and panted for action, and an arena for their private and evil purposes, whilst the more prudent and well-ordered paused and reflected. Yet such was the influence of the fervour, that men of the most sedate and gentle bearing made hasty arrangements of all their civil interests, that they might partake in the great and awful catastrophe which was drawing to a crisis. They were taught that they might bathe in the great fountain, filled with blood, drawn from Emanuel's veins, and that every stain of time and sin might be washed out for ever. They were told that angels joined in their ranks, and had left their holy mansions to join them in their great undertaking, and that they would fight with them side by side, and bring with them portions of the heavenly panoply originally worn by the hosts of Gabriel, when they destroyed the rebellious angels of heaven.

It is not surprising that the eloquent lips of those who had long been regarded the mediators with the Deity, the keepers of the temple, the living links between heaven and earth, should be able to excite the mass, and paint scenes of distant Palestine in vivid and rapturous colours. Their Great Master had stood upon one of its beauteous mountains, and preached sermons of holiness and love. From that consecrated earth the silver voice of Jesus Christ our Lord had whispered, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God!" Yes, the important communications made from that holy mountain would alone render the Holy Land a place of the deepest interest to all Christians, for He said, "And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sands." It was in that land that our first parents dwelt. From Auran east-



ward to the royal borders of beautiful Eden's lines, were stretching forth trees tall and majestic, glittering with golden fruits and blooming flowers (companion lights with amber-faced Apollo), which formed sequestered shades and burning bowers for that choice two of human kind, on whom the very image of their glorious Maker dwelt. It was on their ample brow that spotless innocence was born, fearless were they as echo in the wild Etrurian groves. It was there cool Zephyr first broke her evening chaunt to play mid tendrils of the grove, and lull to sweetest dreams the goodliest pair of human kind. There vernal airs first breathed soft gales on the trembling waves of Pison, Gihon and ancient Hiddekel. It was there that Adam, with native honor clad, paced, as a god, the realms of peace and beauty, and side by side walked one with sweet attractive mien, with grace in all her steps.

In those woful wars, called holy wars, Christ was again and again crucified. In his name, and under his sacred banner, was murder of the most cruel and horrible description perpetrated.

There are mountains in the East faithful to their God, and they will witness in the dread account. There are rivers still rolling in many a peaceful vale; and they, even they, shall answer to the voice of their Creator, and add their sad testimony to the truthfulness of the record. "Many shall come in my name," &c. On that day will many a Christian knight and warlike frame be driven from the presence of God; and, whilst treading the burning marl, which leads to the lands of woe, there will a cry pierce through all worlds, "These are they who were the enemies of the Lord Jesus."

Christian priests assured the knights and soldiers that Christ was seen among them, and would enter the city of Jerusalem as their sure companion, and that his angels were mixed in their ranks, to convey their spirits into the bosom of Abraham.





The followers of Mahommed were led by the spirit of that false prophet, and believed that the windows of heaven were open, and that hosts of the spirits of the dead were watching and exulting in the efforts the faithful made to exterminate the followers of Christ. He taught them to consider that the body was but given to be returned to its Maker on the battle-field, whereby they might secure a place by the right hand of the prophet in his kingdom in the seventh heaven. Therefore, notwithstanding the sympathies of nature, spirit after spirit cast its trembling tabernacle aside, with all its proud bearing and genial attachments; it abandoned the course of time, and the common designs and purposes of man; the tenderness of maternal love or connubial joys; the spirit of moderation and justice, order and probity, were all lost amidst the whirlpool of fanaticism. A religion was pompously displayed, and powerful hands upheld its banners; and, whilst eloquent voices sang its triumphant song, Death led, Death shouted, praised, blamed, urged, ministered with anger and madness, cursed and blasphemed before God and man, until his chapless jaws chattered as the *wings of night* to see this waste of life. No condition, no right, no hope was respected, for the festival of Death demanded streams of blood to be poured forth even as the rain from above, and Mercy returned to heaven disconsolate and sick, to rest again under the shadow of the Almighty. Without the excuse of any national necessity, every tie and affection were severed; compassion itself was ceded to this dire dream; no foresight availed; no prudence protected; every assurance was incontinent and insecure, and broken down to make an open path for death, who performed his awful feats in the glittering halo of romance. Cruelty and tyranny were both frivolous and unskilful, for ever requiring some new tyranny to sustain them. Without dazzling men's minds with any majestic result, Richard set aside and outraged ancient rights equally with the dearest

feelings of the subjects, making no account either of the laws and opinions of his country, or of his own sacred and solemn oath; admitting altogether and haphazard, under any circumstances, every species of oppression: adopting, in short (so mad was he), the most rash resolutions, the most illegal measures, to retain the exercise of this vain-glorious warfare; and yet, apparently, without a desire or hope to secure the triumph of any consistent or formidable system, capable of forwarding the security and well-being of the nation.

In England every kind of injustice was being perpetrated, for we find that Bishop Longchamp, the chancellor, deputed to govern England in the absence of Richard, had been obliged to fly from the face of the people whom his extortions and oppressive conduct had incensed. This priest had attempted to set up unprecedented tribunals and forms of trial in defiance of all law and justice, which were made to take the place of fair inquisition; and which, moreover, were, upon every and any occasion, perverted to the vilest ends. Partly to sustain the bootless crusade, imposts long fallen into desuetude were re-established, and others invented; innumerable monopolies re-appeared which were given to contractors or privileged courtiers; and inflicted the greatest suffering upon the nation, until it became irritated and insulted beyond all endurance. Licensed irregularities of all kinds prevailed. The offices of the ministers of justice and religion were sold to the highest bidder, and unheard-of fines were also imposed, which, striking terror into those who apprehended a similar infliction, determined them to secure themselves by the highest bribes they could afford. Murder was compounded for, and every sin committed without fear of punishment. In England all imposts, imprisonments, judgments, rigours and favours, were matters of arbitrary rules, and offensive tyranny extended itself over the rich as well as the poor. At last, when tidings came

that the chieftain of tyranny was about to re-visit his land, it was understood he would raise money by selling, with impunity, pardons to the unjust magistrates; and they sent their agents to his camp for the purpose, well knowing that such was his need of gold, that no sin was without its price. In addition to these national calamities, which were daily increasing, the Church was assuming a new position, and, at times, exhibited a defect in its constitution, and an inability to sustain itself; its delusions were suspected, and its possessions were becoming precarious, for many who had gone forth as its champions into a distant land, were wholly unimbued with its darling objects and indifferent to the success of priestcraft, and were returning to England wholly indisposed to endure the control and oppressions of the papacy. It had been once commissioned to contend earnestly for the truth, and strenuously to preserve that which is most independent and elevated in the nature of man—faith—but it fell from this high and holy vocation, and, having met the dealers of this world, it sold faith, hope and charity, for the corruptions yielded by the world, the flesh and the devil. It then devoted itself unreservedly to the service of temporal power, and affected to acknowledge its own dependence on the absolute supremacy of royal personages; thus the apostles and government of the Church were seen trailing in the cavalcade of the state. At this time, the artful brother of the wild Crusader began to assume very lofty pretensions, and attempted to insinuate himself into the confidence of the chief officers of state, and to rob the kingly character of all its poor residue, fame and approbation. He even proposed to enter into a league with Philip of France to add to the embarrassments of the absent king of England. He encouraged a traitorous spirit in a people becoming already disaffected, and who were complaining of the expenses of the war, and the oppressions which they suffered under the venal agents of the royal treasury.

The mean spirit of John rejoiced; and, on some occasions, he pretended to bow to the voice of the hierarchy, yet trusted to crush it at his leisure, and to assume absolute supremacy on the throne.

During this confusion, priestcraft was moving its mystic mechanism cautiously and craftily; and, whilst it seemed only to be repairing its armour and arranging its materials, for the more distinguished combatants to be found amongst the royal and the noble, yet, amongst the humble citizens it became day by day, more arbitrary and more harsh, in the absence of the highest dignity of royalty.

The emissaries of Rome were artfully distributed amongst the people (as they are in the present sad times) whilst some were to be found in the ranks of that host of warriors who stood around the king, then warring in Palestine. Power was an element coveted by other conventions, but its secret was alone known to that hierarchy; and, in a season when the civil sovereignty was exposed to so many incidents, and likely to see much reverse, the chieftains of religion were doubly anxious to gather in every wandering agency which might aid in the construction of a permanent and organised government. The cities were becoming rank with the number of emissaries employed by the Vatican. Thus, surely but silently, the priesthood gradually obtained the secret of the peace and happiness of the nation; and, whenever instances of cavilling or resistance occurred in individuals, they were hurried away to a sure condemnation, which awaited them in the spiritual courts. Meantime the pomp of Roman Catholic worship took possession of every site whereon it might flaunt and display its imposing magnificence, and at the same time persecution stifled the impulses of the true faith. Every deviation from the ceremonies imported from Rome, was regarded as a crime of the deepest dye, and punished with unrelenting rigour. In all this, every residuum of

Saxon origin, however deeply indented in the hearts of the people, was unscrupulously and resolutely routed out, either by intimidation or violence.

The rapid progress of priestcraft confirmed the people of England in their worst apprehensions. Accordingly, the belief in the speedy triumph of the Vatican, and the subjugation of all civil power grew daily more alarming: and those who were able to recall to their minds the spirit evinced by the inveterate à Becket, and the woes his conduct entailed on England, shrunk with dismay at these steps of the Vatican, for they felt that the mighty and chivalrous spirit of the noble Henry slept in the silent grave, and could no longer keep at bay the enemy of civil and religious liberty; that now the kingly character was but in name; that every expression, muscle and nerve of Richard was engaged in matters wholly irrelevant to, and aside from, the purpose and duties of the massive genius of monarchy and the benevolence of civil government.

Now, instead of regarding the king of England as chief conservator of the public peace, they were accustomed to look upon him as the violator of all peace and order, and the cause of every kind of social woe; for the malevolent and injurious operation of his romantic occupation were so active, that no prudence on the part of the wretched victims could foresee, nor humility turn it aside. Mothers and maidens had once hoped that their children and companions would again return from Palestine, loaded with riches and decked with honour; they were now sinking in despair, and becoming the frantic victims of every description of civil wrong, owing to the long absence of their natural protectors.

The bishops, becoming insolent, held their ecclesiastical court in their own name, independent of royal delegation. The supremacy of the prince was not formally abolished, but it might be said only to remain as a veil to the usurpations that were to destroy it.



By the time things had come to this awful pass, the people were not alone in their anger; the high nobility, part of them, at least, took the alarm; they saw, in the progress of the Church, far more than mere tyranny; it was furtive whilst defacing all the graces of the nation, and endangering all the dearest interests of civil life. Haughtiness, on the part of the clergy, was no novelty to the Saxon people; but they now saw the bishops and their creatures carry off all public offices, the only compensation remaining to the nobles for the loss of their ancient splendour, their liberties and their power. The mean and designing John affected to smile upon the self-aggrandizing spirit of the Church, whilst he promised himself, in their exaltation, a strong support against the ill-will of the people, and indignation of the romantic Richard.

The news of the sieges and battles in the holy land, was often precarious, and at times disheartening, for such was the indomitable spirit of Saladin and his devoted hosts, that no tribulations seemed to affect them. The system of warfare was becoming more and more cruel; the use of the Greek fire caused a dreadful sacrifice of human life; and in the course of this crusade the chief flower of English chivalry had faded and sunk.

The castles of the barons and their rich lands were left to the care of hirelings, who committed every degree of spoliation. The daughters of those who fell in the wars became the wards of distant and unnatural relatives, who aggrandised themselves with the income of the estates; and the most infamous of the priests were introducing all kinds of vices into private society. Oft did the piercing cry of the widow and orphan ascend to the throne of God, although the man of sin and his confederates yelled forth the hollow maniac-shout, to drown the shriek of humanity; and whilst they went forth reckless and impetuous as the torrent, to spread deso-

lation and woe amongst the works of God's own hand, the shepherds of the fold, renouncing their fidelity, were to be seen leading those with young, and the complaining lamb, to the fangs of the greedy wolf and roaring lion. Sometimes nature struggled to resume her empire, and timid humanity would pause and pant in the midst of these deeds of horror; but the precious name of the Saviour was again and again perverted by the servants of the hierarchy to give new vigour and life to the fading embers of cruelty. The historian of these wars sickens, whilst he relates the painful scenes in which chivalry and knightly prowess performed feats and actions worthy of friends. The reader's heart fails whilst he follows the narrative of despair and anguish, which still echoes from the cities of the plain; and the philosopher and Christian retire to their closet and tender their sympathy and prayer in the cause of humanity. Proofs of the imperfection of our nature, the fruits of the fall, present themselves everywhere to the reflective mind. The destruction of cities which have been the pride of ages, the discomfiture and failings of the ambitious, the change of governments, natural death, and the continual subsidence of mortality, are all subjects of mystery and sublimity; but the melancholy occupation of war seems to baffle the philosopher, and alarm the Christian, whilst our common nature trembles at the appalling subject. When war is resorted to as a resisting or remedial means of some greater calamity, or to support justice, protect innocence, break the galling fetters of slavery, or wrest the iron rod from the blood-stained hand of the oppressor, its ravage and its horrors seem somewhat as evils of necessity, and are therefore furnished with natural and powerful extenuation. But mere gaunt bony naked War, is one of the most serious evils that can attend the progress of any nation. For in addition to the burdens and woes which it imposes wherever it moves, it changes the policy and habits of all society, delays the progress

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of all those arts and sciences which should refine and purify man's heart and mind. In war, riches change their characteristics; a nation's honours are no longer ceded to those who advance the best interests of our nature—its political institutions cease to be the centre and resting place of all that is great and worthy in humanity, moral courage yields precedence to mere animal daring, and the purpose of conscious virtue to senseless intrepidity of nerve. Fierce and unmanageable passions fill the breasts of its leaders. The political life of the nation is thus suspended, the fame of its feats of honour and benevolence effaced, and its identity lost, for it too often relapses into barbarism, and its chieftains stand up to their vests in a mire of gore. The few who remain in the civil occupation seem devoted to deliberations which have but one sad end, viz:—to grind out from the hard earnings of the patient and industrious, the means of sustaining a doubtful and reckless aggression, in which love, justice, and charity, are alike disregarded.

A faction produced by accident, perhaps wholly unconstitutional, an ambitious few obtaining by their artifices that short-lived favour of the fickle multitude, which is oft won without merit, and lost without a fault, have hurried a nation into a *melée* of blood by which its dearest interests and sacred ties have been for ever dissolved. There is a record of blood in the history of most nations, which has found many admirers, although it yields a melancholy recital of facts wholly dishonourable to our nature; and seems almost to deny the Divine origin of man. The dreadful penalty which marks its course, the excruciating mortal agony which accompanies its development, the hideous picture of demoniacism in contention with demoniacism, the deliberate arrest of every noble and etherial aspiration, the sure destiny of sin, and the wages of fiendish occupation have been insufficient to allay bloodshed and brutality, only becoming spirits in anarchy in hell. War is one of the principles of evil,

it is the man of sin amongst the children of men, coming up, affecting to join in their adoration of the eternal God. The loss of life, the waste of treasure, destruction of moral and physical resources, abuse of authority, risk of territory, disorganization of all conservative habits, may at times awaken the indignation of the just and the worthy; but the passion for spoliation having once obtained the mastery of the public mind, the re-aspirations of a few for the return of national healthfulness are utterly unavailing.

This extreme calamity meets no sufficient expositor or fearless and uncompromising opponent. War is one of the impenetrable fastnesses of sin, one of the dark dreary caverns impervious to common eyes, where cruelty, malice, revenge, and the busiest of passions conceal their true features, their horrid and rugged deformity. Self-righteousness and death urge men (unscrupulous) in this fanaticism; for it arrays itself in the garments of splendour, and even assumes a semblance of sublimity; the substantial and durable blessing of peace possesses no charm in the eyes of men dazzled by the external grandeur of war; civil society, with its countless comforts and conveniences loses its influence, the ties of kindred and the sacred delights and endearments of the domestic hearth relax their hold on the affections. Vain are the homilies of wisdom, unheard the remonstrances of reason, unfelt the tender appeal of pity, and unmarked the bitter tears of suffering. The demon of war, wild and reckless, sweeps on until he has utterly destroyed the foundations of a nation's prosperity, honour, and happiness, and then, one of his missions being accomplished, he returns for a while to the hierarchy of Satan.

Let us contemplate the bridge of Beresina, where many a gallant spirit rushed from its earthly manse. The darkest shades of the darkest night had met together to cast a gloom on that fatal bridge, the

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bridge of death, under which a river was swollen and foaming with a tide of human gore, fresh from the warm channels of nature. Suddenly pale Cynthia burst forth and cast aside the mantle of her glory to look upon the children of men. O woful hour, when falchion of foe and helmet of friend glimmered but a moment, then sunk for ever in the sleepless Beresina! The angels of darkness rallied round the children of sin, and stood in ranks clapping their wings in disgustful joy, whilst the wailings and gnashings of teeth came forth from ten thousand graves. Mountains arrayed in nature's pallid glory, blazed with the ruby blood of thousands, and tens of thousands, the cry of infidel and saint, were heard through ice-bound mountains and sequestered vales. O Jesus, Lord, my Priest, my King! what shall I do to be saved? The anchor of the soul of thousands was lost in that dissonant and horrifying scene, men clenching their bony fists to strive with Death, spirits crashing against spirits (if we may be allowed the expression), and the very buzz of departing souls through the air could be heard amidst the yell. Big drops of woe stood on the pallid cheek of sweet Nature, and ever and anon she lifted her streaming eyes and maternal arm towards the place of final rest where God resides; but O the unutterable anguish which filled the air, whilst the warlike Russ, and the gallant Frank, in thronging phalanx, sunk beneath the watery floor, down in the bosom of the swift-flowing Beresina! Where are they now? O tell, ye heralds of the sea! smooth Beresina, say! O mighty Neptune speak, and let the waves, thy tiny children chant this sad mishap in human nature's weal. Bold and angry Boreas, speak, and let thy many fiefs tell the sad tale, how many a hoary brow and chivalrous heart, how many a saint by sinner's form lies long forgotten in the secret caverns of the sea. By coral caves, where Nereids danced, the sands are paved with bones and spectral forms; in dull mono-

tony they lie, whilst beings only seen by God glide over the bottom of that lucid world. The imperial city, its towers, its terraces, its alabaster founts, and minarets, its well-remembered paths, its seats of learning, its antiquarian stores, its illuminated manuscripts, printed books, and archives, its sacred vessels, silent tombs, and long-forgotten dead, cast forth, a lake of fire, came decked with thousand hues tinted as morning light. O what avails ye now? Let hills and vales, with rivers, woods, and plains, reply.


The fearful scenes of that night, in the passage of the Beresina, surpassed everything that could have been conceived of the horrible.

But let us inquire for one of the mightiest and most successful of warriors. Where is he who was once the greatest man of all this earth? Let us gaze a moment on the once mighty city, laved by the rolling Tyber. How still, how silent? Where is Cæsar? Let memory revive the forty days' festival in celebration of his victories in Egypt and Africa, and seventy lictors attended his triumph; four white horses drew him to the capitol in a chariot, like that of Jupiter and the sun: the flaring torches throw shade on fifty elephants, richly caparisoned, girded with precious stones, who seem to partake of the joy. The sister of Cleopatra walks, clad in chains, and the African king, Juba, with trembling step, performs a part in the scene; golden statues of colossal height describe the Rhine, Rhone, and that ocean where he performed his feats of war. Death was amidst the dazzling spectacle; and whilst the children of the Asiatic princes were dancing the Pyrrhic dances, the gladiators from every famed city were expiring in the last agony of mortality. Phrenzy, with the light eye of strife for life, the bright gaze of joyance and festivity were mixed in sad promiscuity with the dark shades of black death. Life, death, and immortality were there, darting through the air, to swell the triumph of this mighty man of war.

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Woman, lovely woman, was there, the fairest of the fair were there; virgins and wives forget all loves, all hope, all fears, and walk in the triumphant cavalcade of the indomitable Cæsar. Yes, they take their seats in the amphitheatre, where two hundred and sixty thousand people await to witness scenes of blood-guiltiness, amidst magnificence and gorgeous festivities. The noblest blood of Rome is spilt; the Tyrian and Egyptian ships perform the famed sea-fight. Such was the rush of the mass to see the countenance of the mighty Cæsar, that hundreds were trodden to death, including two consuls, and men of the brightest order of the state. Fame was infuriate, and had called every emissary of evil, even Death himself, to distinguish and demonstrate her jubilee. She became swelled with pride, and deaf to the entreaty of humanity, regardless of the imprecations and groans of her votaries; she drove her burning chariot in midst of all, whilst her ebon mantle swept over the dead: she was made drunk with the blood of her victims, and her awful voice of triumph was heard from pole to pole; yet she will stand at the judgment day, side by side of murder and death, to be bound for a thousand years, and cast into unextinguishable flames. Her foot shall tread the land of woe, whilst millions of voices will shout with maddened curse, as she coils and writhes on her bed of indescribable anguish.

Again we hear a cry for Cæsar; he for whom a statue was erected opposite to that of Jupiter, in the Capitol, standing in a chariot of gold, with a globe under his feet, inscribed to Cæsar, demi-god! Divine honours were decreed to him, sacrifices, incense, altars, temples, libations, festivals. His chief statue was inscribed as the "invincible god." Where is this great being, of whom Cicero says, "he maintained an elegant, brilliant, grand and generous style of speaking?" Who more keen and rapid in his thoughts? Then, as a soldier, who so brave?





surpassing all his troops—in sunshine or rain his head uncovered—travelling one hundred miles a day,—swimming rivers—exploring harbours—and doing many wonderful works. Where is the mighty Cæsar? Ye sullen Winds, reply. Where is Cæsar? Echo answers, Where? This mighty spirit was routed suddenly by the hand of the assassin, and noble Brutus plunged the ruthless steel to the heart of Cæsar; he fell, and passed away as the morning dew—the bubble on the stream—the shadow of the aspen-leaf; we see no more the chariots, the horses, the cohorts, the legions and mighty armies. We hear no more the exulting shout, the multitudinous cry, the martial trumpets' sound—all is still: the brow of the victor emperor is cold, and a voice travels through the air—"I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

Ten thousand melancholy ghosts all look to earth, and point at human pride. Slaves, lictors, citizens, patricians, senators, ædiles, tribunes, consuls, and emperors *are alike*—all gone.

But another spirit quivers by us, and asks us to remember him. Thee, mighty Xerxes, I will remember thee, though death hath dimmed thine eye. Yes, thy bearing and noble mien are fresh to my astonished sight. The malice of thy fortune would make me mourn; but that the triumph of truth is near. Why wear thy vizor low? Thy pale damp brow, now wears the shadows of the vast eternal world.

Again, let us inquire for the nations once so renowned in war. Thou dark Suliote woman, tell me why thou weepest there so long; why art thou so long in travail with woe? Where are the sons of thy love, and the companion of thy life? Ye haughty mountains, tell me where are the tribes who basked by those glittering peaks, where the wild goats for ever skip? Ye marble fountains of Bactria, where are the myriads who played in the glittering waves of your ceaseless springs. Where is the conqueror of Babylon and Sardis? Where is the Persian host, with the scaly



corset—the bearers of the Grecian spear, with proud tiaras peering to the clouds? Where are the Medes, the Cissians, and Hyrcanians, where? Their branching palms now sigh and answer, Where? Where are Assyria's sons, who wore the brazen casque, and dwelt within the Babylonian gates, as when old Ninus reigned? Where are the Bactrians clad in skins of goats? The Parthian archers, legions of men—spirits, where are ye now? Ye Indian tribes, who once had life and being, creatures of God's own hand. Tell, thou Ganges, thou Indus—ye groves of cinnamon, answer—echoing from your vaulted valleys, Where? Where is the Parthian host? the Lydians, the throngs that come from cold Libanus, from Jaxartes' banks, which bound fair Persia's sands. Where are all those who stepped in war's magnificence, the graceful range of Ethiopian forms, those beauteous frames, decked with embrowning hues of torrid zones? Let ancient muse now tell their dreary tale of woe. Where is the Paphlagonian from the dusky Euxine, and those who loved the famed Libanus ridge, or dwelt on wild Orontes' side, or near sweet Daphne's scented groves, or basked on wide Damascus' plains. All gone—hush! The brave and valiant may never die. But say, just muse, where are Armenia's sons, the Sogdian host, and those who played in bright Pactolian waves, and sang wild notes of joy by golden sanded Hermus? Hard helmets pressed their brows, and on their woolly vests broad swords were girt, and they were landed with the hosts who left the wild Caicus' side to swell the pools of blood, where the Bithynian ranks sank in dull death.

The moon grew pale to see such woe, when tall Magistia fell; that parting spirit ne'er secured a sigh. O, mad Bellona!!! Say, faithful muse, where are the Moschians who joined in clustered bands to hurry on to death? The Morians, who followed close in their yawning grave—will no one sigh? No more the sagacious elephant falls back

on friends whose robes were tinged with gore of foes, and every hue the rainbow bears, refulgent with gold and barbaric forms, with pearl and amber fused; no more in Pontic sands repose their painted limbs. The bold Alloradians, and those who wore the falchion, and those wild Colchians who marched from Phasis, whence the fair Medea chanted songs of sorcery, now sleep in dark Thermopylæ. All those who left the isles which lie on Persia's gulf, and those who dwelt around that far-famed shore, all lie entombed. The Libyan, who in classic chariot rode; not Libya's deserts can recount how many, nor the spices from sweet Cassia fields; the heaps of dead, for swift as eagle's wings, as Zephyr's flight, is noiseless Death, whose mantle floats o'er myriads deep in sleep in fell prostration, there to lie until that day when seas shall break their bonds, and yield sad treasures; legions! more than the Malian sand can tell, the sons of Macedonia and Thrace. The brave unwearied Thessalonian, the multitudes from Greece, between Byzantium and the Malian bay, are gone to rest, entombed in graves promiscuous and unknown, until the resurrection comes. Where's Cæsar now? Let Mark Anthony reply—let ghost meet ghost in silent sympathy. The charm of beauty's gone; the lust of life, and all the symmetry of form. Voiceless, for aye, although the clarion trumpets sound as shrill, offspring of pride and sin, what may now soothe thy groans? Where is cold remorseless Death? Deep pools of blood, and clotted gore of human things heaped o'er and o'er. Now from his throne triumphant Death! Europe of old and new hath suffered scourges, famine, plague, and other bitter things; yet war in matchless power hath mowed her myriads down. But 'tis Nature sighs; she turns pale at recital of this storied woe. She looks back on the battalions lost—the cohorts steeped in death.

To give such glory who could now refuse; they dream a dream e'en now, but not of war, or pledge of

glory. All words are folly now; they yielded all for death. The camp of battle-field was then their home, their pastime, and their grave. Well-disciplined to pain, inured to hardships, some fell in freezing showers or wintry storms, or in the raging sun's resplendent rays.

What different reflections arise when we contemplate the death of the martyr! Then a voice is heard from o'er the battlements of heaven shouting of the glory of this pledge of faithfulness to God. Then are hosannahs heard from invisible spirits who keep the towers of heavenly domain, those who are passing and repassing from world to world triumphed in that demonstration of love; for whilst they regarded a mortal sinking into death, they looked for the return of an angel from his earthly pilgrimage. They whispered heavenly comforts and consolations which passed all human understanding; they revealed the secret of the powers of heavenly places, they excited to unearthly engagements, they again described the holy place from whence they came, they set again before him the sacraments of unchangeable love and truth, they recited the songs of Zion, they related the glories of the mystic things kept in the holy treasury until the great warfare is finished; they told the Saviour's last words when they departed on their mission of love, with their holy hands they again put on the sacred panoply, they riveted the sandals on the feet of brass of this martyr of truth, they presented the breast-plate of salvation, and the sword of faith, they told of judgment and eternal rest, and of the Lamb and the supper of the Lamb, and they shouted with God's own voice, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" these ministering spirits accoutred this dying saint with dauntless power, enabling him to put down the world and its authorities, and be led by their unseen mysteries which no man hath seen at any time, yes, they made him triumphant in life, and fearless in

death, as they chaunted the hymns of charity and love, and recited the principles of a faith which is not easily offended. This great and unspeakable reward was not known or understood by the persecutors of the early Christians, and even in these days there are authorities which arrogate the right to govern and restrain the unseen principles of the spirit of man. Such a government, little understands that love for liberty which is unquenchable, for all restraint but increases the springs of its power. The body may be immured in walls, fettered in darkness with the chains of tyranny, the sphere of its feats and exhibitions may be for a time cut off, but the spirit will command its ideal life, watch the setting sun, still see Apollo's glory, still hear the roarings of the magnificent ocean, still climb stupendous heights, and pass gently through the emerald vales where vine-clad bowers are seen, midst which wild breezes play. On its wings etherial, it will escape all the mean boundaries of its oppressors, and will enjoy converse with beings who live about the throne of the King of kings.

Then how impious is that earthly arm, which shall attempt to exterminate or suspend this unfathomable and inestimable power, which is sustained by the everlasting armies of heaven. The noble and moral character of man has been alternately assailed by promises, bribes, and threats, but the worldly wise, and powerful of this earth, were too blind to perceive that there is a spontaneity in the growth of truth and freedom, which resists the violence of tyrants.

Independent of holy inspiration, there are sublime, yet pleasing emanations which are engaged in the management of the great account between spirit and spirit, God and man. The love of individual liberty, the sentiment of personality and of unrestricted development are alike overlooked by those governments. In all ages pride has created many powers which have exercised their earthly attributes, and endeavoured to destroy the conservative exercises of the spirit; but

the cruelty of Nero, and the persecuting vigilance of Diocletian, with the million other persecutors, have failed to subdue that which is of spirit created by spirit, and protected by One who holdeth the mountains in His palm, before whom every knee shall bow and every heart confess.

In the course of these pages, we shall endeavour to describe some of the scenes and circumstances, in which pride has assumed an aspect of piety, whilst persecuting all who denied its supremacy and orthodoxy.

This pride has called itself the pure religion, whereas the tendency of pure religion is to enlighten the mind with true wisdom, to banish superstition, to promote universal charity and peace, to comfort us in adversity, and ornament our prosperity, to encourage the most transporting hopes with full and lively assurance that will not be disappointed, to repress every malevolent and every evil passion, to make men resigned and thankful, and to elevate the spirit in communion with the great spirit of heaven, and talk with Him through ministering spirits; and to regard with deep awe and love this unseen and mighty spirit, whilst we look upon His burning lights, the sun and moon, the radiant galaxy of His lesser lights, that waste of waters the grand ocean, and the lofty mountains of creation.

The expression of true religion is mildness, dignity and composure, and a perfection of wisdom and goodness. It was the same from the beginning of time; it was God—it was truth—it was the spirit of truth moving amidst just men to make them perfect; it was a spark from the altar of heaven; it beamed on the altar of Abel; it burnt in the Holy of Holies; it was the light of God's smile glowing o'er the creatures he had made, to guard, to guide, and keep them in all their ways; it was that which suffused a hallowed light around the path of our first parents in their first estate, whilst they conversed in happiness; it was

that light which filled the heart of Enoch when he walked with God, and, in its consummation, led him attired in glory, to the realms of heaven; it was that light which followed Noah and his family until they rested on Mount Ararat; it was that light which consoled Lot when he journeyed from the cities of the plain; that light led the ancient people of God; it was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; it was the light of God's all-glorious countenance, the beauty of holiness, the very presence of the Ancient of Days; it was ever burning, fed by the heavenly hands which minister God's free love to man. Whereas paganism exalted men, in their own esteem, whilst it detracted from the just merit of others, and robbed the Maker of the Universe of praise and thanksgiving. Paganism was one of the attributes of Satan which have occasioned all the notable instances of woe, error and falsehood, which mark the history of man and nations.

The Israelitish people furnish many remarkable instances of the truth of this principle. Their princes commanded their prophets to prophesy unto them smooth things; and the philosophers fed their disciples with such conversations and assurances as flattered them, and were suited to the indulgence of their vanity. It was the boast of the heathen philosophers, that by the efficacy of their several doctrines they made human nature like unto the divine. Here were the lineaments of the old sin. It was the original desire of man to be as God, knowing good and evil.

We have dwelt somewhat on this head, because we remember that the troubles and miseries which these pages refer to are often charged upon religion, and upon particular champions and sects of religionists, instead of that awfully predominant and universal evil, namely, pride — that woeful principle, which brings reproach and ruin wherever it is seen; ruins man, confuses society, and insults God. The learned Mr. Addison says, the last page of life contains the

tragedy. See that dying pope, his attendants flock round him, his spirit is rapidly passing over time past, its follies and its sins. They inquire how his holiness does. The vicar of Christ can only reply with a deep sad groan, "I sink, I die." How different the expression of the faithful martyr; for whilst dying, he sings, "Hark, they whisper, angels say," etc.

We would dare to warn our readers, that akin to this pride is what is notably called chivalry. Its nature is vain-gloriousness, yet the church desired to consecrate and convert it to the sinister purposes of priestcraft. To a partial observer, the spirit or age of chivalry is most incomprehensible; yet history's just record maintains, that in the midst of all this barbarism there were hallowed powers, amongst which poetry and refined morality were reposing amidst the horrors of bloodshedding, and seen surrounding the spirits of those whose daily vocation was to pillage and destroy. Death appeared ever in their path, but they regarded his icy couch with joy, whereon they might rest in grateful reverie during the tedious hours of purgatory; and then, when the great trumpet should sound, they would appear, each one clad in the righteousness of his own works, side by side with Him who led captivity captive. Such was the blindness of chivalry; self-sacrifice by the side of self-righteousness; barbarity of conduct by the side of pride and an affected love for the great Martyr of Calvary.

Although the likeness of the Christian life was nowhere to be seen amidst the rude and tempestuous chivalry of the thirteenth century, yet there were powers in and about it which seemed to inspire men with the grand and awful feats of ambition whilst they held before the dazzled eye a type of principle and power infinitely surpassing all realities around. The moral thought seemed far above the moral life; and although the homily of the priest was apparently pure and sanctifying, and the song of the troubadour was ever applauding virtue and heroism, yet the life



of the crusader was as far from the serene and beautifying genius of true love and charity, as the conduct of the heroes of the great classics, Homer and Virgil; who seemed unaware that their actions were oft brutal and ferocious, whilst following the phantasies of ambition.

Who goes there? the pallid ghosts of Raymond count of St. Giles, Robert the monk, Frederick of Suabia, William of Otranto, the learned Ranulph de Glanville, the noble Tancred, the gallant Joinville, the brave Soliman, the cruel Bohemond, Hugh de Vermandois, bishop of Puy, the warlike bishop of Norwich, count de Blois, Hugh count de Saint Paul, Count de Flanders, Fulchar of Chartres, Godfrey of Bouillon, Philip of France, Henry the Lion, Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, the treacherous Leopold of Austria, Henry the fourth of Germany, the fiend John of England, and the magnificent being Richard Cœur de Lion, the firstlings of the Spirit of the Vatican. See once more they raise their spears and pennons and all their glistening arms, see the red-cross banner floats over their heads. Once more they rush down, Godfrey de Bouillon, and Hugh de Vermandois, followed by Raymond de Saint Giles, and the bloody bishop of Puy; now rage, disappointment, and apprehension spread through the host of the warlike Soliman. See Tancred, most chivalrous Tancred, the prince of Salernum, the Emir Emessa, Robert de Paris, and William brother to the prince of Otranto. See again the terrible slaughter, the flight is general, the panic fills the Mussulman ranks. Ye ghosts, ye mighty chieftains, I will not wrong you, ye madly valiant ones; the blood ye spilt hath stained the mountain path, the valleys still will blush with blood, and the seas gurgle with the crimson dye, these are your trophies, eternal trophies, these are your honours, this is hell's grant, this its meed of praise.

The early Crusades were conducted with the greatest cruelty. No historian can hide this dreadful fact. The old, the innocent and young; the Mussulman and



the Christian, and tens of thousands of Jews, found one common grave when the crusader's war cry was heard, "The Lord wills it."

Rivers were warmed by the thick and continued stream of the hot blood of the victims; high roads, were stopped by the heaps of dead; the air became foetid with the smell; the hired dealer in blood hacked his way into bosoms fair and youthful, and in his fearful path, spirits might almost be heard in troops leaving the bodies of the dead. On the judgment-day, and not till then can the list be seen. In many a dreary valley, on many a mountain side, there rest, until the archangel's trump, tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures; God's lights and lamps put out for ever by the daring impious hand of man. Ye silver streams who flow so silently, how sleep the murdered on their watery bed?

The immediate period occupied by those crusades in which Cœur de Lion was so long engaged, will be much illustrated by such materials and facts as may, in part, enable our readers to form an opinion of the genius of those wars, and the nature and characteristics of the people who resisted the efforts of Richard, of England, to recover the Holy Land; and, in so doing, we shall naturally encounter the portraits of two important characters, namely, Mahomet and Saladin, of whom we have furnished some particulars.

A cursory glance at the history of the Arabians might lead to an impression that they had ever been but little better than a predatory and marauding people, faithless to strangers and dangerous in their alliances; and it is much to be regretted that those writers, viz., the Greek and Roman authors, who were best able to have communicated the early history of the Arabs, are not very communicative upon the subject.

The earliest history of these extraordinary people, who have rendered themselves remarkable both by their arms and learning, is to be chiefly traced in the pages

of Scripture; in the pages of Tabari (the Livy of the Arabians), A. B. Laud, Josephus, Herodotus, and other authorities noticed in this work. And we might recommend the perusal of the Travels of Bishop Arculf and Willibald, A. D. 700. The Voyages of Bernard the Wise, A. D. 867. The Travels of Sœwulf, A. D. 1102. The Saga of Sigwed the Crusader, A. D. 1111. The Travels of Rabbi Benjamin Tudela, up to 1173.

These, it will be observed, are anterior to the crusades in which Richard was leader; yet we are sure the graphic and simple descriptions of some will furnish a sound basis for a better understanding of the character of the Saracens, and state of the Holy Land, whilst under the Saracens' power. Those of our readers who desire to follow the development of the rise and decline of the Saracenic government, will read, with pleasure, the book of Sir John Mandeville, 1356. The Travels of Bertrand de la Breguière, A. D. 1433. And of Henry Maundrell, A. D. 1697. As may be expected, there will be found considerable repetition in these works; and this is satisfactory rather than tedious, as it proves the truthfulness of the accounts.

We need not warn our readers that the religious tenets and enthusiasm of the respective writers have led them to describe many ridiculous superstitions, with a seriousness only becoming the details of truth itself. It just occurs to us to say, that, after the perusal of these quaint works, Warburton's picturesque, elegant and modern work, *The Crescent and the Cross*, will be read with threefold pleasure.

Before Mahommed's time they appear to have been idolators; and, owing to their degraded position during these later times, and from want of due investigation, some persons have too readily assumed them to be universally wild, marauding and worthless, and have been satisfied to regard them as having always been mere barbarians, and standing outside of all civilized conventions.

History evinces they were once a great and magnificent people, but all things human naturally decay; so, after a period of five centuries, did the most illustrious race of Caliphs, viz., the Abassidæ, during whose reign the Arabian stood forth on the world's theatre, clad with human honour and glory far exceeding the other nations of the earth. The abject self-indulgence of the last caliph of the Abassidæ, viz., Al-Mostasem, brought woe and dishonour upon his people, and death upon himself; for the Tartar conqueror of Bagdad felt no sympathy for a prince whose sloth and cowardice were proverbial.

One tribulation followed another, and the once bright flame of Arabian glory may be said to have sunk in darkness, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Tartars and Turks had completely extinguished the sovereignty of the Arabs in the East; but the Arabians of the middle ages were manly, powerful, honoured and honorable, generous, learned, and faithful to pledges either religious or moral.

Having felt it our duty to read several works on our subject, we are anxious to express one sentiment, which forces itself upon us, and which should accompany the investigation of all important subjects, viz., that a partial knowledge of history rather creates prejudice than affords instruction. For instance, the pilgrimages to the Holy Land have often incurred scorn and derision; yet the careful eye of the lover of history will observe that we are indebted to these pilgrimages for the advancement of much valuable information. The fanaticism of the pilgrim was blind to all difficulties and danger of travel, for he was led by the ever burning light of religious zeal; and, as he pondered in his wanderings, he rejoiced in his tribulations, for his faith taught him, (perhaps falsely) that he was earning a crown of glory, and a place in the kingdom near to that mighty Saviour who lived and died in Palestine.

We should not overlook the impulse which the

peculiar faith of the pilgrim produced, nor the excitement of joy and delight which the venerated places and objects were ever realizing; and we know that Palestine has ever been regarded as beautiful and picturesque in the highest degree.

We may not dwell longer here, because we know the sincere admirer of the subject will read work after work, and his mind's eye will revel in the midst of the interesting objects and beautiful scenery of Palestine. We would refer our readers to the most recent work on this grand subject, translated into French, under the title of *Itinéraires de la Terre Sainte des 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 siècles traduits de l'Hébreu par E. Carmoly, Brussels, 1847.* This work and the notes will prove truly interesting, and, so far as it extends, it is peculiarly applicable to this explication of the state of the Holy Land during the middle ages.

Perhaps a more liberal and patient investigation of their history will induce us to regard even the poor Arabians as the children and creatures of the Universal God, who have, in times past, proved their sonship by acts of virtue and piety; and we shall soon admit, that from amongst them have arisen men of the highest order of intellect, and endued with courage and moral virtues, and those equal to any people since the flood; soon shall we declare that for them also the mountain peaks pierced the heavens; for them the mighty rivers of Damascus, Abana and Pharpar were made to flow; for them the purifying waters of Jordan burst forth from the secret caverns of the earth. To them, also, the cry had gone forth from the holiest of holies, "Wash, and be clean."

"The Arabian or rather Saracenic dynasty," says Echard (Note Echard's *Roman History*, vol. ii. p. 304) "altered whole nations and introduced a new phase of affairs into the world." They were always a warlike people, and, as to the asperities of their habits, customs and conduct, these may be traced to their mode of living, which was often wholly independent

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THE LADY OF THE LAMP

The walls of the outside were hung with rich black damask adorned with a band of gold. The lamps were burning all night, and cast their rays upon the *Kebla*.\* The luxuries and comforts of the private life of some of the Turks was both picturesque and interesting (see the illustration *Pride of the Harem*).

The false prophet like the false teachers of popery took great care to secure the reputation of performing miracles, and his followers declared that at his birth significant omens appeared, illustrative of the unusual and very extraordinary nature of the being then arrived in this nether world. At this day, the Mahomedan believes that the fourteen pillars of the palace of the king of Persia fell—that the sacred fires of the Persians, which had been incessantly burning for 1000 years, went suddenly out—that the great lake, Sawa, sunk—that the Tigris overflowed its banks—and that all these prodigies predicted the events consequent upon the birth of the prophet.

It would be almost tedious to give the list of miracles said to have been performed by Mahommed—about 4000 chief miracles—many exceedingly absurd—yet all heartily believed in by the truly faithful.

In Maruca's *Refutatio Alcorani* 1698, he says the true followers still insist that the prophet came into the world surrounded with a light which illuminated the whole country for many miles round the place of his birth.

Nothing daunted the spirit of the prophet, and, therefore, the men who grew up around him partook of his spirit, and, having surrendered their lives to the furtherance of the new faith, they were seldom

\* *Kebla* signifies the place towards which the Mahomedan turns when at prayer, which is towards the temple at Mecca. The Jews during their captivity turned towards the temple of Jerusalem; and we believe there is a book in the Bodleian library, teaching how to determine the zenith or vertical point of the *Kebla* or Temple at Mecca. Perhaps some Eastern custom gave rise to the turning of Protestants to the altar when the creed is spoken.







vanquished in battle; for their nature and spirit companionized with danger as a pastime, and, as we have said before, they regarded death as the gate to that paradise which their prophet has described in such glowing and exciting terms. The intelligent Sale has given a very full description of this fabulous paradise, and the place of torment described by the great impostor. Ammianus Marcellinus' description is voluminous, and, though interesting, our space will not permit us to transcribe it.

The more the Arabs creed is considered, the more we recognize the blasphemous pretensions of this false prophet, and the model from which he fashioned the only innocent facts. He, like the chief of modern paganism (popery) makes himself the mediator between God and men. Yet, so palpably false and infamous as this creed appears to us, it was, and has proved, like Romanism, a most woful and overwhelming delusion (a dreadful abyss, where the souls of thousands have foundered); and its author was bold enough to maintain his faith until the last hours of mortality.

The principles he had taught left in his followers a thirst for empire, and a delight in war and bloodshedding; and a series of wars commenced which have no parallel in history, either for their exterminating cruelty or the rapidity with which the aggressors overwhelmed the surrounding nations. Syria, Persia and Egypt, all fell before the arms of the Saracens. Bostra, Damascus, Balbec, Jerusalem, Aleppo, Antioch, and many other large cities, were besieged, taken and pillaged by men who sought the entire extermination of the Christians.

The reigns of Abubeker, Omar I., Othman, Ali and Hasar, occupied about thirty years; and, under their caliphates, the whole appearance of the Eastern World was altered, and the names and fortunes of the Saracens became as notable for grandeur, success and prowess, as they were once insignificant and discre-

garded. These caliphs were all great men, soldiers and statesmen; and the perusal of their history would well reward our readers. Yet we must not dare to obtrude even the list of the sieges, battles, murders and assassinations, in this work; but content ourselves with mentioning some few anecdotes illustrative of the Arabian integrity, cruelty, and self-sacrificing devotion to their faith.

We think our readers will be pleased to read the terse sentences of the renowned Ali,\* and therefore we give them in the Appendix, No. XIV. Omar's language to Amrou Ebn Al Aas, who sought some great office, contains remarkable wisdom: he said, "Seek not the superiority and dominion of this world; for if you are not a prince this day, you may be one in paradise." And, upon another occasion, after having made this same person a general, he said, "Take care to live religiously, and make the enjoyment of the presence of God and a future state, the end and aim of all thy undertakings; look upon thyself as a dying man, and always have regard to the end of things; remembering that we must, in a short time, all die and rise again, and be called to an account."

We need not apologise for presenting Ali's sentences, for we think they will at least vindicate the Arabian character from the too common imputation of gross ignorance. The creed of the Arabian is, in some respects, a masterpiece; and its dissemination must have imbued millions with incitements which, though, alas, far from Christian truth, yet have that proximity and relation to truth which at least elevate the genius of this remarkable people. We have set out parts of the creed (perhaps well known to many) in the Appendix, No. XV., because we wish our readers to know distinctly, the hope and fear of those with whom the valiant Richard fought. In this creed

\* Ali was called "the renowned lion of God."

are the stars which led and encouraged them when the clouds of adversity wandered over their heads. In this creed, was the voice which rallied the expiring embers of physical power, giving to it gigantic and massive prowess before which (fanatical as it might be) the armies of the Crusaders fell. It was not with mere barbarians that Richard contended. It is true, they had not been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, or in the renowned schools of Greece or Rome; but they had learned a thousand secrets of the mission of angels from the confines of the supernal world, who are ever performing their mystic visitations among the children of men. They had loved nature's thrice lovely fashion; had climbed the peaks of the haughty mountain, rested by the silvery brook, which chaunted melody's self to Nature's children; they had companionised for many a night with the spirit of silence; and, whilst the watch-fire cast its beams on their sleeping children, they had looked out from their tents and dared to behold sweet Nature face to face, whilst Cynthia wandered in her trackless path. O, who can say what figures appeared before them, what thoughts and images developed their eternal birth-right in the mystic niches of their spirits. Oft did they step forth, lighted by the eyes of heaven, and for an instant emancipated, as by a trance, from the thralldom of earthliness: valley answered valley whilst they cried, "Allah Akbar, I am coming—hastening to the kingdom of spirits."

It may be a question of some nicety, whether Richard and his host of knights and warriors had a much higher claim to divine lineage than the poor Arabians. It is true, the pretension of the Christian knights has ever been more tolerable in the ear of Christians; but Christian and Saracen were both following the false meteor, vain-gloriousness; they were both excited and encouraged to cast their lives into the tide of death under the same delusion; viz., that there was a Being greater than themselves, who was

ever regarding their impassioned progress, who rejoiced in their blood-shedding, and would receive them into His kingdom, and give them, as their sure reward, crowns and principalities, which neither time nor death could destroy. A common war-cry of the Saracen was "Alhamlah, Aliannah—fight, fight—paradise, paradise" also, "Allah Akbar—God is most mighty!" The Christian knights were assured by the priests, that they could see angels fighting amidst the ranks. Saracen and Christian were both cruel, in turns merciful, both devoted, performed wonders, and fought under a religious banner, in the protection of which they both respectively believed. At their leisure they nurtured the fine arts; commemorated in song the deaths of the brave, and the sufferings of the people.

There is no doubt that poetry amongst the Arabians, like minstrelsy amongst the English of the middle ages (App. XVI.), was much cultivated by the higher class, and that long before the time of Mahommed,\* and even as early as the days of Solomon: the peculiarities of the language forbid our making many extracts in illustration, yet we have all revelled in the sweet mazes of poetical allegory and romance, to be found in the Turkish tales and the Arabian Nights,† which exhibit a natural picture of oriental manners during the splendour of the caliphate, and inculcate many useful and instructive morals. Nothing can exceed the tale of Alnaschar, to illustrate the fatal consequence of not resisting our fancies.

The Arabians were fond of the fabulous and allegorical, through which they represented the doctrines

\* See Schultens' in his *Monumenta Vetustoria Arabice*, 1740

†Aaroun Al Raschid (Aaron the Sage), the celebrated hero of the Arabian Nights, of the dynasty of the Abassides, was caliph, between 786 and 809. He was the friend and patron of learning, and never built a mosque without attaching a school. Amongst the presents he sent to Charlemagne was a hydraulic clock. At this period Arabian astronomy, poetry, philosophy, architecture, and general literature flourished.

they most favoured, especially that of each individual's inevitable destiny. There are many instances of similarity in the early Arabian poetry with that of Homer, which prove a probable connexion between the early Arabians and the ancient Greeks. Abulfeda tells us, that Meisuna, the mother of Yezid, who died A.D. 683, was an excellent poetess, and that she brought up her son to practise the art; but Ockley says she failed to make a poet of him, except that his sensuality was often illustrated by drunken improvisatore catches. We have no doubt it was this fair Arabian, Meisuna, who wrote the verses quoted in Carlyle's specimens of Arabian poetry; and as they breathe that love of nature, so prevalent in the people, we may quote a passage:—

The russet suit of camel's hair,  
 With spirits light and eye serene,  
 Is dearer to my bosom far,  
 Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent, the murmuring breeze,  
 That whistles through its fluttering walls;  
 My unaspiring fancy please  
 Better than towers and splendid halls.

The attendant colts that bounding fly,  
 And frolic by the litter's side,  
 Are dearer in Meisuna's eye,  
 Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice, that bays whene'er  
 A stranger seeks his master's cot,  
 Sounds sweeter in Meisuna's ear  
 Than yonder trumpet's thrilling note.

The rustic youth, unspoil'd by art,  
 Son of my kindred, poor, but free;  
 Will ever to Meisuna's heart  
 Be dearer, courtier, far than thee.

Another poet tells us a valuable truth in the following lines (see Abulfeda, p. 279.):—

Who fondly can himself deceive,  
 And venture reason's rules to leave,

Who dares through ignorance aspire  
 To that which no one can acquire,  
 To spotless fame, to solid health,  
 To firm unalienable wealth;  
 Each wish he forms will surely find,  
 A wish denied to human kind.

There is an axiom which reminds us of the great poet of Avon.

Let him to whom the gate of good fortune is once opened, seize his opportunity for he knoweth not how soon it may be shut.

Our bard says, in other words:—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

There is a similarity in an Arabic verse, which reminds us of what Horace says of himself.

The Arabian says:—

Horses and wealth we know you've none;  
 Let then your eloquence atone  
 For Fortune's failure.

Which may be well compared with—

Donarem pateras, grætaque commodus,  
 Censorine meis, etc.

*Od. viii. 4.*

The various Arabian historians, particularly Bohadin, Abulpharagius, Price's Mohammedan History, etc., give many instances of the extraordinary influence of poetry on the minds of the Arabians; indeed there were poets regularly attendant on the army, to report the exploits of the valorous, and the heroism of the brave who died fighting in the battle-field. There is a very remarkable instance of the influence of the presence of an accomplished poet, on one occasion named in a note by Ockley. Some time in the year A.D. 690, when Musab was dying in the heat of a battle, in which he had fought with remarkable desperation and daring, that his conduct might be

rehcarsed in the palaces and tents of his countrymen; and just before dying, he said to the poet Ubeid Allah Ebn Kais, who fought by his side, "take all my gold, but remember to sing of my death."

There must have been a magnanimous spirit prevalent amongst these people; and we cannot doubt their religion incited much transcendant and glorious devotedness; for this world, though beautiful to the eye; their kindred, though lovely and loved, were all too small a sacrifice in the mind of the Arabs, when duty or voice of war was heard. It would seem their mind's eye was not of the earth, and that they saw, by the eye of their faith, palaces and principalities, crowns and territories, far more beauteous and inspiring than all that this world contained.

We must not lengthen this passing review by too many examples; but we may be forgiven whilst referring to the words of Abdallah. On hearing of the death of his brother, Musab, he says, "As for this present life, it diverts from the most high kings, whose dominion shall not pass away, and whose kingdom shall not perish." And, when approaching death, the same spirit lived in him; for he says to those mourning, "If the present world turns its face, I shall not receive it with immoderate joy; and, if it turns its back, I shall not bewail it with indecent sorrow. I have said what I have to say; and I beg pardon of God, both for myself and you."

But looking back down the vista of time past, antecedent to the birth of our blessed Saviour, and taking but a glance at the Persian monarchy, from its first foundation by Cyrus, A.M., 3426, to the appearance of Mahommed, the five caliphs, Ali, Omar, Abubekir, etc., the caliphat of the Ommiades, and the Abassides, and thence to the reign of the eleventh, or last king of the Seffie dynasty, which will take us to the year of our Lord 1666, we shall behold a revelation of mighty and august wonders. The son of the great Cambyzes, a chieftain of barbarians, marched forth



with an angry host on his mission of blood. Proud Sardis, impregnable Babylon, all the countries in Africa and Lesser Asia, cowered before this minister of death; and, in his brilliant reign, the Persian empire extended from the Gulf of Ormuz and the Red Sea, and from Ethiopia on the south, to the Euxine and Caspian seas on the north, and from the river Indus on the east to the deserts of Libya the Mediterranean and Ægean seas on the west. The great battle of Marathon, the heroic war in the straits of Thermopylæ, the battle of Salamis, the victory of Plataea followed; then the chivalrous spirit of the noble Persian general took its flight to the kingdoms of peace and rest. Look back awhile and mark those warlike forms. Who are they in bright array, their brows still furrowed with a warrior's intents? The murdered Xerxes stands forth; next appears his warlike son, Artaxerxes; then, with pensive step, comes the conquered Darius, followed by the haughty conqueror of the world, Alexander the Great. These are some of the great spirits who, for a time, glowed in ancient Persia; they performed a part of the great drama of blood and sin. Yet they were emanations of the Divine will, and were the expression of many powerful principles. But great as they were, and vast as their dominions were, all their power and prowess were insufficient to repel the tide of time, and the august determinations of Providence.

God had determined, from all eternity, that the Persian monarchy should encounter various disasters, and should bear first the Grecian yoke, then the Roman yoke, and at last the Saracen yoke. Onward and onward truth proceeds, and God moves in majestic glory, in a thousand places, in a thousand worlds, personated by his creatures, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and again and again penetrating into every fastness of sin, every tabernacle of praise, and every grave of woe. How mysterious is God!

how distant heaven seems! how inscrutable are the ways of this God of love and mercy! Even the page of history seems to baffle all our finite capacity. An Arabian impostor becomes the arbiter of all Persia, and rules the destinies and lives of the people at a time when the most warlike and magnanimous spirit prevailed.

Let us consider, more particularly, a single remarkable person, in the long gallery of Arabian portraits, viz., "Nadir." We need scarcely remind our readers that it was between the years 1687 and 1727 that this man, one of the most extraordinary men that ever walked this earth, took possession of the throne of gorgeous Persia. He, who was once a poor Arab, and bore the name Nadir Kouli, was one of the most resolute usurpers which the page of history furnishes, and kept possession of the throne of haughty Persia for thirty-eight years, and that surrounded by many envious and angry rivals. It would appear that the Sovereign of the universe, who fixes the periods of empires and restrains one wild ambitious being by some antagonistic spirit, had, in the person of Nadir, prepared an instrument of his vengeance to chastise the Affghans, whose cruelties had filled Persia with rivers of blood. The history of Nadir Kouli will ever seem wonderful, because it is really so; it is not the fiction of romance or the panegyric of flatterers. Characters like his will excite the curiosity and command the attention of posterity, so long as the lives of great men and accounts of great actions, continue the object of historical enquiry. We are speaking of a man whose birth and parentage were so obscure that it is with difficulty to be traced out. Conducting to a perfect issue, with amazing resolution and steadiness, opportunities he had himself made, and carrying his designs into execution with unwearied application, he became terrible to all Asia, and the undoubted arbiter of the whole Eastern World. This

usurper was once a slave—born in a tent—his mother a Tartar's slave.

We fearlessly say that Nadir was a greater man than Marlboro', Wellington, or Napoleon; but we have only referred to his portrait\* to show that time, namely 1000 years since the death of Mahommed, has not changed the genius and leading principles of the Arab character; and we declare that in a perusal of the history of this extraordinary race of the children of men, beginning with the birth of Mahommed (a suitable era for our subject), and passing through the first five caliphates, thence to the dynasty of the Ommiades, to the death of Abdulmelek, in A.D. 705,† and thence downwards to the bloody revolutions in Persia, beginning with the reigns of Shah Sultan Hussein, Mir Mahmoud, to the death of the miserable Adil Shah, we shall find one continuous chain of facts illustrative of the magnificence and high bearing and genius, the courage, patience and resolution, of the Arab character; and we remind our readers that these were the essential qualities and leading genius of the Saracens, with whom the first Richard contended whilst he expended the power and riches of his people in an attempt to drive the Saracens from the land of the holy sepulchre.‡

\* For full particulars see Hannay's Persia.

† This is the extent of the learned Ockley's History.

‡ We are taught that "Joseph of Arimathea, an honourable counsellor who waited for the kingdom of God, went in boldly to Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus." This good and learned lawyer had reason to fear that the body might either suffer certain indignities after death, under the custom of the Romans, or that the Jews might cast it into the grave called the dishonourable sepulchre, which was very usual at that time. The Romans usually allowed the body to hang until the flesh was eaten by birds of prey, and this barbarous custom has prevailed in modern countries, even in England, to within a very recent date. The Jews cast the bodies of criminals into a common receptacle, but when the flesh was wasted away they allowed the friends of the dead to collect the bones and lay them in the sepulchres of their fathers. This application of

We cannot forget Shakespeare's words—

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldiers ye are, under whose banner  
Ye are impressed and engaged to fight;  
For, with a power supernal, to chase these  
Rebels—these pagans—from these holy fields,  
O'er whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago,  
Were, for our salvation, nailed to the  
Blessed cross.

The ancient characteristics of the Arabians were hospitality, valour and eloquence; yet there were times when this remarkable people evinced barbarous indifference to letters or men of learning: as, for instance, when the caliph,\* Omar, ordered the destruction of the Alexandrian library, from which the learned Philopœnen desired some few volumes; but, they were all burned to heat the baths of the beautiful city. This circumstance is so fully described by that eminent orientalist, Pococke, in his version of Abulpharagius's history, and, probably, known to most of our readers, that we will only refer to it. However,

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Joseph for the body of Jesus was, therefore, necessarily prompt; and it required the influence of a good and highly-respected man to obtain the grant of the body. The rest of the mournful yet interesting narrative appears in Luke xvi.

This divine historian tells us that Joseph laid the body in a sepulchre. This sepulchre, in the course of time, fell into the hands of the Turks, and, although there appears amongst travellers Deshayes, Chateaubriand, Clarke, Joliffe, Stephens, Kitto, Buckingham and others, a variety of opinions as to the very spot where the sepulchre stood, and, also, whether the place Clarke describes was the very sepulchre, yet no one doubts that the site and the building which the Christians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries regarded as the sepulchre was in possession of the revilers and sincere enemies of Christ. It is enough to state that, from the days of Constantine until the present, the great mass of Christians of the East and West have never, on any occasion, doubted the locality of the tomb of Christ.

\* Caliph, vicar or priest. "Emperor of the Believers" was the title of the second Caliph.

there is no room for boasting, as the disposition to destroy works of art and learning was never more absolutely carried out than at the sacking of Constantinople, by the barbarians of Baldwin's crusade, in 1205. The particulars are furnished by the learned Nicetas, who was present (see Fabricius' *Bibliotheca Græc.* vol. xi. pp. 405—418), and we cannot help referring to some of the works then destroyed. The colossal statue of Juno, erected in the forum of Constantine; the statue of Paris standing by Venus, and delivering to her the golden apple; the pensive Hercules, by the far-famed Lysippus. The beautiful statue of the beautiful Helen was amongst the works so destroyed; and we cannot refrain from quoting the lamentation of the historian Nicetas:—"Of what shall I say of thee, beauteous Helen, who brought together all Troy against Greece. Lips like opening flowers gently parted, as if about to speak; a smile which instantly meets the beholder, and fills him with delight; those elegant arched brows and that harmony of figure; but no words can describe thee or deliver thy likeness down to posterity" (see p. 413 of Lord Malmesbury).

Nicetas relates that many of these works were melted down by the crusaders to make money for the soldiers. And yet it is, says the learned Harris (Lord Malmesbury), surprising that these spoliations occurred eighty years after their entry into the East: but Horace says, "*Cœlum non animum mutant.*" There is an interesting letter, still extant, of Pope Pius II., who says, the same reputation for sciences which Athens had in the times of ancient Rome, did Constantinople possess in his time. He adds, it was thence Plato was restored to us; it was thence Aristotle, Demosthenes, Xenophon, Thucydides, Basil, Dionysius, Origen and others, were known in his day. A little further, in the same epistle, he says, "But now the Turks have conquered; and I fear that Homer, Pindar and Menander will undergo a second

death, unless God from heaven will grant a better fortune either to the Roman empire or to the apostolic see," etc. (see p. 705.)

However, this learned author's fears were not well founded, as the destruction of the imperial city drove numbers of the learned Greeks into the western parts of Europe, where the favour of the popes and the Medici family, together with the then recent discovery of letters, spread learning greatly and promoted the cultivation of the fine arts.

We believe the despised Arabians are and always have been subject to the influence of surrounding circumstances. Like all other people, when they had overcome their enemies, and established their dominion, they sat down seriously to consider the means most likely to satisfy their yearning for knowledge, and the enlightenment of the soul; for the contemplation and silence of peace drove them within themselves, and unseen spirits excited impassioned enquiry for knowledge. There was the same result to the ancient Athenians after they had triumphed over the Persians; to the Romans, after they had subdued Carthage; and to the Arabians, after they had established themselves in the wonderful city of Bagdad.

Plato, Aristotle, and the best Greek authors, were translated into Arabic; so were Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, Diophantus, and the other Greek mathematicians; so Hippocrates, Galen, and the best professors of medicine; so was Ptolemy and other learned astronomers. Medicine and astrology were much cultivated, and many of the princes had professors of each attached to their household. And, although the astrologers of the Arabian court, like astrologers elsewhere, have foretold many things which have never yet come to pass, yet, such is the mortal desire to peep into the future, that astrology has assumed a considerable position through all parts of the East, as well as in Germany, Italy, France, etc., etc. Even

so late as the hour when Cardinal Mazarin died, there were not wanting astrologers who insinuated that the comet had reference to an extension of his mortal career, but the cardinal laughed and said, "*Messieurs, la comète me fait trop d'honneur.*" So it is not the poor Arabian alone who must be chided for his superstitious predisposition.

Many such books were not only translated, but various learned works on similar subjects were composed by the Arabians; for instance, the Philosopher Averroes, Alpharabbi and Avicenna.

The historians Abulfeda, Abulpharagius, Bohadin and others, must not be forgotten, as they give many most interesting particulars of the habits and customs of the Arabians, and also furnish evidence of the truthfulness of our assertions of the learning of the Arabs; whilst they write, at all times, like philosophers and lovers of truth. We fear to tire our reader, and, therefore, will not enter into long accounts of these authors.

The love of learning, and the cultivation of the fine arts, conjoined to great success in war, soon produced luxuries, and vast magnificence.

In the account of the Escorial Arabic manuscripts, lately given by the learned Casiri, it appears that the public libraries in Spain, when under the Arabian princes, were no fewer than seventy (*vide Biblioth. Arabico Hispan. vol. ii. p. 71*).

For the object of this humble work, we have not presumed, nor did we deem it necessary, to trace this ancient people from the earliest records; and, although the antiquarian may regret the absence of much information which is to be found illustrative of the earliest history of the Arabians, we must refer him to the following very learned authorities, viz., Pococke's *Specimen Arab. Hist.*; Herbelot's *Bible Orient.*; Herodotus; Strabo; Reland's *Poles*. The excellent works of John, Volney, Buckingham, Josephus, Ockley, *Helvicius Chronology*; and not least,



the true and faithful record to be found in the books of Genesis, Samuel, Kings, Judges, Deuteronomy. And some interesting particulars of the early history of the Arabians may be found in Kitto's Palestine, under the head "Canaanites," in Book I.\*

There is a remarkable anomaly in the characteristics of the Arabians, for we find them learned and loving learning, brave in war, generous to strangers, and faithful in their religious ceremonies and customs, yet, apparently, indifferent to the possession of one of the most honorable and valuable rights, namely, civil liberty. Perhaps the trammels of Islamism prevail against every secret excitement for liberty, and that creed which so fully and positively assures the faithful that joys and delights after death shall ever surround them in the world to come, may also assure them that no sin can be greater or more offensive to their prophet, than resistance to the state officers, or defiance of the exact habits and customs of Mahomedanism. Thus, hundreds of years flew on silently, carrying caliphates and people down the stream of time. Sometimes the echo of liberty and civilization has been heard from other lands; travellers, with bright and intelligent countenances, have occasionally appeared at the court of the caliph or the bourse of the merchant; the wasting and sickness of mortality has been seen to array alike the pallid cheek of the caliph and the plague-infected people; and, although within many a bosom dissatisfied spirits have wrestled for some more noble and more natural occupation, to exhibit their responsibility, and to make a path for the development and exhibition of their powers, yet the deep, black, dark, dismal pall, the awful cloud of the false faith of Mahomedanism, has quelled everything that was innocent, natural and god-like.

Such were the beings, who, travelling on their road from the mystery of their existence to their mysterious destiny, became the keepers of the Holy City.

\* Erpenius, Giggeius, and Soinita, were the restorers of the pure Arabic.



It was not with men that Richard had to contend, but with angels and spirits. Vessels of fire and wrath who, seeking the torments of hell, or the rewards of heaven, cared not for the horrors of conflict; who heard not the shrieks of the other nature; but earthly tabernacle after earthly tabernacle fell, sunk, exploded and decayed, whilst bands of spirits dashed through the air to the climes of light, their fellows for awhile remaining but to execute the mission of chastisement to the soldier who wore the cross of Christ, and sought the Holy City.

It has been an object with us to furnish a sample of the sentiments and manners of this remarkable people (often much despised because little understood); and this has been the more necessary that our readers might better comprehend and appreciate the genius of those wars called holy, in which the best blood of Arabia, France and England, was so freely and so vainly spilt. But this war stands out as a proof of the wickedness and vanity of self-righteousness. We shall, in the course of this volume, again refer to Arabia, and the great leader of the Saracens, Saladin.

Before we leave the Saracenic character, we think we may make some observation on Saladin, who, the chronicler says, was of the race of the Murmuræni, the son of parents who were not noble, though not plebeians of obscure birth. His father was called Job, and his own name was Joseph. By the tradition of Mahommed it is customary among many of the heathens, when they circumcise their children, to give them Hebrew names, also to excite them to uphold the Mahomedan law. Now law, in their language, is Hodin. Hence Saladin is so called, as the upholder of the law; and as our princes are called either emperors or kings, so theirs are called (*soldani*) sultans.

The prediction of a certain Syriac soothsayer induced Saladin to aspire to sovereignty; and in process of time he came to Enfrid of Tours, the illustrious prince of Palestine, to be mantled, and, after the

manner of the Franks, received from him the belt of knighthood. The chronicler says, whilst Sewar was passing his life in his harem, it occurred to Saladin, and his uncle Saracum, that they could possess themselves of the kingdom of Egypt and Damascus, and by treachery they put Sewar and Molanus to death. Soon after this the great Nouredin died; and Saladin marrying his widow, secured to himself the possession of the kingdom. Thus, says the historian, does fortune play amidst the children of men: she is able to make a rich man out of a poor one; a great man out of a little one, and a lord out of a peasant. He who was the patron of prostitutes, and the student of dice and garlic, is suddenly lifted up: he sits among princes; he rules on the throne of Egypt; subdues Damascus; occupies the lands of Roasia and Gesyra, and carries his sovereignty to the very centre of India. The disputes between Raimond, count of Tripoli, and Guy, ninth king of the Latins, seemed to prepare an easy path to the final object of his ambition—namely, the possession of the Holy Land.

Bohadin tells us, that he became not only a noble and chivalrous warrior, and sincere Mahomedan, but very elegant and pleasing in conversation; a perfect master of the genealogy of the Arabian families, as well as of the ancient rites and customs of the pure Arabians; nor was he ignorant of the very thing which was rare and curious in the world at large; particularly affable and amiable in his inquiries for the welfare of all who sought or deserved to live within the bright beams of his glorious path. He loathed all that was indelicate in conversation, and was remarkably tender and compassionate to orphans and persons in years. An instance is mentioned of a poor merchant having summoned the sultan before a local judge, to answer some complaint; and that the sultan having implicitly obeyed the summons, and refuted the charge most fully, he, the sultan, presented the poor merchant with a rich garment, as a

token that he respected the rights of all, and particularly of those who took legal means for establishing or maintaining their rights, even when the greatest man of the state appeared the aggressor (see p. 28). He was a just man. His justice and severity were equally conspicuous in some notable instances. The same author (p. 27) says that Arnold, lord of Crocha, (called Reginald, by M. Paris, and Rainold by Fuller) having met a caravan of pilgrims on their way to Mecca, put them all to death; and when they reminded him his conduct was in violation of a solemn treaty made with their sultan, he with cruel scorn, said, "Let your Mahommed deliver you." Very soon did severe judgment fall on this violent man, viz., at the battle of Hettyn, when Guy, king of Jerusalem, this same Arnold and all the principal commanders of the Christian army were taken, when this man was put to death without one moment's notice.

Bohadin describes, and all historians concur in describing, Saladin as generous and very liberal, and that he exceeded in his donations even the unreasonable wishes of the petitioners, although he was never known to boast of any single favour he ever granted. If any man admired his horse, or any brave Turk lost his horse under circumstances evincing his courage and daring, the sultan would send his own horse to him; and this was done during many of the notable engagements (see Fuller's Character of Saladin, b. iii. c. 14). He conquered all Syria, Assyria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia; gained the victory of Tiberias, 1187, and captured Jerusalem, before he was the antagonist of Richard of England, Philip Augustus of France, and Frederick Barbarossa. At Azotus and Jaffa, the mighty Cœur-de-Lion was eminently conqueror.

In all things and at all times this wonderful warrior approved himself before all men. He was self-sacrificing and daring to the extreme; an entire absence of selfishness or self-protection is obvious

in all his conduct. He prepared for no day of peace; he husbanded no treasures; he amerced no tributary territories; he hoarded no blood-stained gold; he employed no panegyrists to describe the famed and wonderful feats he performed, for valley and hill shouted his praise; whilst rivers, dyed with the blood of his enemies, carried in their bubbling breasts the witnesses of the triumph of the mighty Mahommedan, Saladin the Great. Like a fiery meteor he dashed across the universe. Onward and onward rushed forth this extraordinary spirit, which defied the powers of man, and would have gladly contended with the very spirits of wrath, if they had appeared to intercept his right path to the Holy City. He prepared for no day of peace in this world; for he looked forward to the fulfilment of the promise of the prophet, in whose name he fought, and for whose honour he was ever ready to die. He remembered the words of his ancestor Moawiya, when pressed in battle by the great Ali.

When direful scenes of death appear,  
And fill thy fluttering heart with fear,  
Say—Heart, be firm; the storm endure,  
For evils ever find a cure.  
Their memory should we 'scape, will please,  
Or, should we fall, we sleep at ease.

These lines remind us of an axiom with which we have sometimes comforted ourselves,—

Learn the ills of life to bear,  
Still the sigh and stay the tear;  
Heaven rewards that victory,  
High above yon spangled sphere.

Saladin the Great had few equals; he has been, and may be yet by many, called a barbarian; yet, we sorrow to say, he has left too pure an example for modern warriors, Christian warriors! to follow; for, out of all the vast revenues of Egypt, Syria, the Oriental provinces and Arabia Felix, there was no

more left in his treasury than forty-seven pieces of silver and one of gold; so that his lovers and admiring countrymen were obliged to borrow money to defray the outlay of a most expensive funeral. This fact is testified by Abulpharagius, p. 277; Abulfeda, p. 62; Bohadin, p. 13; and all modern translators of the Arabian histories.

He was faithful in religion, humane to the weak and poor, respectful to the learned and the brave: and his life forms one of the great moral phenomena which lie deep in the mystery of eternal purposes. Man would be wise, though he is as ignorant as the wild ass's colt. Let him speculate and fathom the contradictory attributes of the great Saladin's soul, and he will wisely turn away and say, "O man! thou canst not, by searching, find out God; thou canst not find out the Almighty unto perfection."

We have seen there are many delusions in the Mahomedan's faith, and we have remarked on the affected zeal with which the Vatican sought to exterminate the powerful myriads of the Turks, whilst it pronounced them monsters and infidels, yet we would remind the Vatican and its creatures, including Tractarians, that there is a religion where the intellectual, ardent and imaginative mind may revel; where the conscience is supplanted; where a substitute, under the authority of hereditary pandects, rewards theological virtues.

There is a church which demands the veneration and sacrifice of the body to be yielded in a course of propitiatory services, which multiply in their observance; increasing in austerity, whilst they engender unreserved humiliation. The body must fade and yield its beauteous comeliness; and all worldly treasures must be surrendered into the keeping of its dumb and mystic ministers. The ties and brotherhood of human nature must be given up, and the current of the natural affections of the heart must be frozen, lest the jealousy of this supreme and mystic authority is

awakened. Such is the most fascinating and favoured characteristic of this great abomination. Amidst its train of attributes will be found dazzling philosophy, with attractive and indefensible excitements, which disturb the soul with pleasing though destructive emotions. Voices are heard proclaiming the depth and unearthliness of the saintly character of its devotees, whilst their humility, charity, zeal, and regularity in confession of sin, and their many and sacred sacrifices are declared, in conjunction with the sacraments and unction, to be entirely propitiatory, even mandatory, to their chief, St. Peter, to open the gates of heaven, to enable the re-union of saints, whom time only has separated. The natural faculties are superseded by the guidance of a confessor; the presence of the Holy Ghost is made purchasable, and represented by atoms of ornamental frippery, reviving in our minds the influence of the oracles of heathenism; its mystic capabilities are moulded into a form before which the body must incline, and the countenance collapse with awe, lest the invigorating and quickening powers said to exist in this supreme mystery, pass us by as uninfluential.

In the train of this representation of the "real presence," mortified hermits, visionary monks, and many holy ascetics, whose declarations of remarkable humility, repugnance to heresy, long endurance of almost incredible bodily pains and self-abnegation, render them fit to officiate in journeys and removals of this fashion of men's hands, called by them the very presence of the Holy Ghost. In this train may be seen forms and likenesses of the Great Redeemer, mixed promiscuously with representations of saints, and led by the portraits of the Virgin.\* But, in case that august procession of

\* The painters of the middle ages furnished portraits of their mistresses and celebrated women as pictures of the Virgin, to be worshipped. Le Brun's Magdalen was the celebrated La Vallière.

mockery stops, ringing of bells is heard, and hundreds of human beings then bow before its presence; the lips of thousands tremble whilst lisping some prayer to the Virgin, or some particular saint of that triumphal train. Again it is moved onwards; mournful songs now fill the air; "Miserere! miserere!"

For the purpose of increasing its proselytes, and advancing its supremacy, the Vatican has dared to prohibit the reading the letter of God,\* to deify mortals,† to grant indulgences,‡ and to set up the Virgin Mary and other mortals, as mediators, in place of the true Saviour; whilst the chiefs of the papacy have blasphemously assumed sacred titles§ for the purpose of overcoming the resistance of the ignorant, and have claimed the power to excommunicate and dethrone earthly sovereigns.||

It was under the banner of this false religion that Leo X., to support the expense of a luxurious court, availed himself of an ancient custom in the Church, to raise money by the sale of indulgences, by which the purchasers were allowed the practice of several sins, and a deliverance from the pains of purgatory. To defend the system of granting these indulgences it was urged, that, as *one drop of Christ's blood is sufficient* to atone for the sins of the *whole world*, the *remainder* of the blood shed by the death of the Saviour belonged to the Church, and that its efficacy might be sold out to the people. It was also alleged, that to the Church belonged all the good works of the saints beyond what were employed in their own justification. These superabundant merits were accordingly sold to the unthinking multitude at various prices, according to the nature of the offence for which they were to atone. The form of these indulgences not being very generally known, we will give an exact copy of one of these most extraordinary instruments:—

\* Appendix, No. XVII. † Ibid, No. XVIII. ‡ Ibid, No. XIX.  
§ Ibid, No. XX. || Ibid, No. XXI.



“ May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee,  
“ and absolve thee by the merits of His most holy  
“ passion! And I by His authority, that of His blessed  
“ apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the most holy pope,  
“ granted and committed to me in these parts, do  
“ absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures, in  
“ whatever manner they have been incurred; and then  
“ from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how  
“ enormous soever they may be, even from such as are  
“ reserved for the cognizance of the holy see; and as  
“ far as the keys of the church extend, I remit you all  
“ punishment, you deserve in purgatory on their  
“ account; and I restore you to the holy sacraments of  
“ the church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that  
“ innocence and purity you possessed at baptism; so  
“ that when you die, the gates of punishment shall be  
“ shut, and the gates of the paradise of life shall be  
“ opened; and if you shall not die at present, this grace  
“ shall remain in full force, when you are at the point  
“ of death. In the name of the Father, of the Son, and  
“ of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

This is the form of absolution sold by the agents of Leo X. in various parts of the Christian world; an instrument so absurd, that were it not well authenticated, and we had not even in recent days a similar instance of imposture on the one hand and credulity on the other, in the seals disposed of by a Johanna Southcot, one might be tempted to doubt the truth of its existence.

The promulgation of these indulgences in Germany, together with a share arising from the profits in the sale of them, was assigned to Albert, elector of Mentz, and archbishop of Magdeburg, who, as his chief agent for retailing them, employed one Tetzel, a Dominican friar, of licentious morals, but of a bold and active spirit. Tetzel, assisted by the monks of his order, executed this ignoble commission with great zeal and success, but with the most shameless indecency and indiscretion; and at the same time magnified the



benefits of these indulgences in the most extravagant manner. To such enormities did Tetzel proceed in describing the efficacy of these pretended dispensations, that he even said, "if any one had violated the mother of God, he [Tetzel] had wherewithal to efface his guilt." He also boasted, that "he had saved more souls from hell by these indulgences, than St. Peter had converted to Christianity by his preaching." Such men as Tetzel set up a pretext for the crusades and the persecution of the Albigenses, viz. the love of the Saviour and true religion.

Now, let us inquire what true religion is, and thereby ascertain whether it made such requirements as the persecutors of the Albigenses alleged.

What is true religion? Is it not that which restores us to the form and likeness of Jesus; to his favour; and makes us holy, angels and vessels of love, meet for heaven, and to sit down and judge the twelve tribes; to sit within the sound of those words of the seraphim, heard by the prophet in the vision, "Holy! holy! holy!" It is to this point of holiness that all the doctrines of pure religion tend:—laying down the false honour, self-righteousness, riches and power of the world, and taking up the breast-plate of righteousness and being clad in the whole armour of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, and, at last, with the wings of faith ascending to the world of spirits, and wearing the crown of peace, love and glory, and becoming a part of the counsel of God. Yes there are great duties for the Protestant Church, a grand and sublime vocation; for it has to attract the religious instinct of the mind, to awaken the conscience, and to excite to obedience, and point out a rest for the soul, an anchorage within the veil. To teach the recognition of an inward gift, and the power of confirming it by holy sacraments, is the special vocation of its teachers; for, say they, we are witnesses of a doctrine and dispensers of a blessing which cometh not from the earth and fadeth not with the earth, and

will endure when the world shall be scorched up as a scroll, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise. They speak of a hope which maketh not ashamed—of a joy unspeakable—of a peace that passeth all understanding—of a rest for their proselytes in a holy city, who will appear before God in heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. They say that God's own hand shall wipe away all their tears; and that an intermediate life shall be entered upon where death shall be unknown, and where neither sorrow, nor crime, nor pain, shall ever enter: and all this is promised to them who overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. These ministering agents condescend to describe the holy city; and, when they have etherialized the soul, and turned out the vile earthly things which were lying at its base, and putrifying its very nature, they lead their disciples to a high mountain, whence can be seen the drear and unimaginable horror of the second death. This being passed, they walk with the angel bearing the golden reed, sit down by a pure river, clear as chrysal, called the river of the water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God. They point to the New Jerusalem, the twelve gates of which are twelve pearls, and the streets of pure gold, as it were transparent glass. O what awe overcomes the humble disciple as he falls back—for God is the light of the city—ten thousand harps of silvery note resound, and a voice, thrilling as the travelling of ten thousand chariots through the air, is heard. Hark! "I am Alpha and Omega; the beginning and the end, the first and the last. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things. I will be his God and he shall be my son; but the fearful and unbelieving shall have no part in my kingdom."

Such is the magnificence of the vocation in which the mission to the soul is involved; the wonderful harmony of its parts, depth of view, and mightiness of

end, fairly induce us to recognize it as the majestic and wondrous development of a real idea. We must also acknowledge its surprising suitableness to our immortal wants, and that earnest in the spirit, which has been described as the heaving of the billows of the sea. Again, we must observe how entirely it expounds a vast number of external facts, which mere mortality has been unable, from the beginning of time, to rescue from their intensity of mystery. It does justice, also, to the great and unapproachable excellence of the Creator.

Pure religion implies a constant moral discipline, as the basis of faith and meekness, for those heavenly graces which display themselves in our aspiration and affections towards all that pertains to the kingdom of Christ. This mighty principle makes our bowels yearn for the poor and the rich; and, with its mystic sublimities, we drink the waters of life, which elevate the intellect, and regulate our social and political relations. In a word, it places us at the footstool of God's throne, side by side of our brother man, with whom we chant the sweetness of holy love; whilst in faith we peer into the climes prepared for the eternal career of the soul. It is this holy station which supplies that company of self-devoted, intrepid, ardent, enthusiastic, humble, heavenly-minded spirits, who lead the militant church of Christ into their noblest and most transporting privileges. It is here they learn that entire self-abnegation and affection for heavenly things, consecrating to heavenly realities those ardent and enthusiastic feelings which are so often on earthly objects. It is then the creature is permitted to see the visible proofs of the inexhaustible power of the wonder-working grace of God. No sense of temporal advantage will have the faintest effect upon their spirits. Then, for all time, all power, all sense, all intellect, and all that the spirit reigns over, seem too short and too feeble to work out an amnesty against the great day of judgment; for

the sound of the last trumpet seems to sound, as if by anticipation, in the ears of the faithful, whilst they cling to the three-fold cord, conscience, scripture, and sanctity. The picture of the sufferings of the Mediator absorbs all those mortal parts which bear the admixture of spirit. No languor, no remissness is felt, for the spirit is in its own atmosphere, and wholly occupied with the Father of Spirits, the jealous, holy, sleepless spirit of the Eternal One. The idolatry of wealth, the love of power, the excitement of ambition, the boast of learning, and the fame of war; the anxieties of time, human joy or human sorrow; the fear of death; can find no resting-place here, for the soul is shut in with God. It is here that saints are trained, their perplexities removed, their duties explained, their obedience excited, spiritual danger made known, penitential arts expounded, and all their habits moulded to the likeness of Christ. They set up a high and noble strictness of holiness, and they long to drink of the blood and eat of the body of Christ. They discover the secrets of God their Father, and learn the value of the Pearl of great price. They whisper hymns of peace, they sing aloud the songs of love, and, at last, they shout "Hosannah to the highest!" for they are in the very presence of God. Perhaps we may be thought extravagant and imaginative whilst reciting the characteristics of holiness; but we cannot consent to lower our standard of this mighty principle. Human philosophy is unfit to measure the boundless love of God, and we would not submit the ideality of this high heavenly philosophy to the world; for, by so doing, we violate a great Christian truth. That ardent personal love to Christ and heaven is the very centre of the unchangeable philosophy of the saints; their everlasting rest; and from whence, as from an eminence near the throne, they command the powers of intellect and imagination, to bow before Christ their crucified Saviour; and no longer will they smile with the philosophical world which

furnishes the false and wasting attractions, and seduces the spirits of men from the pure habits and unearthly graces of the bride of the Lamb. The precious experience of assurance and love which reigns in the spirits of the saints, has no archetype either in the visible course of things whereof our senses give us experience, nor yet in the field of space and time, whereof the intellect is exclusively cognizant. We can neither derive this secret from our intellect or our senses, nor from any faculty less than that eccentric part of our nature which is faithful and mysterious in its action, process and communication. Alas! multitudes are yet fruitlessly endeavouring to find some middle process; partaking of the present and material elements of this world, instead of the sole and paramount aids which are obtained by the communication of spirits.

Either in this world or in the glooms of the next, even they must recognise that moral and religious discipline which must adorn all who would wear the sublimated, transcendant and lofty nature of the saints, and that the truly penitent must stoop to enter by the narrow way to which nought of the world, the flesh, and the devil ever approach. They must be led by that constant and uniform inward Guide, which shall arouse them from the sleep of death; to keep their armour bright, that they may fight in the grand warfare of the saints. Blessed, indeed, with most unusual blessedness, are those who go on day by day purifying their hearts more diligently by the methods the Spirit teaches and trains, appreciating more deeply and entirely the graces He furnishes, and exulting in the habits of mind acquired by those fundamental duties in the exercise of private and public devotion; of secret meditation in solemn and unshrinking self-inquisition; which places before them their growing likeness to Christ. To them, as time goes on and their various tendencies and capabilities are developed, they will find they are gradually

approaching the growth and expression of the saints. Then high and bright shall be the intellectual power which shall enable them to ascend above the earth and range through spheres wondrous and inexhaustible. Then the warm and happy imagination shall find imperishable treasures to rejoice with, and rise to those lofty heights, which bound the mansions of the eternal world. The secrets of angels and spirits of just men made perfect shall be laid open to complete the joy, of those who have left all earthly barriers and hindrances. O what a mysterious sympathy! Then no longer bondsmen, but free in the palace of God.

An unerring conviction of their divine and unearthly character precedes the demise of the saints, and produces their hearty allegiance and unquestioning obedience to Him who sits upon the throne. Then God's dealings in times past, the sorrows and trials of time, are all explained, and they perceive that the lessons of truth were more early acquired by that mysterious influence of the Spirit. And they find themselves in certain and joyous possession of the treasures of heaven, the gift of God, the peace which is everlasting, and the joy that maketh not ashamed, but blooms with immortality. *This is the religion of the Bible; the faith entrusted to the saints.* But we would endeavour to render our observations more practical and applicable to our subject. Therefore we at once affirm that a pure religion exalteth a nation; whilst a religion of ceremony or chivalry debases every system or convention where it exercises itself. Neither the religion of a cruel man nor the religion of a superstitious man can elevate the morals or happiness of a nation. The religion of coercion, and military compulsion depopulates states, ruins commerce, and produces all the woes of intestine wars, emboldened with the hatred and pride of Cain, the cruel arms himself with clubs and swords, to destroy all who doubt the supremacy of his doctrines, and then, pretending to teach the truth of his system, he puts violence in the place of reason, and affects to

establish the doctrines of peace and truth, by oppression and the most intemperate cruelty.

The religion which dignifies man makes him but a little lower than the angels, kind, patient and gentle; its characters are forbearance, meekness, benevolence, and fraternal love; a religion exposed to errors, but yet pitying the heretic, and exerting itself to eradicate false doctrine, by the practice of a faith in things unseen, and sustaining its authority by no other weapon than the sword of the spirit. The religion of ceremonies and superstitions entangles the simple-hearted, and gratifies the pride of the great; it makes devotion degenerate into idleness, and increasing careless ministration, it wastes the means which should support those who work in the vineyard of Heaven. It generates scruples and self-righteousness, and undermines the finer faculties of the soul; reduces adoration of a Supreme Being to a system of materialism and earthliness. It quells the emancipation and growth of godliness, and intercepts the communications of spirits with the God of spirits, and substitutes earthly objects and earthly authorities to rule over the spirit's exercises. But that pure religion which it affects to be is of an opposite nature; it is just and holy, complacent and free, pointing in all its expressions to unseen things; for it comes from the Divine Intelligence "before whom angels bow, and archangels veil their faces."

We are aware there is an earthly exaltation of a nation which presumes to march side by side with pure religion; it is sometimes realized by heroes and tyrants, who, for a time, are permitted as scourges, to wallow in wanton and arbitrary power, and perform a part in grand and awful calamities; who have indulged such approbation of worldly glory, that the societies of men have appeared to thrive amidst a career of sanguinary warfare which they have denominated glorious, but which the revolution of time has proved the stepping-stone to their downfall and



despair, a hindrance to the consummation of true greatness. These may, perhaps, execute some mystic mission, and be permitted as eternal examples to justify Providence in all future ages, and to demonstrate to the most obstinate, that the substantial glory of a nation is not based on cruelty and devastation of the creatures God has placed upon this earthly theatre.

We know there have been abject flatterers who have erected altars to a Claudius and a Caligula, but posterity has pronounced them infamous. We know that false glory impelled Cæsar to produce a civil war; to arm Rome against Rome; to pursue the shattered remains of Pompey's army into the heart of Africa; to give a prostitute the kingdom of Egypt; and we know there were Romans depraved so low that they termed this glory and exaltation. We remember the great deliverers of Rome, even Curius, Fabricius, Regulus, Emilius and Mummius, were regarded with less honour than some of the tyrants whose hands were dyed with the blood of their own people; and we know, that, in the midst of all their national miseries and oppressions, those very tyrants affected to protect and revere the religion of the nation, and professed to be the champions of its gods, whilst the learned professed to trace all the apparent national exaltations to a religion before whose gods human beings were often sacrificed, and in obedience to whose oracles wars were created which deluged the whole world with the blood of man. We know there have been modern nations too fruitful of similar customs and conduct. There is a nation, in favour of which all blessing seems to be tributary; it has an advantageous situation, a fruitful soil and temperate climate, an agreeable society, a mutual generosity, an inimitable industry, quick penetration in counsel, heroism in time of need, incredible success in commerce, surprising dexterity in arts, high reputation in the sciences, an amiable toleration in religion, and severity blended with sweetness of temper. The picture



charms us, for it is dear England, famed for honour, love and beauty: and yet we must acknowledge it wears a blood-stained garment. An insatiable and blind ambition adds kingdom to kingdom, fortress to fortress, city to city, province to province. Where is the true exaltation of the nation? Where is the Divine eye? Where may the Divine hand strike next? What pitch of national grandeur can justify her promiscuous bloodshedding and indefinite wars?

There has been much blood spilt under the direct influence of a false religion; and the mountains of Scotia yet appeal to Heaven; and the valleys of Switzerland still echo with sighs and groans of the thousands who fell on that bloody day. But what name shall we give these long and unceasing wars in India? When Englishmen affect to play the hero in these Christian times, and cast globes of fire in the air for the destruction of a people they have never seen, what religion is it that directs such wars as these? Shall we produce you a list of Egyptians, Persians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, Pagans, who would scorn to stain their hands in such innocent blood? Then what religion directs these wars? Is it the religion we have attempted to describe? Certainly not, for that governs with gentleness, negotiates with humanity, attacks with courage, defends with resolution, whilst it dispenses and secures the happiness of all men, and God himself beholds it.

The Son of Man has passed over many nations who have offended his purity, and he is approaching dear Britain. Heaven grant that we may, ere it is too late, discover the distinction between true glory and false glory, true exaltation and false exaltation, a pure religion and one of form and chivalry; the first is of God, the last is of Satan. Finally, pure religion teaches us our natural equality, that we are all of the same dust, partake of the same miseries, privileges and hopes, animates us with charity, which is above all virtues. Alas, in this important inquiry confusion





obscures the brightest triumphs of a nation, and stains the laurels of the victor with the blood of the innocent. Pure religion will procure unalterable peace and unmixed glory, and our only sighs will be for that happier world, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—where only will be found immortal love,

" ————— such love as spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure;  
 No fears to beat away, no strifes to heal,  
 The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;  
 \*                      \*                      \*                      \*  
 With all that is most beauteous imaged there  
 In happier beauty—more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpleal beams—  
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest ray  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

We must not forget that there is a religion which attempts to force the faith of men; it became erected a court called the Holy Inquisition known as an establishment in the thirteenth century, when popery was in the height of its power and arrogance. It was set up by the pope and Romish priesthood for the purpose, as was then stated, of granting a formal trial to certain heretics, especially the Albigenses, against whom a most fiery persecution was waging. The positive object was to create an additional element of strength,\* and a disguise for

\* In the "Parliamentary History," 19 James I., 1621, there is a petition from the knights, citizens, and burgesses, then assembled in parliament, containing a remonstrance against popery; and in the enumeration of the causes of the mischief of popery, we find —

1. The vigilancy and ambition of the pope of Rome.
2. The devilish positions and doctrines whereon popery is built, and taught with authority to its followers, for the advancement of temporal ends.
3. The strange confederacy of the princes of the popish religion, aiming mainly at the advancement of theirs, and the subversion of ours, and taking the advantages conducive to that end upon all occasions.
4. The numerous armies raised and maintained at the charge of the chief of that clique.

many of their efforts to aggrandise the papacy and undermine the civil power; indeed it was the very consummation of a long period of strategy; for it enabled the church of Rome to punish, confiscate, and destroy, without the knowledge or assistance of the civil power. This awful tribunal was not a mere accident, but an indigenous incubation from the great whoredom of Christendom. It was essential for the ends of a system of religion which in its gradual development exposed the loathsome features of the great beast; but for this gigantic unprecedented irresponsible engine, many a noble principle would have been developed; and many were the resolute and patient Christians who expiated in dismal dungeons the crime of their presumption in seeking to declare the truth. The demoniac spirit which ultimately erected this detestable court, was readily detected by the acute eye of the great Henry, who made many efforts to counteract and subdue that destructive combination of power, which was so anxiously, increasingly, and perseveringly sought by the Vatican. Pride and the artifice of the Vatican had excited Richard to accept a vocation which engrossed every feeling and power, so that every social interest of the people of Christendom, was left

5. The swarms of priests and Jesuits — the common incendiaries of all Christendom — dispersed in all parts of your kingdom.

And from these causes, as bitter roots, we humbly offer to your majesty, that we foresee and fear there will necessarily follow very dangerous effects both to church and state; for —

1. The popish religion is incompatible with ours, in respect of their positions.

2. It draweth with it an unavoidable dependency on foreign princes.

3. It openeth too wide a gap for popularity, to any who shall draw too great a party.

4. It hath a restless spirit, and will strive by these gradations. If it once get but a connivance, it will press for a toleration; if that be obtained, they must have an equality; from thence they will aspire to superiority, and will never rest till they get a subversion of the true religion.

wholly unprotected, and every semblance of religious liberty was gradually departing from England. He who was so lately the great conservator of religious liberty, he who had been king, father and brother of his people—he who had set up a pure and eminent standard, in his own transcendent spirit, which had communicated around its zeal, purity, and independence—he who had upheld his own dear country as a star unquenchable with glory high above all human thrones and principalities, for all surrounding nations to imitate, was locked in the sleep of death, the silent tenant of the grave; yes God had removed the candlestick of nations, and gathered in the rays of its beauteous glory. Alas! how soon did the thick darkness return on the land when Henry, the first Plantagenet, ceased to breathe. It was then, while the spirit of freedom slept, that the emissaries of the Vatican stole out from their hiding places and poured poison into the river of life; they stepped silently (as murderers step) and put out the lamps which developed the earthliness and sensuality of the priesthood; and they excited princes and kings with their countless subjects to an occupation of fanaticism and cruelty. All interests and all orders of society became their victims, for they boldly assumed dictatorship, leadership, and even sovereignty over the whole dynasties of Europe.

The conduct of Richard was unlikely to repel this foe to his people; and we regret to say, his example was too readily followed by the other princes of Europe; so that whilst the ascendant and enterprising portion of the people were engaged in a wild and fruitless war, the ordinary and less sensitive, the selfish and avaricious, were left to the government, fashioning, and influence of the Vatican. Every stronghold was occupied, the sedentary and civil talent of the law was bribed, and the very genius of the whole people altered. At such a time as this did the Vatican erect its masterpiece of malignity, its foundation being laid in hell

itself, for its works of horror and abomination have found no parallel in the history of all worlds. With the profoundest blasphemy it assumed the name of "The Holy Inquisition."

This awful establishment obtained the ready approbation of the magnates of the church, and the knights and soldiers of the cross; for it professed to punish the sin of heresy, and protect the rights and property of the church. It was a grave in which thousands of the lovers of God and the freedom of his government, sank in unknown and traceless oblivion. The treasures of the rich, especially the wealthy Jews, rendered them victims. Even kings and princes, and a long list\* of learned and warlike men became its suppliant sufferers. It was the invention of Satan, and indispensable for the propagation of the dire doctrines of this false religion. It is consistent with that faith; and, although the present time denies its open use and its notorious exercise, yet we who have thought much on this subject, believe it is exercised even now in many parts of Christendom, and that there are tens of thousands of Romanists who look for its open re-establishment, as a part of the renewal of the just power and ascendancy of the papacy. We need scarcely argue against a system which is so cruel and secret, that its very ambiguity alarmed even kings and princes, and diffused an abhorrence which disregarded its pretended purpose as unworthy of argument, for they saw men wearing the dress of peace and love, taking away that life which the Creator had given man to glorify him in repentance and obedience.

We dare not attempt any history of the Inquisition, because we consider much detail on the head would be incompatible with the scope and object of this work. We know that an awful tribunal, calling itself the "Holy Inquisition," has existed for several centuries,

\* See Llorente's History, pp. 277, 347, 357.

during which time its powers and influence have caused the torture and death of some hundreds of thousands of our fellow-creatures. We also know, that this tribunal has professed to be actuated by a love of God, and the justification of the mysteries of Christ, and the doctrines of His church; but that its actions have proved that its spirit has been cruel, its motives and end venal. This awful government has been sustained by popes, cardinals, and many subordinate ecclesiastical officers, and sanctioned and patronised by kings and emperors of this world. Its spirit is the spirit of Gehazi. To those of our readers who would wish to trace this evil institution from its foundation, and learn its errors, functions, ministers, pecuniary resources, etc., will appreciate the perusal of those valuable works of Philip of Limborch, and Jean Antoine Llorente. The latter was secretary of the Inquisition, the former was professor of divinity amongst the remonstrants.

The nature of our subject will not permit much detail; and we have thought that the plates or illustrations we have given, will demonstrate some important features of this horrible and demoniacal system. We think few will doubt the cruelty of this establishment, or the blasphemy of calling it holy. The history of the Inquisition and its propagation in various countries of Europe, the variety of its ministers, the many crimes subject to its inquiry, the extraordinary manner of proceeding against the accused, and the list and nature of the punishments, would fill many volumes; but our duty in this work is to endeavour to account for its establishment; and, after furnishing some information as to its practices, leave our readers to determine whether it is of heaven or hell, and what assurance we have that it is now unnecessary for Protestants to use every means in their power to resist the progress of principles and associations which flourished in those days, side by side with scenes of woe, when the Holy



Inquisition executed its direst inflictions on the human family.

We have before expressed our humble opinion, that the Holy Inquisition, and all who approved of it, were guided by the tempter of Christ and the foe of man; and although we are most ready to believe that most modern Catholics would repel the very idea of such an establishment, yet we must tell them, that there is a blindness which can be brought upon them by their leaders which would, ere two generations have passed away, fill their heart with sincere zeal for and quiescent approval of this very institution, in its most horrible and impious activity. The silent and stealthy progression of the sleepless spirit of Paganism works in every element of popery, and is as the spirit of evil, challenging the spirit of true religion to feats of vigilance; and nought but the integrity of Protestantism in the holy life of Protestants can withstand the progress of this malicious foe. Pride and lust are the spirits which generated this awful tribunal; and the love of power tempted the church to subvert its holy vocation, and assume the practices of butchery and barbarity. We will not presume to prejudge the conclusions, which may be better drawn from facts; but we have said, that some yet hope and yearn for the re-establishment of this dreadful power; and when we consider for how many centuries, and up to how very recent a period it has existed, we would adjure our fellow-Protestants to be faithful to the Protestant Church, which is the best security and preventive.

The degrees of torture formally used in the Inquisition were five, which were inflicted in their turn, and are described by Julius Clarus. "Know, therefore," says he, "there are five degrees of torture; firstly, being threatened to be tortured; secondly, being carried to the place of torture; thirdly, the stripping and binding; fourthly, the being hoisted on the rack; fifthly, squassation. This stripping is performed without

any regard to humanity; not only to men, but to women and virgins, the most virtuous and chaste (of whom they have sometimes many in their prisons), for they cause them to be stripped to their shifts; they afterwards take off these, then put on them straight linen drawers, and make their arms naked up to their shoulders. As to squassation, it is thus performed:—the prisoner has his hands bound behind his back and weights tied to his feet; he is then drawn up on high, till his head reaches the pulley; he is kept hanging in this manner for some time, that, by the greatness of the weight at his feet, all the joints of his limbs may be dreadfully stretched, and, on a sudden, by the slackening of the rope, he is let down with a jerk, but kept from coming quite to the ground; by which terrible shock his arms and legs are all dislocated, whereby he is put to the most excruciating pain.”

In the next paragraph he gives a more distinct explanation of this matter, and reckons up three degrees of torture; the first is to terrify, which comprehends not only threatenings of torture, but the being carried to the place of torment, the being stripped and bound, unless such binding shall happen to be too severe and hard, and performed with a twist, as is the custom of most judges. Thus it was practised upon a certain physician of Oleza, who suffered more by being bound than others in the very torture; such binding may be made equal to the torture itself. The second degree is to put to the torture, or to interrogate by torture. This is done by hoisting a person up, and keeping him hanging for a considerable time. The third degree is to torture by squassation, which is performed amongst us by one jerk of the rope; but if the senate commands that the person be well, or severely tortured, they give him two jerks of this rope.

Antonius Drogus, in his annotations, says that you may have the perfect modern practice observed; that

when the senate orders, "Let him be interrogated by torture," the person is lifted, or hoisted up, and not put to squassation. If the senate order, "Let him be tortured," he must then undergo the squassation once, being first interrogated as he is hanging upon the rope and engine. If it orders, "Let him be well tortured," it is understood that he must suffer two squassations. If it orders, "Let him be severely tortured," it is understood of three squassations, at three different times, within an hour. If it says, "very severely," it is understood that it must be done with twisting, and weights at the feet; in this case the senate generally expresses the twisting, or any other particular manner which they intend; and the judge may proceed to every severity short of death. But when it says, "very severely, even unto death," then the criminal's life is in immediate danger. The like method of torture was formally practised in the Inquisition at Toulouse, as appears from several places in the book of sentences. Thus, folio 67, at the end of the sentence of William Sicred, jun., we read, "Nor would he judicially confess concerning the aforesaid, till he was put in gaol and hoisted up a little on the rope." And, in folio 131, we read that William Cavalderii, after a considerable time, revoked what he had before confessed, saying that he confessed nothing concerning heresy, but what was forced from him by the violence of torment. And, finally, in folio 132, in the sentence of Friar Bernard Deliciosi, of the order of minors, amongst other things, this was imputed to him as a crime, that he justified those that were apprehended for heresy, and condemned for it, and ordered to perpetual imprisonment and other punishments; and that though they were true Catholics, they had confessed heresy for themselves and others through the violence of their torments, and were unjustly condemned.

The author of the history of the Inquisition at Goa tells us, that the torture now practised in the Portu-






Figure of Order in Woolen House

guess In this case the  
the months of November



guese Inquisition is exceedingly cruel. He says, "In the months of November and December, I heard every day, in the morning, the cries and groans of those that were put to the question, which is so very cruel, that I have seen several, of both sexes, ever after lame." In this tribunal they regard neither sex, nor age, nor condition of person; but all, without distinction, are tortured, when it is for the interest of this tribunal. The method of torturing, and the degree of torture, now used in the Spanish Inquisition, will be well understood from the history of Isaac Orobio, a Jew, and doctor of physic, who was accused to the Inquisition of being a Jew by a certain Moor, his servant, who had, by his order, before this, been whipped for thieving; and, four years after this, Orobio was again accused by a certain enemy of his, of another fact, which would have proved him a Jew; but he obstinately denied that he was one. The author says, I will here give the account of his torture, as I had it from his own mouth. After three whole years, which he had been in gaol, and several examinations, and the discovery of crimes to him of which he was accused, in order to his confession, and his constant denial of them, he was at length carried out of gaol, and, through several turnings, brought to the place of his torture. This was towards the evening. It was a large underground room, arched, and the walls covered with black hanging. The candlesticks were fastened to the wall, and the whole room enlightened with them. At one end of it there was an enclosed place, which seemed to him as the very mansion of death—everything appearing so terrible and awful. Here the inquisitor again admonished him to confess the truth before his torments began; he answered he had confessed the truth, when the inquisitor gravely protested, that since he was so obstinate as to suffer the torture, the holy office would be innocent if he should shed his blood, or he should even expire in his torments. When he had said this, they put on him





a linen garment, and drew it so close on each side, as almost squeezed him to death. When he was almost dying, they slackened, at once, the sides of the garment; and, after he began to breathe again, the sudden alteration put him to the most grievous anguish. When he had overcome this torture, the same admonition was repeated, that he would confess the truth, in order to prevent further torture. As he persisted in his denial, they tied his thumbs so very tight with small cords, as made their extremities greatly swell, and caused the blood to spurt out from under the nails. After this, he was placed with his back against the wall, and fixed upon a little bench. Into the wall were fastened little iron pulleys, through which ropes were drawn, and tied round his body in several places, especially his arms and legs. The executioner, drawing these ropes with great violence, fastened his body with them to the wall, so that his hands and feet, and especially his feet and toes, being bound so tightly, put him to the most exquisite pain, and seemed to him just as though he had been dissolving in flames. In the midst of these torments, the torturer, on a sudden, drew the bench from under him, so that the miserable wretch hung by the cords, without anything to support him, and, by the weight of his body, drew the knots still tighter. After this a new kind of torture succeeded. There was an instrument like a small ladder, made of two upright pieces of wood, and five cross ones, sharpened on the front edge; this the torturer placed overagainst, and, by a certain proper motion, struck it with great violence against, both his shins, so that he received upon each of them at once five violent strokes, which put him to such intolerable agony, that he fainted away. After this, the torturer tied ropes about Orobio's wrists, and then put those ropes across his own back, which was covered with leather, to prevent him hurting himself; then, falling backwards, and putting his feet up against the wall, he drew them with all his might,





till they cut through Orobio's flesh, even to the very bone; and this torture was repeated thrice, the ropes being tied about his arms, about the distance of two finger's breadth from the former wound, and drawn with the same violence. But it happened that, as the ropes were being drawn the second time, they slid into the first wound, which caused so great an effusion of blood, that he seemed to be dying. Upon this the physician and surgeon, who are always ready, were sent for, out of a neighbouring apartment, to ask their advice whether the torture could be continued without danger of death, lest the ecclesiastical judge should be guilty of an *irregularity*, if the criminal should die in his torments. They, who were far from being enemies to Orobio, answered, that he had strength enough to endure the rest of the torture, and hereby preserved him from having the tortures he had already endured repeated on him, because his sentence was, that he should suffer them all at one time, one after another, so that if at any time they are forced to leave off through fear of death, all the tortures, even those already suffered, must be successively inflicted, to satisfy the sentence. Upon this, the torture was repeated the third time, and then it was ended. Whereupon he was bound up in his own clothes and carried back to his prison—and scarcely healed of his wounds in seventy days. And, inasmuch as he made no confession under his torture, he was condemned, not as one convicted, but suspected of Judaism, to wear, for two whole years, the infamous habit called *Sanbenito*; and, after that term, perpetual banishment from the kingdom of Seville.

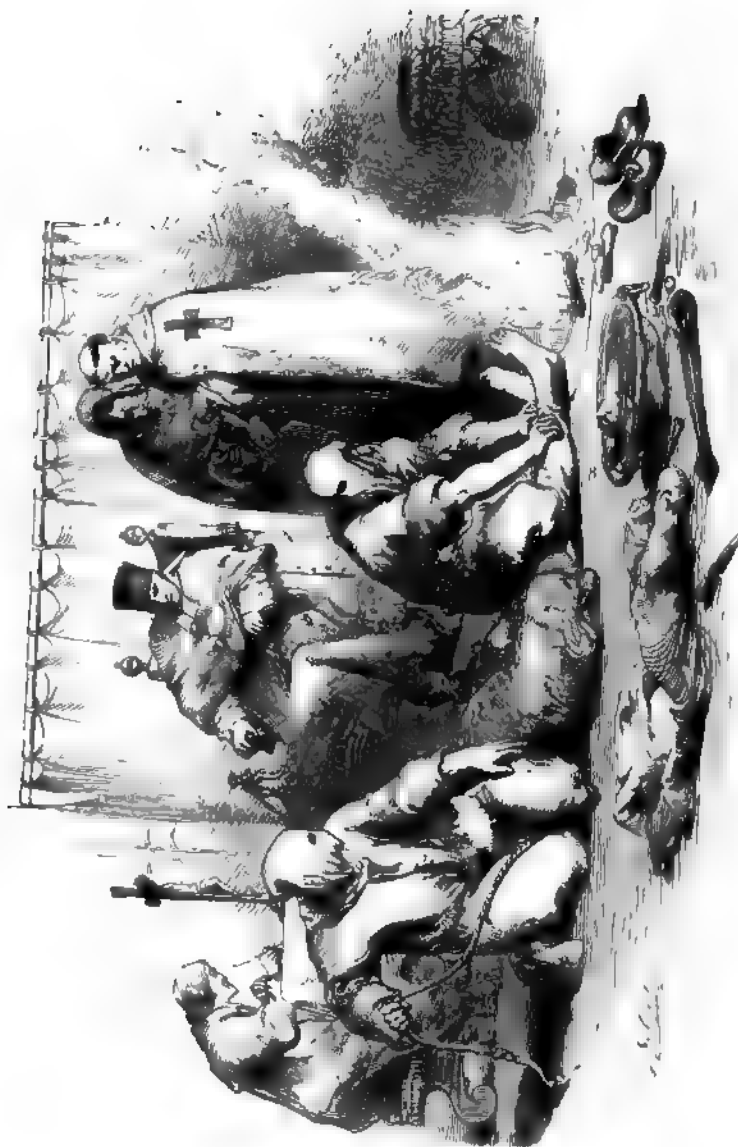
Ernestus Eremundus Frisius, in his history of the Low Countries' disturbances, gives us an account from Gonsalvius of another kind of torture. There is a wooden bench which they call the wooden horse, made hollow like a trough, so as to contain a man lying on his back at full length, about the middle of which there is a round bar laid across, upon which the back of the person is placed, so that he lies upon

the bar, instead of being let into the bottom of the trough; with his feet much higher than his head. As he is lying in this manner his arms, thighs, and shins, are tied round with small cords or strings, which being drawn with screws at proper distances from each other cut him to the very bones, so as to be no longer discerned; besides this, the torturer throws over his mouth and nostrils a thin cloth, so that he is scarce able to breathe, and in the meanwhile a small stream of water like a thread, not drop by drop falls from on high, upon the mouth of the persons lying in this miserable condition, and so easily sinks down the thin cloth to the bottom of his throat; that there is no possibility of breathing, his mouth being stopped with water and his nostrils with the cloth, so that the poor wretch is in the same agonies as persons ready to die and breathing out their last. When this cloth is drawn out of his throat that he may answer to the questions, it is all wet with water and blood, and is like pulling his bowels through his mouth.

There is also another kind of torture peculiar to this tribunal, which they call the fire torture; they order a large iron chafing dish, full of lighted charcoal to be brought in and held close to the soles of the tortured person's feet, which are greased over with lard, so that the heat of the fire pierces through them. This is the inquisition by torture, when there is only half full proof of their crime. However torments are sometimes inflicted upon persons condemned to death as a punishment preceding that of death. Of this we have a remarkable instance, in the case of William Lithgow, *an Englishman*, who as he relates, in his travels was taken up as a spy in Malaga, a city in Spain, and was exposed to the most cruel torments upon the wooden horse. But when nothing could be extorted from him he was delivered to the Inquisition as a heretic; because his journal abounded with blasphemies against the pope and virgin Mary. When he confessed himself a Protestant before the inquisitor,







Torture of Heretic by burning at the stake





he was admonished to convert himself to the Romish church, and was allowed eight days to deliberate upon it. In the meanwhile, the inquisitor and Jesuits came to him often wheedling him, sometimes threatening and reproaching him, and sometimes arguing with him; at length they endeavoured to overcome his constancy by kind assurances and promises, but all in vain. Therefore, as he was immoveably fixed, he was condemned, in the beginning of Lent, to suffer, on the night following, eleven most cruel torments; and after Easter to be carried *privately to Grenada, there to be burnt at midnight, and his ashes scattered into the air.* When the following night came on, his fetters were taken off, then he was stripped naked, put upon his knees, and his hands lifted up by force, after which opening his mouth with iron instruments they filled his belly with water, till it came out of his jaws; then they tied a rope hard about his neck, and in this condition rolled him seven times the length of the room till he was almost strangled; after this they tied a small cord about both his great toes, and hung him up thereby with his head towards the ground, and then cut the rope about his neck, letting him remain in this condition till all the water was discharged out of his mouth, so that he was laid on the ground just dead, and had his irons put on him again. But, by a very singular accident, and contrary to all expectation, he escaped and returned to happy England. But this method of torturing does not belong to this place where we are treating only of the inquisition of a crime not yet fully proved.

But the Inquisition is itself a scene of the most flagitious wickedness as well as cruelty. The Lord's inquisitors make their palaces seraglios, and tear thousands of innocent maidens annually from their parental roofs, under pretence of heretical pravity; but, in reality, to gratify their own licentious practices.

Gavin, in his Master-key to Popery, relates a story (which we believe to be one of thousands,) of a noble Spanish lady who was carried off at the age

of fifteen from her father's house, at midnight, under the charge of heresy, by Don Francisco Torreon, an inquisitor of Saragossa. She was detained in concubinage there eighteen months, and escaped when the French army, in the war of the succession, in 1706, sacked and pillaged that den of iniquity and cruelty. The French officers made prize of the beautiful women found there, and carried them along with them. Madame Faulcaut, for she married the French officer who liberated her, relates that, when she was brought into the Inquisition, she expected nothing but death in the most terrific form. She was, however, surprised at being placed in a "noble room, well furnished, and an excellent bed in it." Here she was alternately coaxed and terrified by the female housekeeper. In order to dispose her to accept of Torreon's embraces, she conducted her into the torture-room, and assured her that the torture of the "dry-pan" awaited her if she did not gratify the *holy* inquisitor's desires. The "dry-pan and gradual fire" are for those who oppose the *holy* father's will and pleasure. They are put naked and alive into the pan, and, the cover of it being locked, the executioner first puts a small fire, and gradually augments it, till the body is reduced to ashes. Thus tutored and terrified, she "forgot the guide of her youth," and became one of the mistresses of Don Francisco. After some months she was placed in a cell along with Donna Leonora, another of his victims, who gave her the following account: "When any of the *holy* fathers has a mind for any of us ladies, the housekeeper comes for her at nine o'clock, and conveys her to his apartment; but, as they have so many, the turn comes may be, once in a month. If any one happens to be pregnant, she is removed into a better chamber, and sees no one till she is delivered. The child is taken away, and we know not what is done with it. If any one happens to be troublesome, she is bitterly chastised, so that we live in continual fear. I have been six years in the Inquisition, and was fourteen years

old when the familiars took me from my father's house; and I have had one child. We are, at present, fifty-two ladies, but I have known as many as seventy-three; and the three colours of our clothes are the distinguishing tokens of the three holy fathers. The red silk belongs to Don Francisco, the blue to Don Guerrero, and the green to Don Aliago. We lose every year seven or eight of our number, but we do not know where they are sent; but, at the same time, others are constantly being added. Our continual torment is, to think that, when the holy fathers are tired of one, *they put her to death*; for they will never run the hazard of their infamy being discovered, by suffering any of us to leave the house; so, though we cannot oppose their commands, and therefore commit so many enormities, yet we still pray to God *and his blessed Mother* to forgive us, since it is against our wills, and to preserve us from the most cruel deaths, in this house, that we are guilty of them."

Such are amongst the dreadful and fiend-like occupations and practices of the chief servants of popery, when that imposture is in power. We expect some may pronounce our statements exaggerated; but, we regret to say, our feeble pen could not pourtray one hundredth part of the foul, debasing and inhuman practices of our fallen nature, to which the system of popery furnishes a shield and curtain. We admit that some of such practices cannot be the acts of any religionists, nor be avowed by any hierarchy, however fabulous and pagan, yet we believe that popery approves of all systems of torture and inquisition, and that the secrecy with which it permits its administrations enables its incarnate officers to indulge every sin which degrades man. O women of England, we beseech you to use your sweet and lovely influence—against that imposture which yearns especially for your smile and approval; let your benignant intelligence and example be on the side of truth, and let your silver voices proclaim your adherence to God and your country.

Remember the records of the Holy Inquisition have proved that innocent girls, who have been seduced at confession to take the veil, have afterwards been (by the intrigues of abbesses and other familiars) brought before the secret Inquisition, under some pretended charge of heresy, and, of course, detained in that den of whoredom and murder; and, when beauty has faded and health has sunk under the weight of anguish and woe, their lives have been suddenly concluded by some refined piece of barbarity, and their poor bodies hidden away, whilst their relatives and friends have not dared to make enquiries for them.

At present—mark these words—we say at present, you may worship God according to His Word, and free from the dictates of the works of the Fathers. At present, you and your offspring, your loved and loving children, may surround you and kneel with you at the altar of the true God. At present, your daughters may grow in age and beauty, and confess to the God of their lives those sins which no mortal ear should hear—sins of the eye, sins of the searching eye, that mystic inlet to the brain; and they may ask all their sins to be blotted out with the righteous hand of heaven, as though they had never sinned. Fathers, mothers, countrymen, and lovers, stand up and praise God that you and I and all that have sinned may be forgiven without the intervention or knowledge of man. Think of the degradation which popery casts upon man, and, occasionally, on lovely woman. To err is mortal; to forgive, divine: then whence this hydra-headed monster—confession\*—auricular confession—this wily invention of popery. In the confessional the thrones of kings have been undermined,† murders have been rendered untraceable, husbands have been violently torn from their families and put to death; whilst wives and daughters have been seduced to

\* Appendix, No. XXII.

† Romanists affirm that, in some cases, it is proper and lawful to communicate what is stated at confession, especially if it relates to the Roman Church (see Panorm. de Pæn).







A Young Girl taking the Veil and being delivered to the church





disobedience by men calling themselves holy.\* This is but the partial system of the slavery of popery. By this system of espionage, in the confessional, secrets of ministers of State have been explored, kings have been dethroned and secretly destroyed,† traitors have been born, sin has made its first impress on the sweet mind of woman in her ardent early days. The flower of youth has been blighted by the pestiferous breath of foul-mouthed monsters who knew the confidings of enthusiastic woman, the progression of sin, and the channels of the mind of youth.‡ Come forth, ye monsters, from those graves your bodies have polluted, give back to those lovely daughters of Spain that cheerfulness, that health, that innocence, that hope, which, in one polluting moment, you tore away with the talons of your insatiable lusts. Spain, Portugal, Italy, where are some of your sunny children of beauty who fell into the greedy jaws—into the meshes and dreadful abyss of the great whoredom of popery. A modern writer says, “Auricular confession, like purgatory§ was an invention to keep the people in subjection to the priesthood; and many are the awful consequences of the system (see Stephens’s Popery, p. 166). Of Erin’s daughters, how many thousands

\* Appendix, No. XXIII.

† All Europe believes that the Holy Inquisition demanded the life of Don Carlos, the son of Philip II., and that the infatuated papist handed him over to their power. He was put to death by slow poison, which gradually destroyed his blood. The physician employed was Olivares; but some have said that the final and most deadly poison was administered by the beloved tutor of his childhood in the sacramental wafer (see Llorente’s Hist. p. 407). See Louis Cabrea’s Hist. of Philip II.; also Watson’s History of the Life of Carlos, and De Thou, vol. ii. b. 43, and Llorente’s History of the Inquisition, wherein all the horrible detail of this masterpiece of murder and fanaticism is fully set out. This latter work gives the trials, tortures and deaths of many hundreds of noble, rich, beautiful and learned persons, whose lives and conduct attracted the malice of the papal council; and we would strongly recommend the perusal of Llorente and the more extensive work of the judicious Limborch.

‡ Turberville’s Roman Catechism says, if there is any part of the sins withheld by the party confessing, he lies to the Holy Ghost.

§ Appendix, No. XXIV.

are yearly sinking into the immoral and infamous toils of Romanism. Albion's daughters, why so giddy, vain, and unsuspicious? You, even you, may one day be taken from your happy homes into fastnesses of wild enthusiasm, and thence to polluting sin, where the strong arm of your brave fathers and brothers may never reach. We concede to you that mere Romanism has palpable barbarity and blasphemy marked on its forehead, sufficiently to warn the inexperienced, but the modern serpent, Tractarianism, may deceive you and rob you of hope and peace. Do not dandle with this new model of paganism, or it will seize you and dart away with you into the pit of destruction. It may call itself tractarianism or any *ism*, but it is another ally of popery, wearing a mask, and, if you watch its track, its progress, and its associates, you will not have much doubt where its den is. We would especially warn our countrymen against the sudden though apparently hearty denunciations against popery, recently made by some of the chief dignitaries of the Protestant Church—Protestantism requires sound and faithful friends, not sleeping warders. At present, it even warmly denies its parentage and birth-place; but watch it when it seizes its prey, and you may discern it stealing along to the residence of the Mother of Harlots! As the tigress proudly takes her prey to her den, so do the tractarian priests take their young proselytes to Rome, to the feet of their master. Consider the fowler; he hides afar off, and places singing birds with beautiful plumage, around, to allure the happy, giddy songsters, whose freedom tempts them everywhere. But list—one joins in the song of the hireling birds; a little while he hops about between freedom's wide expanse, and the dark narrow cell of slavery—once more his gallant note plays in the neighbouring wood, companion with the breeze, and breaks upon the arched form of heaven's high throne. How near to slavery and death he little thinks! The

imprisoned songsters emulate each other to allure him. In the trance of their enchantments he steps with heedless gait, and forgets the caution of freedom's children. O see, the hidden fowler moves on apace—hark, the net has fallen, and the child of freedom is locked in the arms of slavery and death. Tractarianists are these hireling birds who chant false lays, which sound of liberty, but lead to slavery and death. The young proselyte of tractarianism is the little bird entrapped by the cruel fowler. Then ye who may chant the notes of the freedom of the gospel, give no ear to the voice of the works of the Fathers, however charmingly this lately revived delusion may sound, for it is but man (our fallen nature), once more struggling for the vantage ground with God. It is earth again defying heaven. It is the meek mission of popery. It is treason against Queen Victoria, and rebellion whispering to loyal hearts. It is an old-fashioned deception dressed up in new rags. It is wicked Cain watching for the moment to strike the murderous blow upon his unsuspecting brother.

We will no longer address the fair and lovely ladies of England. We must turn to the truly dangerous foes of Protestantism—those who have forgotten the mission they undertook—those who have created all the mischiefs, and have been unfaithful to their Great Master—have denied their Master, and are ambitious again to crucify the holy Jesus; those who have received their hire, but have deserted their duty! Who are we reproaching? They are to be found amongst the disciples of Christ, whilst they are denying Him. They bear the name of Protestant clergymen but are Papists—they are the children of Ignatius Loyola, bearing poison and poignards to destroy the spirit and heart of Protestantism. They affect a sublime reverence for the works of the fathers, whilst they insult God and his Son Jesus. They direct the eye of faith to the works of men in preference to the works and Word of God. It is no answer to say their

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churches are proprietary; for the tractarian priests obtained possession of the pulpits of Protestantism, and the confidence of the congregations, in the guise and by the solemn adjurations of Protestant priests. They are now feeding on the glebe of Protestantism, and watching for an occasion to avow the extent of their rebellion. They are the unfaithful priests who still rest under the protection of that Church which they are daily insulting, and against whose prosperity they are ever conniving.

O stay, remember the priests of Baal—false shepherds, stay, for ye may ruin some—lull thousands of souls into the sleep of death—but know, for all these things you will be brought to judgment. Your vanity and puerility may exceed the apparent indignation of your fellow-creatures, but God and your country pronounce you guilty—guilty of the blood-guiltiness of the precious souls of men! Yes, those very men for whom you are pledged to be accountable. Is this language offensive? Dare any man, understanding your conduct, speak less plainly? If he dare, he is a flatterer, or is already smitten with the pestiferous plague of the Mother of Harlots!

Once more listen! Your fellow-countrymen call to you to return to your first love, and give up this harlotry—this mummary—this form and fashion—so insulting to the transcendant nature of Spirit. O, go not out of this quickly passing world, chargeable with the loss of thousands of souls entrusted to your care, lest you may, through all eternity, bear in your once religious and loyal hearts that dreadful anguish which will burn in the spirits of those who have insulted “Him” who is “mighty to save.”

Return! Return! And you may yet be forgiven by your injured queen, and be loved and honored by England's grateful people, and at last stand before God your Maker as faithful stewards, and receive from His kind forgiving hand the crown to be for ever worn by the true soldier of the cross.

# APPENDIX.

## No. I.—MEDICAL LORE.

Forshal, in his Notes to the various Travels, gives a description of three kinds of leprosy. It appears, by Dr. Mason Good, that a variety of recipes were collected from the use of fruits, plants, and roots, from which the first principles of medicine were deduced; but that, even amongst the comparatively advanced nations, such as the Egyptians and Babylonians, there were no physicians; but the custom was, to expose the sick in public places, that those who passed by might be induced to communicate the processes or medicines which had been useful to them in similar cases. In process of time, patients were taken to the temples, not only as places of public resort, but in the expectation of assistance from the god of the temple. The temple of Serapis was often resorted to for that purpose by the Egyptians, and that of Æsculapius by the Greeks. Thus the matter very gradually came into the hands of the priests, who at length obtained vast information, by tending the various cases brought to their respective temples. The priests, or rather the lower class of them, kept a register in the temple of all cases, and the remedies applied. The cures were necessarily very many, and the glory was given to the god to whom the temple might be dedicated. Herodotus says, there were physicians for separate parts of the body—for the eye, the ear, the teeth, the stomach, etc. It is generally agreed that the Egyptian priests were the first to bring into a system the loose facts which former ages had collected.

It is thought by some writers, not, perhaps, without reason, that the worship of Æsculapius, the god of physic, under the form of a serpent, was derived from some tradition concerning this animal, that the sight of it made the bruised whole.

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## No. II.—SUPREMACY AND INFALLIBILITY.

For a detailed account of these subjects, see App. No. IV.

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## No. III.—ADRIAN'S BULL.

“ Adrian, servant of the servants of God, to his son in Christ Jesus,  
Henry, King of England.

“ Sends Greeting, and Apostolical Benediction. The desire your Magnificence expresses to advance the glory of your name on earth, and to obtain in heaven the price of eternal happiness, deserves, no

doubt, great commendations. As a good Catholic Prince, you are very careful to enlarge the borders of the Church ; to spread the knowledge of the truth among the barbarous and the ignorant ; and to pluck up vice by the roots in the field of the Lord :—and in order to this you apply to us for countenance and direction. We are confident, therefore, that by the blessing of the Almighty, your undertaking will be crowned with a success suitable to the noble motive which sets you upon it ; for whatever is taken in hand from a principle of Faith and Religion, never fails to succeed. It is certain, as you yourself acknowledge, that Ireland, as well as all other islands which have the happiness to be enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, and have submitted to the doctrines of Christianity, are unquestionably St. Peter's right, and belong to the jurisdiction of the Roman Church. We judge, therefore, after maturely considering the enterprise you propose to us, that it will be proper to settle in that island, colonies of the faithful who may be well pleasing to God. You have advertised us, most dear son in Christ, of your design of an expedition into Ireland, to subject the island to just laws, and to root out vice which has long flourished there. You promised to pay us out of every house, and to maintain the rights of the Church without the least detriment or diminution. Upon which promise, giving a ready ear to your request, We consent and allow that you make a descent in that island, to enlarge the bounds of the Church, to check the progress of immorality, to reform the manners of the natives, and to promote the growth of virtue and the Christian religion. We exhort you to do whatsoever you think proper to advance the honour of God and the salvation of the people, whom we charge to submit to your jurisdiction, and own you for their sovereign lord : provided always, that the rights of the Church are inviolably preserved, and the Peter-pence duly paid. If, therefore, you think fit to put your design in execution, labour above all things to improve the inhabitants of the island in virtue. Use both your own, and the endeavours of such as you shall judge worthy to be employed in this work ; that the Church of God be enriched more and more, that religion flourish in the country, and that the things tending to the honour of God and salvation of souls be in such manner disposed as may entitle you to an eternal reward in heaven, and an immortal fame on earth.

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#### NO. IV.—ECCLESIASTICAL SUPREMACY.

The whole superstructure of popery, as Moody justly says, is founded on the assumption, that St. Peter was the first bishop of Rome ; that he was invested with supreme and infallible authority ; and that the popes are his successors by Divine appointment. But before the pope's claim of being the successor of St. Peter can be established, it must be proved that St. Peter *was* the first diocesan bishop of Rome, that he lived and died there, and bequeathed his authority and infallibility to the pope. In the New Testament are

two catholic epistles written by St. Peter; yet not one word of this is found in either of them. Now if, upon examination, the papal supremacy be found insupportable by historical evidence, either sacred or profane, then the Romanist has nothing more than a mere conjecture or vague report for the foundation of his faith.

Archbishop Usher says of the pope's supremacy, "Upon this one point the Romanists do hazard their whole cause, acknowledging the standing or falling of their church absolutely to depend there-upon"—(Preface to Speech on the Oath of Supremacy). Bishop Morton says, the supremacy is "the chief arch, and, as we may say, the highest pinnacle of their Romish temple, the beginning and the end of our controversics, the pillar and foundation of the Romish Church" (Prot. Appeal, lib. v.). Professor Dodwell says, "To this one are reduced all the disputes between us."

We know that Peter founded many churches, and could it be proved that the Church of Rome was one of them, which has never been done, yet the Roman pontiff could no more claim to be "The successor of the blessed Peter, prince of the Apostles, and the vicar of Jesus Christ," than the bishops of the *other* churches founded by St. Peter.

Let us inquire whether there be any historical testimony that St. Peter was the first diocesan bishop of Rome. It is certain, that no intimation of this is to be found in any of the writers of the first three centuries; and if they are silent respecting Peter's Roman Episcopate, it never can be established from the fabrications of a later period; but although we find *no* testimony *for* it we *have some* *against* it.

Irenæus, who gives a list of twelve successive Roman bishops, says, "The Church of Rome was jointly founded by the two Apostles, Peter and Paul; when the two Apostles had thus jointly founded it, they jointly delivered the episcopate of the newly founded society to Linus" (Iren. adv. Hær. lib. iii. c. 5). The testimony of Irenæus is of so great antiquity, that it demands particular attention: the work against heresies just quoted was published A.D. 175, or between seventy and eighty years after the death of St. John. Linus, not Peter, is here mentioned as the first bishop of Rome. Irenæus, in his list of Roman bishops, places Linus as the first. Yet the Romanists pretend, upon the authority of the Fathers, that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome. The ancient author of the "Apostolic Constitutions," which Whiston defended as the genuine writings of the Apostles, also gives a list of the primitive bishops of Rome, and names Linus as the first; he says, "Linus was consecrated the first bishop of the Roman Church," adding, "not by Peter but by Paul" (Constit. Apost. lib. vii. c. 46). This latter clause is evidently intended to counteract an opinion which prevailed, that Peter was present at Linus's consecration, and which the writer knew had no evidence to support it. Had Peter been at Rome at this period, he would undoubtedly have been present at so important a ceremony: his name, in the above quotation from Irenæus, is probably an inter-



polation ; for the first book only of this Author is now extant in the original Greek, and of the rest we have only a barbarous Latin version.

We beg to observe that Linus's consecration is not here spoken of as an ascertained fact ; the first bishop might have been Clement or Cletus, or even some individual whose name is not recorded ; for during that period of horrid persecution, the most awful confusion must have prevailed ; and many records undoubtedly perished. Eusebius himself, who became bishop of Cæsarea, A.D. 315, expressly owns, that it was not agreed among the learned in his day, who were the first seven bishops of Rome, and that there was great uncertainty as to the succession of bishops in most of the ancient sees : it appears, then, that the uncertainty which exists now existed more than one thousand five hundred years ago.

The observations of Duchêsne, the historian of the king of France, on this subject, may be considered important, as he was a papist. " It is very difficult to say who have been the immediate successors of St. Peter, seeing that the greatest and most ancient writers of the church speak of it differently. Tertullian, Jerome in some places, and many of the Latins, place Clement after him, and make Clement second. Irenæus, on the other hand, Eusebius, Optatus, and some others, unanimously testify, that Linus, his disciple and coadjutor, succeeded him."

If the Romanists are in doubt as to the *second* link of the papal succession, what evidence have they of the *first* ? for three centuries rolled away before a word was written respecting St. Peter's Roman episcopate. We are, therefore, surprised to find it asserted in the writings of Jerome and others, that St. Peter was bishop of Rome five and twenty years, particularly as this is irreconcilable with the history of the Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistles ! Indeed, the whole affair, so far as tradition goes, is shrouded in obscurity. Those profound scholars, Scaliger, Salmasius, and Frederick Spanheim, as well as several other learned men, have denied that St. Peter ever was at Rome ; and of course the *onus probandi* lies with the papists to prove the affirmative, a point that has hitherto baffled their most refined ingenuity to accomplish, and ever will, for both sacred and profane history are against them.

Scaliger, who was esteemed the most learned man of his age, says, " As for the coming of Peter to Rome, his Roman episcopate of twenty-five years, and his final martyrdom at Rome, no man whose head can boast a grain of *common sense*, will believe a single syllable" (Scalig. in Johan xviii. 31).

That the *supremacy* of the Roman pontiff was unknown at the beginning of the fourth century, may be inferred from the following quotation from St. Jerome :—" Ubicunque fuerit episcopus, sive Romæ, sive Engabii, sive Constantinopoli, sive Rhegii, sive Alexandriæ, sive Thanis, ejusdem meriti, ejusdem est sacerdotii ; potentia divitiarum, et paupertatis humilitas, vel sublimiorem vel inferiorem episcopum non facit ; cæterum omnes apostolorum successores sunt."

Hier. Ep. 85. (ad Evagr.) “Wherever there is a bishop, be it at Rome, at Eugabium, at Constantinople, or at Rhegium, at Alexandria, or at Thanis, he is of the same worth and of the same priesthood; the power of wealth and the lowliness of poverty render not a bishop high or low; for all of them are successors of the Apostles.” During the first six centuries, no church believed the bishop of Rome to be universal bishop, and no pope claimed such a pre-eminence; and this is evident from the fact, that in the first General Council, held at Nice in 325, summoned by the emperor, the bishops of Alexandria and Antioch were declared to have, *according to custom*, the same authority over the churches subordinate to them, that the bishops of Rome had over those that lay about that city; and that, in the sixth century, when John, the bishop of Constantinople, assumed to himself the title of Universal Bishop, Pelagius II. and Gregory I., both bishops of Rome, protested against him.

It must, however, be remarked upon the quotation just given from St. Jerome, that the apostles—as apostles—have no successors at all; this is allowed even by Bellarmine:—“Bishops do not properly succeed the apostles, because the apostles were not ordinary, but extraordinary, and, as it were, delegate pastors, who have no successors. Bishops have no part of the true apostolic authority,” etc.

I now proceed to show, from the Holy Scriptures, that we have no reason to believe that St. Peter ever was at Rome; that he certainly never was invested with a supremacy over the other apostles; and that, if he ever visited the imperial capital, he did not become its diocesan bishop. Three years after St. Paul’s conversion we find him at *Jerusalem* (Gal. i. 18): he was there also when Herod died; and he was present at the Council of Jerusalem, as this assembly is generally denominated.

When St. Paul penned his epistle to the Romans, St. Peter must have resided among them about sixteen years, if he became their bishop A.D. 44, the period generally fixed by the papists. But, if the Roman Christians had been so long under the instructions of this distinguished apostle, and which were still continued to them, is it probable that St. Paul would have sent them an epistle, seeing this church was so well provided for, and having many others to engage his attention? Yet, he says, “For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established” (Rom. i. 11). “And I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another. Nevertheless, brethren, I have written the more boldly unto you in some sort, as putting you in mind, because of the grace that is given to me of God” (Rom. xv. 14, 15). St. Paul here tells his Christian brethren at Rome, that they were “able to admonish one another;” yet, nevertheless, he will “put them in mind,” &c.; language not to be reconciled with St. Peter’s presence among them. The apostle speaks of their ability to admonish, but says nothing of St. Peter’s.

In the last chapter of this epistle, St. Paul sends salutations to

many of the members of the church, commencing with Priscilla and Aquila, his "fellow-helpers in Christ Jesus," but does not mention Peter, which he certainly would have done had Peter been at Rome. Peter's commission was to instruct his Jewish brethren scattered abroad; and this required him to travel, which was wholly inconsistent with his assuming the episcopal office at Rome. In Acts xviii. 2, we read, "And found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy with his wife Priscilla; (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome :) and came unto them." St. Peter, then, was not at Rome during the reign of Claudius.

Nor have we a word respecting him when St. Paul arrived at Rome; for he says, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge" (2 Tim. iv. 16). It was the custom of the Romans, when a person was tried for any crime, to permit his friends to be present, to encourage and assist him; this St. Peter would have done had he been there. From Acts xxviii. 15, it appears the Roman Christians came to meet him "as far as Appii Forum, and The three taverns:" but when they perceived they were in danger of suffering with the apostle, having no desire to wear the crown of martyrdom, they forsook him. St. Paul's prayer in the passage just quoted, intimates that their sin was great; he, therefore, implores for them the Divine forgiveness. Had St. Peter been at Rome, he would have entertained St. Paul at his house; but in the sixteenth verse, it is said, "Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him;" and at the twenty-third verse, we find he was in a lodging. "There came many to him unto his lodging." Not a word of Peter; the circumstances of the narrative demonstrate that this apostle was not at Rome at the time they took place; nor when the second epistle to Timothy, just quoted, was penned. The apostle's course was then nearly finished, and he concludes this, his last epistle, in the following words:—"Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren. The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Grace be with you. Amen." In this salutation, not a word about *Peter*; yet Linus is mentioned. ●

Was Peter at Rome when Paul wrote his epistle to the Colossians? If the Romanist should dare to say Yes, the reader may refute his lie by turning to the fourth chapter of that epistle, ver. 10. and 11. "Aristarchus my fellow-prisoner saluteth you, and Marcus, and Jesus, which is called Justus, who are of the circumcision. *These only are my fellow-workers* unto the kingdom of God, which have been a comfort unto me." Observe this epistle was written from Rome, A.D. 64, about two years before the *death* of St. Peter.

In short, we defy the Romanist to adduce a single verse from the New Testament that even implies that St. Peter was ever at Rome.

Let us next consider that passage in the Gospel by St. Matthew, which the Romanists advance to prove, that St. Peter was invested with the supremacy, etc. Matt. xvi. 18. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," etc.

We do not attach much importance to the authority of the fathers, for the papists have not only corrupted the text of the genuine fathers, but have also fabricated spurious treatises, and published them as their genuine works. Dr. James has *proved* that no less than 187 treatises have been forged by the papists, and attempted to be palmed on the world as the genuine works of ancient writers (see Lathbury's *State of Popery and Jesuitism in England*). But in spite of these corruptions, it is easy to show, with respect to the above passage in Matthew's Gospel, that the primitive fathers never imagined, as the papists do, that our Lord meant that his church was to be built on Peter and his pretended successors, and not on himself. Take the following quotation from St. Augustine:—  
 “Super hanc petram confessus es, super meipsum Filium Dei vivi, ædificabo ecclesiam meam. Super me ædificabo, non super te” (De Verbis Dom. Serm. 13). “Upon this rock which thou hast confessed, upon myself the son of the living God, I will build my church. I will build thee upon myself, and not myself on thee.” St. Augustine again says, that the church in this world is shaken with divers temptations, as with showers, floods, and tempests, yet faileth not because it is built upon the Rock (Petra), from whence Peter took his name. The Rock is not called Petra from Peter, but Peter is called from *petra* the rock; as Christ is not so called from Christian, but Christian from Christ. Therefore, said the Lord, upon this Rock I will build my church, because Peter had said, Thou art Christ the son of the living God. Upon this Rock which thou hast confessed, will I build my church. For Christ himself was the Rock, on which foundation Peter himself was built. “For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ” (Tract. 124 in Johan).

Granville Sharpe observes, that the first term in the text, *petros* or Peter, signifies only a stone, and that it, therefore, represents one out of a multitude of believers; and that the second term, *petra* or rock, is the title often applied to the Supreme Being in Scripture, and, therefore, not applicable to any mere man. He adds, that whatever was the language in which our Lord spoke to his disciples, the Greek record is our authoritative instructor. Hales also says, that our Lord referred to himself as the Rock. Lightfoot considers that the words concerning the rock are from Isa. xxviii. 16, which can only be interpreted of Christ.

If we turn to the Greek Testament we shall find that the word *πετρα* is employed to signify a rock. See Luke vi. 48; viii. 6, 13; Rev. vi. 15, 16; Matt. vii. 24, 25; Rom. ix. 33; 1 Cor. x. 4. In the New Testament *πετρος* is only used as the surname of Simeon; for the word *λιθος* is employed to signify a stone. In Greek authors, while *πετρα* always signifies a rock, or a massive portion of a rock, *πετρος* is simply a stone, equivalent to *λιθος*. This distinction is made by Parkhurst and Schrevælius. In Ernesti's edition of Homer, there are twenty-four references to the word *πετρα* in the index; in all the passages referred to, it signifies a *rock*. But in Hom. Iliad,

η. 270, π 411, 734, υ. 288, πέτρος signifies a stone thrown by the hand. In Pindar, in the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, and Hesiod, the same distinction is recognised. If our Lord had intended the person of Peter for the rock, a learned divine has remarked, he would have expressed it plainly, σὺ εἶ πέτρος καὶ ἐπὶ σοὶ, Thou art a rock, and on *the* will I build.

It must further be observed, that the question which led to Peter's answer was put to all the apostles; he, therefore, must be considered as answering for all; and if Peter was a foundation-stone, it is evident, from Eph. ii. 20, that all the apostles and all the prophets too were equally foundation-stones. So says Cardinal Cusa, in his treatise *Catholicâ Concordia*, lib. ii. c. 13.

It has now been shewn, that we have no historical evidence for St. Peter's Roman episcopate; that the early fathers knew nothing of it; that according to them, Linus or Clement, not Peter, was the first bishop of Rome; that the ancient author of the "Apostolic Constitutions," says, that Linus was consecrated, not by *Peter*, but by *Paul*; that, according to Eusebius and others, it is not agreed *who* were the first seven bishops of Rome; that Scaliger, and other learned men, have denied that St. Peter ever was at Rome, and that the pretended primacy of the bishop of Rome was unknown in the days of St. Jerome. It has also been shown, that the Holy Scriptures give not the least hint that St. Peter ever visited the Roman capital, or that he ever was invested with the primacy; that St. Peter's commission as an apostle was incompatible with his being a resident bishop; that his name is not to be found among the salutations in the last chapter of the Romans; that he was not at Rome in the reign of Claudius, nor there, when St. Paul arrived, to assist him at his first answer; that there is not a word respecting Peter in any of the epistles that St. Paul wrote from Rome during his confinement; that when he wrote his epistle to the Colossians, Aristarchus, Marcus, and Jesus were his *only* fellow-workers; that the gospel of the circumcision was given to Peter, which would lead him to travel in search of his scattered brethren; that his presence at Rome was not needed, where St. Paul, with his fellow-helpers, were so eminently successful as to win over to the faith some of Cæsar's household. It has also been shewn, that the texts produced by the church of Rome to prove St. Peter's supremacy do not prove it, but have a very different meaning; that, even according to St. Augustine, the "Rock," in Matt. xvi. 18, is *Christ* and not *Peter*. We, therefore, perceive that the claims of the pope are contrary to the written word of God, and that the papist has nothing more than *mere conjecture or vague report* for the *foundation* of his faith.

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#### No. V.—CONSTITUTIONS OF CLARENDON.

1. If any dispute shall arise concerning the advowson and presentation of churches, between laymen, or between ecclesiastics and

laymen, or between ecclesiastics, let it be tried and determined in the court of our lord the king.

2. Ecclesiastics arraigned and accused of any matter, being summoned by the king's justiciary, shall come into his court, to answer there, concerning that which it shall appear to the king's court is cognizable there; and shall answer in the ecclesiastical court concerning that which it shall appear is cognizable there; so that the king's justiciary shall send to the court of holy church, to see in what manner the cause shall be tried there; and if an ecclesiastic shall be convicted, or confess his crime, the church ought not any longer to give him protection.

3. It is unlawful for archbishops, bishops, and any dignified clergymen of the realm, to go out of the realm without the king's license; and if they shall go, they shall, if it so please the king, give security that they will not, either in going, staying, or returning, procure any evil or danger to the king or to the kingdom.

4. Persons excommunicated ought not to give any security by way of deposit, or take any oath, but only find security and pledge to stand to the judgment of the church, in order to absolution.

5. No tenant in chief of the king, nor any of the officers of his household, or of his demesne, shall be excommunicate, nor shall the lands of any of them be put under an interdict, unless application shall first have been made to our lord the king, if he be in the kingdom, or, if he be out of the kingdom, to his justiciary, that he may do right concerning such person; and in such manner, as that what shall belong to the king's court shall be there determined, and what shall belong to the ecclesiastical court shall be sent thither, that it may there be determined.

6. Concerning appeals, if any shall arise, they ought to proceed from the archdeacon to the bishop, and from the bishop to the archbishop: and, if the archbishop shall fail in doing justice, the cause shall at last be brought to our lord the king, that, by his precept, the dispute may be determined in the archbishop's court; so that it ought not to proceed any further without the consent of our lord the king.

7. If there shall arise any dispute between an ecclesiastic and a layman, or between a layman and an ecclesiastic, about any tenement, which the ecclesiastic pretends to be held in frank almoigne, and the layman pretends to be a lay fee, it shall be determined before the king's chief justice, by the trial of twelve lawful men, whether the tenement belongs to frank almoigne, or is a lay fee; and if it be found to be frank almoigne, then it shall be pleaded in the ecclesiastical court; but if a lay fee, then in the king's court; unless both parties shall claim to hold of the same bishop or baron: but if both shall claim to hold the said fee under the same bishop or baron, the plea shall be in his court, provided that, by reason of such trial, the party who was first seized shall not lose his seisin, till it shall have been finally determined by the plea.



8. Whosoever is of any city, or castle, or borough, or demesne, or manor, of our lord the king, if he shall be cited by the archdeacon or bishop for any offence, and shall refuse to answer to such citation, it is allowable to put him under an interdict; but he ought not to be excommunicated before the king's chief officer of the town be applied to, that he may, by due course of law, compel him to answer accordingly; and if the king's officer shall fail therein, such officer shall be at the mercy of our lord the king, and then the bishop may compel the person accused by ecclesiastical justice.

9. Pleas of debt, whether they be due by faith solemnly pledged, or without faith so pledged, belong to the king's judicature.

10. When an archbishopric, or bishopric, or abbey, or priory, of royal foundation, shall be vacant, it ought to be in the hands of our lord the king, and he shall receive all the rents and issues thereof, as of his demesne; and when that church is to be supplied, our lord the king ought to send for the principal clergy of that church, and the election ought to be made in the king's chapel, with the assent of our lord the king, and the advice of such of the prelates of the kingdom as he shall call for that purpose; and the person elect shall there do homage and fealty to our lord the king, as his liege lord of life, limb, and worldly honour (saving his order), before he be consecrated.

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#### NO. VI. — ABSOLUTION.

This subject has created much vituperation and contention amongst the churches of the world. The broad distinction seems to lie between the Romish Church and the High Protestant Church of England. For the simple observations here intended, it will not be desirable to notice the dissensions in the present English Protestant Church.

From the best examination we have been able to make, we understand the Romish Church to allege, that Absolution, or the power of absolving sins, is a grace resident in every Catholic priest; and that such absolution may be granted or sold at any moment, and this without regard to the will and word of God, or the state of the heart of the applicant. We are aware that such a general power as this is denied by many; but the history of this church, and its constant practice, prove that the priests are, and have ever been, in the habit of selling absolution, either to enrich themselves, or the general coffers of their church.

The Church of England holds a doctrine bearing the same name, but widely different in its nature. The great authority for absolution under the English Church is to be found in Samuel xii. 13: "And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy

sin ;” thus declaring to the royal penitent, that God was willing to put away the sin, when truly repented of.

This is the simple doctrine of the Protestant Church, that penitence and confession are necessary to obtain absolution or forgiveness of sin, such confession and penitence being towards God and not to man. The sins of the truly repentant are washed away by the blood of Christ, as though they had never been ; and this is the only true absolution, being wiped out of the book of remembrance by God’s own hand.

#### No. VII.—SCHISM.

“That there may be no schism in the body,” 1 Corinthians, xii. 25. The words Schism and Heresy have created as many disputes as the word Church ; and there have been many violent arguments for many hundreds of years, and almost innumerable books have been written, concerning these words. This dispute was at a great height when the separation of the Reformed Church from the Romish took place. This is a charge which the Church of England, scarcely free from the charge herself, never failed to bring against all that separate from her. But it is observable, that such controversies have done little good—these disputes have produced no result—because they were needless ; and even yet the meaning of the words Schism and Heresy has never been settled. The Roman Catholic defines schism to be a separation from the Church of Rome, and the Reformed Church deems it to consist in a separation from the Church of England : thus they stumble on the threshold. It is not a separation from a church, but a separation in a church. The words of St. Paul to the Church of Corinth are—“ I beseech you, brethren, by the name of the Lord Jesus, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no schism among you” (the original word is *σχίσμα*). The word Heresy has been strangely distorted for many centuries, as if it meant erroneous opinions—opinions contrary to the faith delivered to the saints ; and this has been made a pretext for destroying cities, depopulating countries, and shedding seas of blood ; although this word has not the least reference to opinions right or wrong. It simply means, divisions into parties in a religious community ; and wherever it occurs in Scripture, it is so evident. In the 1st of Corinthians, 11th chapter, St. Paul says—“ I hear that there are schisms [*marg.*] among you, and I partly believe it,” verse 18 ; and at verse 19, “ for there must be heresies among you, that they, which are approved among you, may be made manifest.” As if he had said, “ the wisdom of God permits it so to be for this end, for the clear manifestation of those whose hearts are right with him.” A contrary argument has been raised by some, from the words of St. Peter, the 1st verse of whose 2d Epistle says—“ There



shall be among you false teachers, who will bring in damnable heresies, denying the Lord that bought them." We contend that this only means "they will bring in, or occasion, destructive parties or sects, who deny the Lord that bought them." So it is rendered in the common French translation; and two eminent biblical authorities, Adam Clarke and Henry, give the same interpretation. Such sects now swarm in the Christian world. We have said thus much on these words, though we know they may be regarded as merely critical; and we are willing to take that portion given in the sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

*Schism, schisma*, formed from *σχίσμα*, cleft, fissure, from *σχίζω*, to cut, in the general, signifies division or separation; but it is chiefly used in speaking of separations happening through diversity of opinions among people of the same religion and faith.

Thus we say the schism of the Ten Tribes of Israel from the Two Tribes of Judah and Benjamin, the schism of the Persians from the Turks and Mahommedans, etc. Among ecclesiastical authors, the great schism of the West is that which happened in the times of Urban VI. and Clement VII., who were both advanced to the papacy at the same time, the latter residing at Avignon in France, and the former at Rome, which divided the church for forty or fifty years; the cause of Clement being espoused by France and Spain, Scotland, Sicily, and Cyprus, while the rest of Europe acknowledged Urban to be the true vicar of Christ; and was, at length, ended by the election of Martin V. at the Council of Constance, summoned to meet in the year 1414.

The Romanists number *thirty-four* schisms in their church: they bestow the name English Schism on the reformation of religion in this kingdom. Those of the Church of England again apply the term Schism to the separation of the Nonconformists, viz., the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, who contend for a further reformation.

Some call the separation of the Protestants from the Church of Rome a passive schism, because that church cut them off from her communion.

The word Schism is used in Scripture in an indifferent sense; and, therefore, the lawfulness or unlawfulness of it is entirely to be determined by circumstances. In our own language, indeed, common use has affixed to the term an idea of guilt and reproach; but, in this sense, there can be no such thing as schism, except in cases where there is an obligation to unity and communion: so that, in order to define the nature of it justly, we must find out some centre of union which is common to all Christians.

This must be either uniformity of sentiment in matters of speculative belief, or in external modes of worship and discipline, which, in the nature of things, is impossible; or, if it be unreasonable to expect either of these, the only centre of unity that remains is charity and mutual forbearance, notwithstanding lesser differences,

where there is an assent to all the necessary principles of Christian faith, and the profession of Christianity is proved to be sincere by a regular and virtuous life. However numerous the differences that subsist among Christians, as long as mutual charity is preserved, there cannot be the guilt of schism. Alienation of affection, and a turbulent excommunicating spirit, are the essence of schism, and not mere difference of opinion; not the use of different ceremonies, or of no ceremonies at all, or joining ourselves to any particular religious communion; for, according to St. Paul—who in several passages blames the Corinthians for divisions, or schisms, among themselves in the same community—this crime may be committed where there is no separation from a particular church; and, consequently, they that differ uncharitably, whether they belong all to one, or form distinct worshipping assemblies (and they alone), are schismatics.

Mr. Locke, when writing on this subject, sets out with remarking, that men of different religions cannot be either heretics or schismatics to one another. We are to inquire, therefore, says he, what men are of the same religion; concerning which, it is manifest that those who have one and the same rule of faith and worship are of the same religion, and those who have not the same rule of faith and worship are not of the same religion; and those who have not the same rule of faith and worship are of *different* religions. For since all things which belong to that religion are contained in that rule, it follows, necessarily, that those who agree in one rule are of one and the same religion, and *vice versâ*. Thus Turks and Christians are of different religions; because these take the Holy Scriptures to be the rule of their religion; and those, the Koran. And, for the same reason, there may be different religions even amongst Christians. The Papists and the Lutherans, though both of them profess faith in Christ, and are, therefore, called Christians, yet are not both of the same religion, because these acknowledge nothing but the Holy Scriptures to be the rule and foundation of the religion; those take in, also, traditions and the decrees of popes, and of all these *together* make the rule of their religion. And thus the Christians of St. John (as they are called), and the Christians of Geneva, are of different religions; because these, also, take only the Scriptures; and those, we know not what traditions for the rule of their religion.

This being settled, it follows, first, that Heresy is a separation made in ecclesiastical communion between men of the same religion, for some opinions no way contained in the rule itself; and, secondly, that amongst those who acknowledge nothing but the Holy Scriptures to be their rule of faith, heresy is a separation made in their Christian communion, for opinions not contained in the express words of Scripture. Now this separation may be made in a two-fold manner.

1st. When the greater part, or (by the magistrate's patronage) the stronger part, of the church separates itself from others, by

excluding them out of her communion, because they will not profess their belief of certain opinions which are not to be found in the express words of Scripture. For it is not the paucity of those that are separated, nor the authority of the magistrate, that can make any man guilty of heresy. But he only is a heretic who divides the church into parts, introduces names and marks of distinction, and voluntarily makes a separation because of such opinions.

2nd. When any one separates himself from the church, because that church does not publicly profess some certain opinions which the Holy Scriptures do not expressly teach.

Both these are heretics ; because they err in fundamentals, and they err obstinately against knowledge. For when they have determined the Holy Scriptures to be the only foundation of faith, they, nevertheless, lay down certain propositions as fundamental which are not in the Scripture ; and because others will not acknowledge these additional opinions of theirs, nor build upon them as if they were necessary and fundamental, they, therefore, make a separation in the church, either by withdrawing themselves from the others, or expelling the others from them. Nor does it signify anything for them to say that their confessions and symbols are agreeable to Scripture, and to the analogy of faith ; for if they be conceived in the express words of Scripture there can be no question about them, because these are acknowledged by all Christians to be of divine inspiration, and therefore fundamental. But if they say that the articles which they require to be professed are consequences deduced from the Scripture, it is, undoubtedly, well done of them to believe and profess such things as seem unto them agreeable to the rule of faith ; but it would be very ill done to obtrude those things upon others, unto whom they do not seem to be the indubitable doctrines of Scripture. And to make a separation for such things as these, which neither are, nor can be, fundamental, is to become heretics. For I do not think there is any man arrived to that degree of madness, as that he dare give out his consequences and interpretations of Scripture as divine inspirations, and compare the articles of faith that he has framed according to his own fancy with the authority of Scripture. I know there are some propositions so evidently agreeable to Scripture, that nobody can deny them to be drawn from hence ; but about those, therefore, there can be no difference. This only I say, that however clearly we may think this or the other doctrine to be deduced from Scripture, we ought not, therefore, to impose it upon others, as a necessary article of faith, unless we would be content, also, that other doctrines should be imposed upon us in the same manner.

Thus much concerning Heresy, which word, in common use, is applied only to the doctrinal part of religion. Schism is a crime near akin to it ; for both these words seem to me to signify an ill-grounded separation in ecclesiastical communion, made about things not necessary. But since use, which is the supreme law in

matters of language, has determined that *heresy* relates to *errors in faith*, and *schism* to those in *worship* or *discipline*, we must consider them under that distinction.

Schism, then, for the same reasons that have already been alleged, is nothing else but a separation made in the communion of the church, upon account of some divine worship or ecclesiastical discipline, that is not any necessary part of it. Now nothing in worship or discipline can be necessary to Christian communion but what Christ, our legislator, or the Apostles, by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, have commanded in express words.

In fine, he that denies not anything that the Holy Scriptures teach in express words, nor makes a separation upon occasion of anything that is not manifestly contained in the sacred text, however he may be nick-named by any sect of Christians, and declared by some, or all of them, to be utterly void of true Christianity, yet, indeed, and in truth, this man cannot be either a heretic, or a schismatic.—*Locke on Toleration*.

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#### NO. VIII.—THE CHURCH.

We should here make some observations on the derivation and scriptural senses of *church*, in contrast to the false interpretations and uses of this important word. Saint Cyprian says, "Where-soever two or three believers are met together, there is a church." And when Saint Paul, writing to Philemon, mentions, "The church, which was in his house," it would imply that a family may be termed the church. Several of those whom God hath called out of the world (so the original word signifies), uniting together, formed a church, as the church of Jerusalem. But, after the day of Pentecost, it cannot be supposed that they continued to meet in one place especially, as they had not any large place, nor would they have been permitted to build one, owing to the jealousy and suspicion of the Government as to their object. The first time St. Paul uses the word church, is in his preface to the Corinthians, thus—"Paul, called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ, unto the church of God, which is in Corinth." The meaning of which word is fixed by the words following, namely, "To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both yours and ours;" so that this letter was not addressed to the Christians at Corinth only, but was a kind of circular letter to all the churches in the neighbourhood; for in the inscriptions he says, "Unto the church of God which is in Corinth, with all the saints that are in all Achaia." There he plainly includes all the churches, or Christian congregations, which were in the whole province. But sometimes the word *church* is used in scripture in a still more extensive meaning, as including all the Christian congregations that are upon the face of the earth. In this sense our

Liturgy adopts it, when it says, "Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's church militant here on earth;" and in this sense Saint Paul uses it, when he exhorts the elders of Ephesus "to feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood" (Acts xx. 28), meaning the Catholic or universal church, that is, all Christians under Heaven. The Church of God are those who have one spirit animating them; one hope reviving them, and that hope full of immortality; one Lord leading them, for they sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus; one faith living in their souls; while they say with Saint Paul, the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me; acknowledging one baptism, as the outward sign of inward grace; and as the appointment of God, one God and Father of all, pervading all, and filling Heaven and earth. We boldly say, this account is consistent with the Thirty-nine Articles, though the nineteenth includes rather more than the apostle's words. The Latin translation has these words, *coetus credentium*, a congregation of believers; plainly showing that by *faithful men* the compilers meant men endued with living faith. The Church of England defines the church to be that body of men in England in whom there is one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one God, the Father of all; and then it adds, "in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered." It would be needless to dispute or defend the additional words, though, it is perceived, that the apostle's words would admit some within the Catholic church, which these words exclude. The Church of Rome is clearly excluded; seeing therein neither is the pure word of God preached, nor the sacraments duly administered. The Roman Catholic describes the church to be the congregation of the faithful, that profess the true faith, and are obedient to the pope; whilst some explain the church as an assembly of persons united by the profession of the same Christian faith, and the participation of the same sacraments. Bellarmine, and the Romish divines, to this definition add, "under the same pope—sovereign pontiff, and vicar of Jesus Christ on earth"; in which circumstance it is that the Romish and reformed notion of *church* differ. Amelotte, and others, make a visible head, or chief, essential to a church; accordingly, among the Catholics, the pope—in England, the king—are respectively allowed heads of the church. Bishop Hoadly sets aside the notion of a visible head: Christ alone, according to him, is Head of the church, which position he has maintained, with great address, in a celebrated sermon before King George I. on these words—"My kingdom is not of this world," and in the several vindications thereof. Most of the Dissenters from established churches assume this as a principle, as may be seen by Towgood's *Justification of Dissent*, in answer to Mr. White; and in many other books, written in defence of the Nonconformists. Sometimes we consider *church* in a more extensive sense, and divide it into several branches. The church militant is the assembly of the

faithful on earth; the church triumphant, that of the faithful already in glory. To these the Catholics add the church patient, which, according to their doctrine is that of the faithful in purgatory. The term *ecclesia* (ἐκκλησία,) synonymous with our church, is used in the Greek and Latin profane authors for any kind of public assembly, and even for the place where the assembly is held. The sacred and ecclesiastical writers sometimes, also, use it in the same sense; but, ordinarily, they restrain the term to the Christians, as the term *synagogue*, which originally signifies nearly the same thing, is in like manner restrained to the Jews. Thus, in the New Testament, the Greek ἐκκλησία signifies almost always either the place destined for prayer, as 1 Cor. xiv. v 34; or the assembly of the faithful diffused over the whole earth, as Ephes. v. 24; or the faithful of a particular city or province, as 2 Cor. viii. 1; or even of a single family, as Rom. xvi. 5; or the pastors or ministers of a church, as Matt. xviii. 17. The word *church* is likewise applied to any particular congregation of Christians, who associate together and concur in the participation of all the institutions of Jesus Christ, with their proper pastors or ministers. Thus we read of the Church of Antioch, the Church of Alexandria, the Church of Thessalonica, and the like. *Church* denotes a particular sect of Christians, distinguished by particular doctrines and ceremonies. In this sense we speak of the Romish Church, the Greek Church, the Reformed Church, the Church of England, etc. The Latin or Western Church comprehends all the churches of Italy, France, Spain, Africa, the North, and all other countries whither the Romans carried their language. Great Britain, part of the Netherlands, of Germany, and of the North, have been separated from hence ever since the time of Henry VIII.; and constitute what we call the Reformed Church, and what the Romanists call the Western Schism. The Greek or Eastern Church comprehends the churches of all the countries anciently subject to the Greek or Eastern empire, and through which their language was carried, that is, all the space extending from Greece to Mesopotamia and Persia, and thence into Egypt. This church has been divided from the Roman ever since the time of the Emperor Phocas. The Gallican Church was heretofore denoted the Church of France, under the government and directions of its respective bishops and pastors. The word *church* is used to signify the body of ecclesiastics, or the clergy, in contradistinction to the laity. *Church* is used for the place where a particular congregation or society of Christians, assemble for the celebration of divine worship. In this sense churches are variously denominated, according to the rank, degree, discipline, etc., as Metropolitan Church, Patriarchal Church, Cathedral Church, Parochial Church, Collegiate Church, etc. Much more might be added in relation to this word *church*.



## No. IX.—HERESY.

Heresy, s. (hérésie, Fr.; hæresis, Lat.; αἵρεσις, Greek.) An opinion of private men, different from that of the catholic and orthodox church.—*Bacon*.

Heresy, in law, an offence against Christianity, consisting in a denial of some of its essential doctrines, publicly and obstinately avowed; being defined “*sententia rerum divinarum humano sensu excogitata palam docta et pertinaciter defensa*.” And here, it must be acknowledged, that particular modes of belief or unbelief, not tending to overturn Christianity itself, or to sap the foundations of morality, are by no means the object of coercion by the civil magistrate. What doctrines shall, therefore, be adjudged heresy, was left by our old constitution to the determination of the ecclesiastical judge, who had, herein, a most arbitrary latitude allowed him. For the general definition of a heretic, given by Lyndewode, extends to the smallest deviations from the doctrines of the holy church—“*hereticus est qui dubitat de fide catholicâ, et qui negliget servare ea, quæ Romana ecclesia statuit, seu servare decreverat* ;” or, as the statute 2 Henry IV. c. 15, expresses it in English—“teachers of erroneous opinions, contrary to the faith and blessed determinations of the holy church.” Very contrary this to the usage of the first general councils, which defined all heretical doctrines with the utmost precision and exactness. And what ought to have alleviated punishment, the uncertainty of the crime seems to have enhanced it, in those days of blind zeal and pious cruelty. It is true that the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the canonists went, at first, no further than enjoining penance, excommunication, and ecclesiastical deprivation, for heresy; though afterwards they proceeded boldly to imprisonment by the ordinary confiscation of goods, in *pious usus*. But, in the meantime, they had prevailed upon the weakness of bigoted princes to make the civil power subservient to their purposes, by making heresy not only a temporal, but even a capital, offence; the Romish ecclesiastics determining, without appeal, whatever they pleased to be heresy, and shifting off to the secular arm the odium and drudgery of executions, with which they were too tender and delicate to intermeddle. Nay, they pretended to intercede and pray on behalf of the convicted heretic—*ut citra mortis periculum sententia circa cum moderetur*—well knowing that at the same time they were delivering the unhappy victim to certain death. Hence the capital punishments inflicted on the Donatists and Manichæans by the emperors Theodosius and Justinian; hence, also, the constitution of the emperor Frederic, mentioned by Lyndewode, adjudging all persons, without distinction, to be burnt with fire, who were convicted of heresy by the ecclesiastical judge. The same emperor, in another constitution, ordained, that if any temporal lord, when admonished by the church, should neglect to clear his territories of heretics within a year, it should be lawful for good Catholics to seize

and occupy the lands, and utterly to exterminate the heretical possessors. And upon this foundation was built that arbitrary power, so long claimed and so fatally exerted by the pope, of disposing even of the kingdoms of refractory princes to more dutiful sons of the church. The immediate event of this constitution was something singular, and may serve to illustrate the gratitude of the holy see, and the just punishment of the royal bigot ; for upon the authority of this very constitution, the pope afterwards expelled this very emperor Frederic from his kingdom of Sicily, and gave it to Charles of Anjou.

Christianity being thus deformed by the demon of persecution upon the continent, we cannot expect that our own island should be entirely free from the same scourge. And, therefore, we find among our ancient precedents a writ *de hæretico comburendo*, which is thought by some to be as ancient as the common law itself. However, it appears from thence, that the conviction of heresy by the common law was not in any petty ecclesiastical court, but before the archbishop himself, in a provincial synod ; and that the delinquent was delivered over to the king, to do as he should please with him ; so that the crown had a control over the spiritual power, and might pardon the convict by issuing no process against him. The writ *de hæretico comburendo* being not a writ of course ; but issuing only by the special direction of the king in council.

But in the reign of Henry IV., when the eyes of the Christian world began to open, and the seeds of the Protestant religion (though under the opprobrious name of Lollardy) took root in this kingdom, the clergy, taking advantage from the king's dubious title, to demand an increase of their own power, obtained an Act of Parliament, which sharpened the edge of persecution to its utmost keenness. For by that statute the diocesan alone, without the intervention of a synod, might convict of heretical tenets ; and unless the convict abjured his opinions, or if, after abjuration, he relapsed, the sheriff was bound, *ex-officio*, if required by the bishop, to commit the unhappy victim to the flames, without waiting for the consent of the crown. By the statute 2 Henry V. c. 7, Lollardy was also made a temporal offence, and indictable in the king's courts, which did not thereby gain an exclusive, but only a concurrent jurisdiction with the bishop's consistory.

Afterwards, when the final reformation of religion began to advance, the power of the ecclesiastics was somewhat moderated ; for though what heresy is was not then precisely defined, yet we are told, in some points, what it is not ; the statute of 25 Henry VIII. c. 14, declaring that offences against the see of Rome are not heresy, and the ordinary being thereby restrained from proceeding in any case upon mere suspicion ; that is, unless the party be accused by two credible witnesses, or an indictment for heresy be first previously found in the king's courts of common law. And yet the spirit of persecution was not yet abated, but only diverted into a lay



channel. For in six years afterwards, by statute 31 Henry VIII. c. 14, the bloody law of the six articles was made, which established the six most contested points of popery—transubstantiation, communion in one kind, the celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, the sacrifice of the mass, and auricular confession; which points were “determined by the most godly study, pain, and travail of his majesty, for which his most humble and most obedient subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons, in Parliament assembled, did not only render and give unto his highness their most high and hearty thanks,” but did also enact and declare all oppugners of the first to be heretics, and to be burnt with fire, and of the five last to be felons, and to suffer death. The same statute established a new and mixed jurisdiction of clergy and laity, for the trial and conviction of heretics; the reigning prince being then equally intent on destroying the supremacy of the bishops of Rome, and establishing all other of their corruptions of the Christian religion.

Without perplexing this detail with the various repeals and revivals of these sanguinary laws in the two succeeding reigns, let us proceed to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Reformation was finally established with temper and decency, unsullied with party-rancour, or personal caprice and resentment. By statute 1 Eliz. c. 1, all former statutes relating to heresy are repealed, which leaves the jurisdiction of heresy as it stood at common law, viz., as to the infliction of common censures in the ecclesiastical courts, and in case of burning the heretic in the provincial synod only. Sir Matthew Hale is, indeed, of a different opinion, and holds that such power resided in the diocesan also; though he agrees that in either case the writ *de hæretico comburendo* was not demandable of common right, but grantable or otherwise, merely at the king's discretion. But the principal point now gained was, that by this statute a boundary is, for the first time, set to what shall be accounted heresy; nothing for the future being to be so determined, but only such tenets as have been heretofore so declared—1st, by the words of the canonical scriptures; 2d, by the first four general councils, or such others as have only used the words of the Holy Scriptures; or, 3d, which shall hereafter be so declared by the Parliament, with the assent of the clergy in convocation. Thus was heresy reduced to a greater certainty than before; though it might not have been the worse to have defined it in terms still more precise and particular, as a man continued still liable to be burnt for what, perhaps, he did not understand to be heresy, till the ecclesiastical judge so interpreted the words of the canonical scriptures.

For the writ *de hæretico comburendo* remained still in force; and we have instances of its being put into execution upon two Baptists in the seventeenth of Elizabeth, and two Arians in the ninth of James I. But it was totally abolished, and heresy again subjected only to ecclesiastical correction, *pro salute animæ*, by virtue of the statute 29 Car. II. c. 9; for, in one and the same reign, our lands

were delivered from the slavery of military tenures; our bodies from arbitrary imprisonment, by the Habeas Corpus Act; and our minds from the tyranny of superstitious bigotry, by demolishing this last badge of persecution in the English law. Everything is now less exceptionable, with respect to the spiritual cognisance and spiritual punishment of heresy; but still much is wanting to the amelioration of the laws in this respect, even in the opinion of the most pious and excellent clergymen of the established church. Certainly, what constitutes heresy ought to be most strictly defined, and no prosecution permitted, even in the ecclesiastical courts, till the tenets in question are, by proper authority, previously declared to be heretical. Under these restrictions some think it necessary, for the support of the national religion, that the officers of the church should have power to censure heretics; yet not to harass them with temporal penalties, much less to exterminate or destroy them. The Legislature hath, indeed, thought it proper that the civil magistrate should again interpose, with regard to one species of heresy, very prevalent in modern times; for by statute 9 and 10 Will. III., c. 32, if any person, educated in the Christian religion, or professing the same, shall, by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking, deny any one in the Holy Trinity to be God, or maintain that there are more gods than one, he shall undergo the same penalties and incapacities as were just now mentioned to be inflicted on apostasy by the same statute. The heretics, whom, in the New Testament, we are directed to avoid, were not the humble, modest, peaceable, though erroneous, Christians who adhered to the authority of Christ, and desired to know and do his will; but the proud, pragmatical, turbulent party-men, who disturbed and divided the church by their impositions and innovations on the terms of brotherly affection and Christian communion, and by assuming an authority over their fellow-Christians. Heresy, in the sense of the Scripture, doth not consist in simple error, nor were those heretics who were anathematised and persecuted; but only those who anathematised and persecuted others, refusing to acknowledge them for true Christians, on account of their supposed or real mistakes. Agreeably to this sense of the appellation, it is justly observed by Mr. Hallett, that the *Pope* is the *greatest Heretic in the world*. (This subject is further considered in App. No. VII.)

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#### No. X.—COUNCIL OF TRENT.

*The Creed of Pope Pius IV.* was drawn up by the order of the Council of Trent, as a concise formulary of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. It consists of twenty-four articles. The twelve first are the articles of the Nicene Creed; the twelve last are the additional doctrines which the Church of Rome has added to the

original Catholic faith. They are thus translated by C. Butler, Esq., in the Appendix to Vol. III. of his "Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics since the Reformation."

"I most firmly admit and embrace Apostolical and Ecclesiastical Traditions, and all other constitutions and observances of the same church.

"I also admit the Sacred Scriptures, according to the sense which the Holy Mother Church has held, and does hold, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; nor will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous sense of the Fathers.

"I profess also that there are truly and properly Seven Sacraments of the new law, instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and for the salvation of mankind, though all are not necessary for every one — viz., Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony; and that they confer grace; and of these, Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders, cannot be reiterated without sacrilege.

"I also receive and admit the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church, received and approved in the solemn administration of all the above said sacraments.

"I receive and embrace all and every one of the things which have been defined and declared in the holy Council of Trent, concerning original sin and justification.

"I profess, likewise, that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, there is truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation.

"I confess, also, that under either kind alone, whole and entire, Christ and a true Sacrament is received.

"I constantly hold, that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful.

"Likewise, that the Saints reigning together with Christ are to be honoured and invocated, that they offer prayers to God for us? and that their relics are to be venerated.

"I most firmly assert, that the images of Christ, and of the Mother of God, ever Virgin, and also of the other Saints, are to be had and retained; and that due honour and veneration are to be given unto them.

"I also affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the church; and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people.

"I acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, the mother and mistress of all churches; and I promise and swear

true obedience to the Roman Bishop, the successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"I also profess, and undoubtedly receive, all other things delivered, defined, and declared by the Sacred Canons and General Councils, and particularly by the holy Council of Trent; and, likewise, I also condemn, reject and anathematise all things contrary thereto, and all heresies whatever, condemned and anathematised by the Church.

"This true Catholic faith, out of which none can be saved, which I now freely profess, and truly hold, I promise, vow, and swear, most constantly to hold and profess the same, whole and entire, with God's assistance, to the end of my life. Amen."

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#### NO. XII.—PAGANISM.

The idolatry of the Egyptians and Canaanites consisted not only in worshipping false gods—such as the sun, moon, stars, winds, etc., which they declared were anointed, and actuated by some intelligences residing in them, and exerting their beneficial or noxious powers on man—but also in forming certain symbolical and figurative representations of the True God, under the forms of beasts, birds, and fishes, expressive of their peculiar essences or powers; until at length the symbols were forgotten, or perverted by the vulgar into the most grovelling and senseless materials on the one hand, or bestial idolatry on the other. There became a confused mob of gods and goddesses, consisting of corrupted symbols, and the heavenly bodies personified, mixed with eminent persons who were deified on account of some exploits or national services. Generally, these classes of gods are mixed up in the most promiscuous medley; and often various characteristics are mixed up in the same god, producing the greatest absurdity and confusion. Some nations confined themselves to one particular class; such as the Persians, who adopted the primitive idolatry, adoring only the heavenly bodies, particularly the sun. Herodotus, and most profane writers, prove that the Egyptians were the most superstitious and wild in their idolatry, of all the ancient nations. Theirs were the dark idolatries, for they bowed down to the most repulsive forms of wood and stone. Eusebius, who gave great attention to these cosmogonies and theogonies, is of opinion that they entirely denied that a Spirit was the Creator of all things; but the eminent Cudworth thinks otherwise, and refers to the fact of the god Cneph being set up by the Egyptians; and though this god was worshipped under the most ugly and monstrous form, yet it was called the Good God. Its figure was that of a man holding a girdle, and a sceptre and crown, and with magnificent plumes: from his mouth proceeded an egg, whence issued another god, whom they called Phtha. An explanation may give some idea of this monstrous

worship : — the overshadowing plumes were to denote his hidden and invisible nature, his power of communicating life, his universal sovereignty, and the spirituality of his operations ; the egg proceeding from his mouth signified the world, which he created. The same god was worshipped under the form of a serpent, with the head of a hawk, that, by opening his eyes, fills the world with light — by shutting them, covers it with deep darkness. The worship of the god Cneph was by no means general in Egypt — it was chiefly confined to Thebais. Plutarch praises the inhabitants of Thebais, that they were exempt from the common superstitions ; since they acknowledged no mortal god, admitting for the first principle only the god Cneph, who had no beginning, and was not subject to death.

There can be little doubt that the sun, moon, and heavenly bodies were the first objects of idolatry ; next came the elements, which were worshipped in their palpable or visible manifestations, without symbol, image, or temple ; next followed a practice of worshipping living creatures. The Egyptian worshipped the sun, and the Persian worshipped the hawk, as a symbol of the sun ; so this system of symbolization seemed to deteriorate in various ancient nations — extended itself rapidly, and seemed to involve itself deeply in the habits of these dark nations ; so much so, that many cities were called after the names of the animals which were worshipped in the respective towns ; such as Bubastis, Mendes, Crocodilopolis, Leontopolis — severally named after cats, goats, crocodiles, and lions. The next stage was that of deifying men and women.

This painful list might be added to very considerably. Indeed, to give the various names and attributes of the various deities which have been successively worshipped by the Pagan world, would fill volumes. For further particulars, the reader is referred to “ Egyptian Antiquities,” vol. i. p. 370 — 374, in “ Library of Entertaining Knowledge ;” also to the excellent work by Cudworth. We cannot refrain from referring to the worship of garlic and onions by the Egyptians. Juvenal says —

“ How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,  
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known ;  
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour ;  
Each clove of garlic is a sacred power.  
Religious nations, sure, and blest abodes,  
Where every garden is o'ergrown with gods !”

DRYDEN.

The *Unanimity of Romanism with Paganism* is obvious in many respects. They have tutelary saints, who are said to preside over different countries, and to extend their protection to persons in different circumstances and situations. St. Christopher and St. Clement are said to preside over the sea ; St. Anthony, over inflammations ; St. Petronillo is applied to for the cure of the ague ; St. Sigismund, for fevers ; St. Margarita, for assistance in child-bearing ; St. Roach,

for the plague and infectious disorders. St. Cornelius is said to cure the falling-sickness; St. Appollonia, the tooth-ache. St. Nicholas and St. Gregory are the tutelary saints of scholars; and St. Luke, of painters.

Many of the reputed saints in the Romish calendar never existed! Others, again, were canonized who had been guilty of notorious crimes; — a remarkable example of which we have in the case of Thomas à Becket, of Canterbury, whose merit was, that he asserted the right of all ecclesiastics to exemption from the authority of the secular power. For this he was enrolled amongst the saints by the pope, two or three years after his death. His shrine was, as has been stated, the richest in all England.

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COUNCIL OF TRENT.

No. XIV.—PAGE 107—CONSULT APP. No. X.

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No. XV.—SOME OF THE SENTENCES OF ALI, SON-IN-LAW OF MAHOMMED, AND HIS FOURTH SUCCESSOR.

These sentences should vindicate the Arabians from the imputation of that gross ignorance fastened upon them by modern novices.

1. Fear God, and you will have no cause to fear any one else.
2. Resist thyself, and thou shalt have peace.
3. The fear of God purifieth the heart.
4. The best riches are those employed in the service of God.
5. Resignation to the divine will, is the healing of the heart.
6. The disease of the heart is in concupiscence.
7. A man's behaviour is the index of the man; and his discourse is the index of his understanding.
8. The coin of the miser is as worthless as a pebble.
9. A single offence counts for much, a thousand services for very little.
10. The remembrance of youth is a sigh.
11. The sight of a friend brighteneth the eye.
12. Honour thy father, and thy son will honour thee.
13. The enjoyment and delight of life consisteth in security.
14. The order of a wise man is the highest of orders.
15. Thy lot [or portion of life] is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it.
16. The restraining the soul [or self] from its appetite, is the greatest holy war.
17. Consider well the consequences, and thou shalt escape from all false steps.
18. The favour of God is the greatest of all ends to be obtained.

19. The favour of God is joined to obedience to him.
20. Thy delight in thyself arises from the corruption of thy understanding.
21. Thy delight in the world arises from the badness of thy choice, and the misery of thy labour.
22. He delights in contempt who confideth his grievance to another.
23. The showing mercy to the afflicted bringeth down mercy.
24. He delights in disappointment who depends upon bad men for his subsistence.
25. I delight more in the determination [or opinion] of a Religious,\* than in the strength of a man.
26. The control of thy appetites will procure thee riches.
27. The control of the appetites cuts off men's observation.
28. A man's advice is the proof of his understanding.
29. Every man's portion is as much determined as his latter end.
30. A man's advice is according to the measure of his experience.
31. A man's subsistence is according to what he proposeth, i. e., according to his management; because every action of his life tends to something or other which contributes either to the increasing or diminishing him. Not that this can be affirmed of every action considered abstractedly, but as it connects those actions together which necessarily tend to the determining a man's condition of life.
32. Gentle behaviour and liberality procure the love even of your enemies.
33. A man's messenger is the interpreter of his meaning; but his letter is of more efficacy than his discourse.
34. The apostles of God (he be praised!) are the interpreters of the truth, and the ambassadors between the Creator and the creature.
35. The delight of the servant in himself, is inseparable from the displeasure of his master.
36. Consider before thou doest any thing, and thou shalt not be blamed in what thou doest.
37. The glittering ornaments of the world spoil weak understandings.
38. Liberality produces love.
39. The performance of promises causes unity.
40. Abstinence is the pathway of pure religion.
41. Concupiscence is the forerunner of certain destruction.
42. Trust in God is the cause of pure faith.
43. Desire tends to the destruction of the understanding.
44. The love of the present world is the source of misery.
45. Infidelity is the cause of the removal of God's blessing.
46. Giving way to anger is the cause of destruction.
47. Good education is the cause of a refined disposition.
48. Gentleness of behaviour causes esteem.

\* In the Arabic it is *Asssheich*, which signifies a professed doctor, that liveth up to the strictness of the law.



49. The power of religion enforces abstinence.
50. Thankfulness engenders increase.
51. For the soul to be employed about what shall not accompany it after death, is the greatest weakness.
52. To depend upon every one without distinction, is weakness of understanding.
53. He is the man of understanding that overcometh his appetite, and will not sell his world to come for his present world.
54. He is the cunning man that looks more narrowly after himself than other people.
55. It is fear which withholds the soul from sin, and restrains it from transgression.
56. He is a prudent man that restrains his tongue from detraction.
57. He is a believer that purifieth his heart from doubt.
58. Riches are a damage to the owner, except that part of them which he sends before him.
59. The world is the shadow of a cloud, and the dream of sleep.
60. The works of the truly pious are pure, their eyes weeping, and their hearts trembling.
61. The souls of the truly pious are contented, and their appetites dead; their countenances cheerful, and their hearts sorrowful.
62. The believer always remembers God, and is full of thought: he is thankful in prosperity, and patient in adversity.
63. Partnership in possession leadeth to confusion: partnership in counsel leadeth the right way.
64. Knowledge calleth out to practice; and if it answereth, well; if not, it goeth away.
65. The things of this life proceed by divine decree, not by our administration.
66. There are two sorts of patience; the one, by which we bear up in adversity, which is fine and beautiful; but the other, that by which we withstand the commission of evil, is better.
67. A man's entertaining a mean opinion of himself is a demonstration of the gravity of his understanding, and a branch of the abundance of his excellency.
68. A man's admiring himself is a demonstration of his deficiency, and a branch of the weakness of his understanding.
69. He that firmly believeth in a future state, is, upon his own account, the most melancholy man of all men in the world.
70. He that perishes, is one that busies himself beside himself, and whose to-day is worse than his yesterday.
71. He is thy true friend, that takes care of thee as himself, and prefers thee to his riches, children, and wife.
72. He is a wise man who can govern himself both in his anger, desire, and fear.
73. Weeping out of the fear of God, enlighteneth the heart, and fortifieth against the return of sin.
74. Opportunity is swift of flight, slow of return.



75. To make one good action constantly succeed another is the perfection of goodness.

76. Patience in poverty, with a good reputation, is better than a plentiful maintenance with contempt.

77. A wise enemy is better than a foolish friend.

78. A man's affliction is the forerunner of his prosperity.

79. Men are more like the time they live in than they are like their fathers.

80. A man that knoweth the just value of himself doth not perish.

81. The value of every man is the good which he doth.

82. He that knows himself, knows his Lord.

83. A man is hid under his tongue.

84. No praise with pride.

85. Innocence is incompatible with covetousness.

86. There is no rest where there is envy.

87. It concerns thee more to flee from thyself, than from a lion.

88. He that hath no courage, hath no religion.

89. A wise man is never poor.

90. A believer should be ashamed, when any action passeth him which his religion doth not oblige him to do.

#### NO. XV.—THE CREED OF THE ARABIANS.

As an illustration of the Mohammedan creed and practice, it may be advisable to insert their famous Doctor Algazali's interpretation of the article of their faith, that "Mohammed is the Apostle of God."

"HE, the Most High, sent Mohammed, the illiterate prophet of the family of the Koreish, to deliver his message to all the Arabians, and barbarians, and genii, and men; and abrogated by his religion all other religions, except in those things which he confirmed; and gave him the pre-eminence over all the rest of the prophets, and made him lord over all mortal men. Neither is the faith, according to his will, complete by the testimony of the UNITY alone; that is, by simply saying, There is but ONE God, without the addition of the testimony of the apostle; i. e. without the further testimony, Mohammed is the apostle of God. And he hath made it necessary to men to give credit to Mohammed in those things which he hath related, both with regard to this present world and the life to come. For a man's faith is not accepted till he is fully persuaded of those things which the prophet hath affirmed shall be after death. The first of these is the examination of Munkir and Nakir. These are two angels, of a most terrible and fearful aspect, who shall place [every] man upright in his grave, consisting again both of soul and body, and ask him concerning the UNITY and the mission [of the apostle], saying, Who is thy Lord? and, What is

thy religion ? and, Who is thy prophet ? For these are the searchers of the grave, and their examination the first trial after death. Every one must also believe the torment of the sepulchre, and that it is due, and right, and just, both upon the body and the soul, being according to the will of God.

He shall also believe in the balance with two scales and a beam, that shall equal the extent of the heavens and the earth ; wherein the works [of men] shall be weighed by the power of God. At which time weights not heavier than atoms, or mustard-seeds, shall be brought out, that things may be balanced with the utmost exactness, and perfect justice administered. Then the books of the good works, beautiful to behold, shall be cast into the balance of light, by which the balance shall be depressed according to their degrees, out of the favour of God. But the books of evil deeds, nasty to look upon, shall be cast into the balance of darkness, with which the scale shall lightly ascend by the justice of the most high God.

He must also believe that there is a real way, extended over the middle of hell, which is sharper than a sword and finer than a hair, over which all must pass. In this passage of it, while the feet of the infidels, by the decree of God, shall slip, so as they shall fall into hell-fire, the feet of the faithful shall never stumble, but they shall arrive safely into the eternal habitation.

He shall also believe the pond where they go down to be watered, that is the pond of Mohamined (upon whom be the blessing and peace of God !) out of which the faithful, after they have passed the way, drink before they enter into Paradise ; and out of which whosoever once drinketh, shall thirst no more for ever. Its breadth is a month's journey, it is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. Round about it stand cups as innumerable as the stars, and it hath two canals, by which the waters of the [river] Cauthar flow into it.

He shall also believe the [last] account, in which men shall be divided into those that shall be reckoned withal with the utmost strictness, and those that shall be dealt withal more favourably, and those that shall be admitted into Paradise without any manner of examination at all ; namely, those whom God shall cause to approach near to himself. Moreover, he shall believe that God will ask any of his apostles, whomsoever he shall please, concerning their mission ; of the infidels, and whomsoever he shall please, what was the reason why, by their unbelief, they accused those that were sent to them of lying. He will also examine the heretics concerning tradition, and the faithful concerning their good works.

He shall also believe that all who confess one God shall, upon the intercession of the prophets, next of the doctors, then of the martyrs, and finally of the rest of the faithful (that is, every one according to his excellency and degree), at length go out of the fire after they have undergone the punishment due to their sins.

And if besides these remain any of the faithful, having no intercessor, they shall go out by the grace of God ; neither shall any one of the faithful remain for ever in hell, but shall go out from thence though he had but so much faith in his heart as the weight of an atom. And thus, by the favourable mercy of God, no person shall remain in hell who in life acknowledged the unity of the Godhead.

It is also necessary that every true believer acknowledge the excellency of the companions [of Mohammed] and their degrees; and that the most excellent of men, next to Mohammed, is Abubeker, then Omar, then Othman, and then Ali. Moreover, he must entertain a good opinion of all the companions, and celebrate their memories, according as God and his apostle hath celebrated them. And all these things are received by tradition, and evinced by evident tokens ; and he that confesseth all these things, and surely believeth them, is to be reckoned amongst the number of those that embrace truth, and of the congregation of those that walk in the received way, separated from the congregation of those that err, and the company of heretics.

These are the things that every one is obliged to believe and confess that would be accounted worthy of the name of a Mussulman ; and that, according to the literal meaning of the words, not as they may be made capable of any sounder sense ; for, says the author of this Exposition, some pretending to go deeper, have put an interpretation upon those things that are delivered concerning the world to come, such as the balance, and the way, and some other things besides, but it is heresy.\*

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#### No. XVI. — MINSTRELSY.

The middle age was remarkable for its troubadours ; indeed the wives of kings and nobles were oft richly endowed with the fascinating and elegant attainments which made these minstrels so famed and loved.

When William the Bastard invaded this kingdom, one Taillefer, a valliant warrior, long renowned for intrepidity and courage, asked leave of his commander to commence the siege ; and, having obtained it, he rushed forward, exciting the army by songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France. Indeed, the Normans were very early distinguished for their martial songs. An eminent French writer, M. Le Grand (*Hist. des Troubadours*), makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of modern poetry, and shews that they were a century before the troubadours of all Provence, who are supposed to have paved the way for the poets of Italy, France, and Spain. The Norman Conqueror and his descendants,

\* Vide Pocock. p. 222, Spec. Hist. Arab.

particularly Henry II., favoured the establishment of this profession in England. Their dress was most splendid, and they always accompanied the armies, and, with the harper, the mimic, and the confessor, formed part of the camp. Henry II. was attended by the various troubadours when on grand hunting excursions, or on his travels. Eleonora, his queen, was a most able extempore poetess and romance-dealer. Her son Richard was not only a poet, but, as the sovereign of Aquitaine, he was the prince and judge of all troubadours. His attachment to, and ultimate marriage with Berengaria of Navarre, is traced by some to her ardent love and exquisite talent for poetry. The father and brother were celebrated for their skill in Provençal poetry. Eleanor of Provence, queen of Henry III., as also her parents, were illustrious as Provençal poets. Edward the First's life was saved by his troubadour, who struck the assassin's hand aside, and killed him. It is also in the memory of all readers of English History, that the minstrel, or troubadour, of Richard I. discovered the place of his master's tedious captivity; his name was Blondel de Nesla. On arriving near a castle belonging to the duke of Austria, he suspected his master was there, and he sang the first part of a song composed by King Richard and himself; his ear quickly caught strains he knew to come from the castle, and he distinctly recognised King Richard's voice singing the second part.

The song was, as translated : —

BLONDEL.

“ Your beauty, lady fair,  
 None views without delight.  
 But still so cold an air  
 No passion can excite ;  
 Yet this I patient see  
 While all are shunn'd like me.”

RICHARD.

“ No nymph my heart can wound  
 If favour she divide,  
 And smiles on all around  
 Unwilling to decide ;  
 I'd rather hatred bear  
 Than love with others share.”

William IX., grandfather of Eleonora of Aquitaine, was one of the early professors amongst the Provençal troubadours. From the kingdom of France, the language which prevailed all over the south was called Provençal. It contained the best sounds of the French and Italian, and presented peculiar facilities for poetical composition. (*See Sismondi's Literature of the South.*)

## No. XVII.—PROHIBITION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The first prohibition of the use of the Scriptures was published by the Synod of Toulouse, held in 1229, and was caused by the preaching of the Waldenses. It is as follows:—

“We prohibit the permitting of the laity to have the books of the Old or New Testament, unless any one should wish, from a feeling of devotion, to have a Psalter or Breviary for divine service, or the Hours of the Blessed Virgin. But we strictly forbid them to have the above-mentioned books in the vulgar tongue.”

The Vatican displays the same disposition even in this day.

Extract from the Encyclical Letter of the Pope, dated 3rd May, 1824:—

“It is no secret to you, Venerable Brethren, that a certain Society, vulgarly called the Bible Society, is audaciously spreading itself throughout the world. After despising the traditions of the holy Fathers; and in opposition to the well-known decree of the Council of Trent, this Society has collected all its forces, and directs every means to one object—to the *translation*, or rather to the *perversion* of the Bible, into the vernacular languages of all nations! From this fact, there is strong ground of fear lest, as in some instances already known, so likewise in the rest, through a perverse interpretation there be framed, out of the Gospel of Christ, a Gospel of man, or what is worse, a GOSPEL OF THE DEVIL.”

The Letter then gives the following advice:—

“We also, Venerable Brethren, conformably to our apostolical duty, exhort you diligently to occupy yourselves, by all means, to turn away your flock from these DEADLY PASTURES.”

Extracts from the “Circular Address of the Pope to the Irish Prelates,” dated 18th September, 1819, on Bible Schools, etc.:—

“The prediction of our Lord Jesus Christ in the parable of the sower, that sowed good seed in his field, but while people slept his enemy came and sowed tares upon the wheat, is, to the very great injury of the Catholic faith, seen verified in these our own days, *particularly in Ireland*; for information has reached the ears of the Sacred College, that ‘Bible Schools’ have been established in almost every part of Ireland, in which, under the pretence of charity, the inexperienced of both sexes, but particularly peasants and paupers, are allured by the blandishments, and even the gifts of the masters, and infected with the fatal poison of false doctrines.”

It is further stated, “that the directors of these schools are, generally speaking, Methodists, who introduce Bibles translated into English by the Bible Society, and propped up by errors, with the sole view of seducing the youth, and entirely eradicating from their minds the truths of the orthodox faith.” The address then proceeds to recommend the establishment of schools by Roman Catholics, wherein “salutary instruction may be imparted to the paupers and illiterate country persons.”

## No. XVIII.—DEIFICATION OF MORTALS.

Amongst the alleged virtues for which many of the Romish saints have been canonised, we subjoin what is called a summary of the virtues of Alphonso Maria of Liguria, as related by a Roman cardinal : —

“I know, for certainty, that this servant of God constantly scourged himself, unbloodily and bloodily ; and besides the unbloody scourgings enjoined by his rule, he was wont to punish himself every day in the morning, before the usual hours of rising ; and in the evening, after the signal for repose. On Saturdays he scourged himself till the blood flowed. . . . I know that this servant of God macerated his body also with hair-cloth with sharp points in it, and with chains as well on the arms as on the legs, which he carried with him till dinner-time ; and these for the most part were so armed with sharp points, that they filled with horror all who ever saw them. I have heard say also, that he had a dress lined with a coat-of-mail with iron points ; that he had bandages of camel’s hair ; and other instruments of penance were casually seen by me, and by others of my companions, notwithstanding his zealous and circumspect secresy. Of a similar kind was his extreme mortification in sleeping upon two planks covered with a sack, with a little straw in it, so that it appeared a hard stone. I frequently also heard say, that he slept during a few hours with a large stone hung on, and tied to his feet. I well remember, that he never shaved himself, when he was with us, with a razor ; but only by little and little he did it with pincers ; and he caused his assistant-friar to make his clerical crown with the same pincers.”

This wretched man, who seems to have been better acquainted with the fanaticism of the Hindoos than with the principles of the Christian religion, was canonized so recently as the year 1830 ; so that the Church of Rome, in the nineteenth century, entertains the same opinions as to the absurd qualifications which entitle a man to be registered amongst her reputed saints, as she ever did in the days of her worst and darkest ascendancy.

We subjoin some specimens of prayers from the Roman Missal :

On the festival of St. Nicholas, on the 6th December, the following prayer is used —

“O God, who by innumerable miracles hast honoured blessed Nicholas the bishop ; grant, we beseech thee, that by his merits and intercession we may be delivered from eternal flames.”

On the festival of St. Damasus, on the 11th December, the following occurs —

“Give ear, O Lord, to our prayers ; and by the intercession of blessed Damasus, thy confessor and bishop, mercifully grant us pardon and peace.”

On the festival of St. Marcellus, on the 16th January, the following occurs —

“Mercifully hear, O Lord, we beseech thee, the prayer of thy people, that we may be assisted by the merits of blessed Marcellus, thy martyr and bishop, the feast of whose sufferings we celebrate with joy.”

On the festival of St. Vincent and Anastasius, on the 22nd January, the following —

“Hear, O Lord, our earnest prayer, that we, who are sensible of the guilt of our crimes, may be delivered therefrom by the prayers of thy blessed martyrs, Vincent and Anastasius.”

On the festival of St. Raymond, on the 23rd January, the following —

“O God, who didst make blessed Raymond an excellent minister of the Sacrament of Penance, and didst miraculously conduct him through the waves of the sea; grant by his intercession, that we may bring forth fruits worthy of penance, and be enabled to arrive at the port of eternal salvation.”

On the festival of St. Francis de Sales, on the 29th January, the following —

“O God, who for the salvation of souls wast pleased that blessed Francis, thy confessor and bishop, should become all to all; mercifully grant that, being plentifully enriched with the sweetness of thy charity, by following his directions, and by the help of his merits, we may obtain life everlasting.”

On the festival of St. Scholastica, on the 10th February, the following —

“O God, who, to recommend to us innocence of life, wast pleased to let the soul of thy blessed virgin Scholastica ascend to heaven in the shape of a dove; grant by her merits and prayers, that we may lead innocent lives here, and ascend to eternal joys hereafter.”

On the festival of St. Joseph, on 19th March, the following —

“Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord, that we may be assisted by the merits of the Spouse of thy most Holy Virgin Mother; and that what we cannot obtain through our own weakness, may be granted us by his prayers.”

On the festival of St. Richard, on the 3rd April, the following —

“O God, who hast enlightened thy church by the merits and resplendent miracles of blessed Richard, thy confessor and bishop; grant that we, thy servants, may, through his intercession, obtain eternal glory.”

On the festival of St. Stanislaus, on the 7th May, the following —

“O God, for whose honour the glorious bishop Stanislaus fell by the swords of wicked men, grant, we beseech thee, that all who implore his aid may obtain the happy effect of their prayers.”

On the festival of St. William, on the 8th June, the following —

“O God, who rejoicest us by the merits and intercession of blessed William, thy confessor and bishop, mercifully grant that whatever we ask of thee in his name may be granted us by the favour of thy grace.”



On the festival of the octave of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the 6th July, the following —

“ O God, whose right hand saved blessed Peter from being drowned whilst he walked upon the sea, and delivered his fellow-apostle Paul from the bottom thereof, when he had been a third time shipwrecked, mercifully hear us, and grant, that by the merits of both, we may obtain a happy eternity.”

On the festival of the Translation of St. Thomas, on the 7th July, the following —

“ O God, who grantest us to celebrate the translation of the relics of blessed Thomas, the martyr and bishop, we humbly beseech thee, that by his merits and prayers we may pass from vice to virtue, and from the prison of this flesh to an eternal kingdom.”

On the festival of St. Elizabeth, on the 8th July, the following —

“ O most merciful God, who, amongst other admirable endowments, didst privilege blessed Elizabeth with the gift of making wars cease; grant, by her prayers, that, after having enjoyed the peace which we humbly crave in this mortal life, we may be received into everlasting bliss.”

On the festival of St. Lewis, on the 25th August, the following —

“ O God, who removedst blessed Lewis, thy confessor, from an earthly kingdom to the glory of a heavenly crown, grant, we beseech thee, by his virtues and prayers, that we may be received into the company of the King of kings, Jesus Christ, thy only Son.”

On the festival of All Saints, on the 1st November, the following prayer is used —

“ Almighty and eternal God, by whose favour we honour, on one solemnity, the merits of all thy saints, grant that we may obtain a plentiful blessing of thy so-much-desired mercy, since we have so many petitioners in our behalf.”

In the Ordinary of the Mass, in the Roman Missal, there is the following confession —

“ I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary, ever virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John Baptist, to the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints, and to you, Father, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary, ever virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, and you, Father, to pray to our Lord God for me.”

There are many instances of *Invocation*; but we refer to the chief, viz., the Virgin Mary. She is styled “ the Holy Mother of God ” — “ Mother of our Creator ” — “ Most Powerful ” — “ Mirror of Justice ” — “ Ark of the Covenant ” — “ Morning Star ” — “ Refuge of Sinners ”; and, in short, the principal titles which the Scriptures appropriate to the Lord Jesus Christ, are given to her in the Prayer-Books of the Church of Rome.

The following prayers occur in the Roman Missal : —



On the Vigil of the Assumption, on the 14th August —

“ O God, who wast pleased to make choice of the Virgin Mary, and in her to dwell for a time, grant, we beseech thee, that being secure under her protection, we may with comfort solemnize her festival,”

On the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, on the 15th August —

“ Forgive, O Lord, we beseech thee, the sins of thy people ; that we, who are not able to do any thing of ourselves that can be pleasing to thee, may be assisted in the way of salvation by the prayers of the Mother of thy Son.”

On the Feast of the Name of the Blessed Virgin Mary —

“ Grant, we beseech thee, O Almighty God, that thy faithful, who rejoice under the name and protection of the most blessed Virgin Mary, may, by her pious intercession, be delivered from all evils here on earth, and be brought to the eternal joys of heaven.”

In a book called the Key of Heaven, the following act of adoration to the Virgin Mary, called the *Salve Regina*, occurs, p. 32 —

“ Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope ; to thee do we cry, poor banished sons of Eve ; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears ; turn then, most gracious advocate, thy eyes of mercy towards us, and after this our exile, shew unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus, O most clement, most pious, and most sweet Virgin Mary.”

The following occurs on page 39 —

“ O blessed Virgin, Mother of God, and, by this august quality, worthy of all respect from men and angels, I come to offer thee my most humble homage, and to implore the aid of thy prayers and protection. Thy intercession is most powerful, and thy goodness for mankind on earth is equal to thy influence in heaven. Thou knowest, O blessed Virgin ! that I look up to thee as my Mother, my Patroness, my Advocate. I acknowledge with humble gratitude that thy virtues singled thee out for the mother of my Redeemer. I will henceforth honour and serve thee assiduously. Accept, O blessed Virgin, my protestations of fidelity ; look favourably on the confidence I have in thee ; obtain for me, of thy dear Son, a lively faith, a firm hope, a tender, generous, and constant love. Obtain for me a cautious purity, a sincere humility, a placid resignation to the will of God, and so faithful an imitation of thy virtues through life, that I may exult in thy patronage at the hour of my death.”

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#### NO. XIX. — INDULGENCES.

This doctrine has produced large sums ; however, the pope soon monopolised the traffic to himself, and issued indulgences, not only

from church censures and penalties, but also from punishment in the other world.

The “Tax of the Sacred Roman Chancery,” fixes the following sums to be paid for Absolution for the annexed crimes : —

For Stealing Holy Things out of a consecrated place .....	£0	10	6
For a Layman Murdering a Layman .....	0	7	6
For Murdering Father, Mother, Wife, or Sister	0	10	6
For laying violent hands on a Clergyman, without drawing blood .....	0	10	6
For a Priest keeping a Concubine .....	0	10	6
For him that Burns his Neighbour's House ...	0	12	0
For him that Forgeth the Pope's Hand .....	1	7	0
For him that Forgeth Letters Apostolical .....	1	7	0
For a King going to the Holy Sepulchre without License .....	7	10	0

About the same time that this book was printed and sold at Rome, Pope Leo X. published a bull, granting pardon of sin and eternal salvation to such persons as should *purchase* Indulgences. Tetzels was the chief agent for selling them; and he, and others who were joined with him, extolled the benefits of these indulgences in the most revolting manner : —

“ If,” said they, “ any one purchases Letters of Indulgences, his soul may rest secure with respect to its salvation. The souls in purgatory, for whose redemption indulgences are purchased, as soon as the money tinkles in the chest, escape from torment, and ascend to heaven. The efficacy of Indulgences is so great, that the most heinous sins may be remitted and expiated by them, and the person freed both from punishment and guilt. Lo! the heavens are opened; if you enter not now, when will you enter? For twelve-pence you may redeem the soul of your father out of Purgatory: and are you so ungrateful that you will not rescue your parent from torment? If you had but one coat, you ought to strip yourself instantly, and sell it, in order to purchase such benefits.”

The following is the form used by Tetzels in granting absolution : —

“ May the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee, and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority, that of his blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and of the most holy pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first, from all ecclesiastical censures, in whatever manner they may have been incurred; and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see; and, as far as the keys of the holy church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in Purgatory on their account; and I restore you to the holy sacraments of the church, to the unity of the faithful, and to

## No. XXI. — EXCOMMUNICATION.

Zachary took France from Childeric III. Gregory VII. excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany, and absolved his subjects from all allegiance. Pope Innocent III. sent Pandulf to take the crown from the head of John, king of England. Pius IV. published a bull against Elizabeth, thus: "He that reigneth on high, to whom is given all power in heaven and in earth, hath committed the one Holy Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation, to me only on earth — namely, to Peter, prince of the apostles, and to the Roman pontiff, his successor. This one he hath constituted prince over *all nations*, and all kingdoms, that he might pluck up and destroy, dissipate and ruin, plant and build." He afterwards "deprives the queen of her pretended right, and absolves all nobles and subjects from all duty and allegiance."

## No. XXII. — CONFESSION.

St. James says, in his General Epistle to the Church of Christ, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another." But there is no authority which directs the sinner to confess his sins to man, and that by man shall they be forgiven. Jesus said to the leper, "Go thy way, and show thyself unto the priest" (Luke xvii. 14); but Christ had first cleansed him of his leprosy. Holy Ambrose says, the true Priest is Jesus Christ, after the order of Melchizedech. This is the Sovereign Bishop, who doth, with the sacrifice of his body and blood, wash away the sins of all those who, with true confession of the same, do flee to Him. It is against true Christian liberty, that any man should be bound to number and describe his sins before his fellow-man. How different is this view to the words of the Council of Trent, which says, "Whoever shall deny that Sacramental Confession was instituted by Divine command, or that it is necessary to salvation — or shall affirm that the practice of secretly confessing to the priest alone, as it has ever been observed, is foreign to the institution and command of Christ — let him be accursed," etc.

## No. XXIII. — ABDUCTION OF YOUNG FEMALES.

*From "The Times" of Friday, November 15th, 1844.*

"A popular French writer has recently asserted, in a work of fiction, in which he virulently, though not always unjustly, assails the policy of the Romish clergy, that the pretensions of the more unscrupulous agents of that church openly defy all the most sacred relations of mankind, that they dare to set at nought even the ties

of filial duty, and that no artifices are too base for them to resort to in furtherance of their ends. But we have met with nothing in the pages of fiction which illustrates these serious and almost incredible charges more forcibly, than an occurrence which has actually taken place, in the course of the present year, in one of the capitals of the south of Europe. We feel impelled to give to these painful events, and most sinister machinations, a greater publicity than they have hitherto received; not only because it is well that the actors in such transactions should learn, that they cannot escape the animadversions of Europe, but because the case we are about to relate, affords a warning not to be overlooked by our Protestant fellow-countrymen, whose families may chance to fall within the reach of the same dangerous influences.

“The post of Dutch minister at the court of Turin had been reputably filled, for some years, by a Protestant gentleman of the name of Heldivier, who resided with his family in that city, until, in consequence of some new diplomatic arrangements on the part of the Dutch government, he received, in the month of May last, his letters of recall. Some domestic anxiety had been occasioned to this family by one of the daughters, a young lady of ardent and independent temperament, who was supposed to have formed an attachment to a young lawyer of the town, whose character and position did not make him a suitable match for her. Their departure was, therefore, hastened; but after M. Heldivier had presented his letters to the king of Sardinia, he was accidentally detained, by the illness of another of his children, for a few days, in an hotel at Turin. On the 8th of June, a display of fireworks took place, in honour of the birth of an heir to the Duke of Savoy. The ex-minister and his wife were induced to attend this fête, and very reluctantly to leave their daughter, who excused herself on some pretext, at home. They were absent but a short time; yet, in the interval, the vague apprehensions they seem to have entertained were fatally verified. Their daughter had disappeared—and for ever. At that hour of the night she had quitted the hotel, alone, and without even a change of dress. The police were immediately sent in search of the fugitive. The young advocate, who was at first suspected to have a hand in the elopement, was examined, but he proved himself to be totally ignorant of the occurrence; not a vestige of her was to be found within the jurisdiction of the authorities of the city; but this absence of all evidence raised a strong presumption that she would only be found in the precincts of some convent, more inaccessible than a prison or a tomb.

“Application was made to the archbishop of Turin, as the supreme ecclesiastical power of the kingdom, for leave to pursue these inquiries, or for information, if he possessed it, on the subject; for, meanwhile, the anxiety and anguish of this unfortunate family had been raised to a pitch which we shall not attempt to describe; and even the public, startled by the actual disappearance of a young

lady, still a minor, the daughter of a gentleman who came amongst them as the representative of a foreign sovereign, took the liveliest interest in their extreme distress.

“The archbishop thought fit to reply to this application, that he had reason to believe that Mademoiselle Heldivier had indeed sought refuge in a convent, but that he was unable to state where she was at present. A few days more, however, brought the whole transaction to light. When the archbishop of Turin asserted that he was unable to state where this young lady was, he might have stated, and he did afterwards acknowledge, that no person living had had so great a hand in the affair as himself. For two years he had been carrying on a system of secret communication with Mademoiselle Heldivier. Thwarted by her parents in her attachment for the young advocate, she had sought to avenge herself upon them, by transferring her confidence from her father to this priest—from her natural protectors, to the jealous arms of the Church of Rome. The archbishop, unwilling to commit himself by a written order, had furnished his convert with one half of a sheet of paper, cut in a particular manner; the other half was given to the abbess of the convent of Santa Croce, in Turin, with orders to receive the bearer of the corresponding fragment at any hour of the day or night. Provided with these credentials, the fugitive found shelter in the convent walls; but, by the advice of the archbishop, her flight was deferred until her father, by the delivery of his letters of recall, had, as these clerical conspirators contend, surrendered those diplomatic rights and privileges which would have been fatal to their scheme.

“The fact being thus ascertained, a strong effort was made to bring the authors of this plot to account for their action, and to yield up the young person whom they had gotten into their possession. Setting aside the odious secret arts by which this alleged conversion had been effected, and the irreparable injury done to an honourable family, the case was one which demanded the strongest remonstrances, as an unparalleled invasion of the law of nations, and of the rights of diplomatic persons. A Dutch subject—a minor—the child of a Dutch minister—is encouraged to quit her father's abode, received into a convent, and there detained, not only by moral but by actual force, since every attempt even to search these convents was successfully resisted by the clergy. The king was personally appealed to by the distracted father. His majesty granted him an audience; but, in answer to the prayers and demands of M. Heldivier, that his daughter might be restored to him, the only reply which the absolute monarch dared to make was, that whatever might be his own opinion on the subject, if he presumed to interfere with the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the convents, he should be excommunicated! Such an answer, on such an occasion, might have been expected from a Philip II. of Spain; and such powers as are thus recognised and established fall little short of

those of the Inquisition. The principle contended for, on behalf of the Church of Rome, is this — that any child, having completed the age of twelve years, may, for any cause, motive, or pretext, throw off the parental authority, and fling itself under the protection of the church. If the child be a Protestant, so much the better, since, while it abjures its filial duties, it abandons its religious faith; but, whether Catholic or Protestant, the protection of the church, thus sought and thus given, is absolute and inviolable.

“ There are few countries now, in Europe or the world, where such a doctrine as this would not be demolished by the ordinary notions of civil rights and of justice. But the dominions of the king of Sardinia are not one of those countries. In vain did Mr. Abercromby, our own intelligent minister at the court of Turin, and Baron Mortier, the representative of France, represent that M. Heldivier, as a diplomatic person, had an incontestable right to quit the country in peace, taking with him all his family. The inexorable grasp of the Infallible Church prevailed. The king of Holland appears to have taken this outrage upon the family of his minister with a most unbecoming indifference and pusillanimity; and Mademoiselle Heldivier remains in the convent of Santa Croce, where she has formally abjured the Protestant heresies, and will probably take the veil on the completion of her noviciate.

“ We have no wish to draw any excessive or unjust inferences from this strange occurrence, which seems to belong not only to another country, but to another age; but it exhibits an awful picture of what the uncontrolled power of the Romish clergy may still dare to effect, and a humiliating example of a government, which has allowed the ties of private right and public law to be broken asunder, because it is itself a victim to the worst form of bigotry, and the most servile subjection to spiritual oppression.”

#### No. XXIV. — PURGATORY.

This doctrine has filled many a priest's purse; and although ridiculous, we cannot refrain from noticing the Joint Stock Company formed in Dublin in 1813, called the Purgatorium Society. The Rules being: —

“ I. The Institution to be regulated by the Superior, Rector, and six of the Members, who compose the Office for the Dead; who shall attend on every Wednesday night, to recite with devotion and attention the Office for the Dead.

“ II. Every Catholic wishing to contribute to the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory, to pay *one penny* per week.

“ III. A Mass to be offered up on the first Monday of every month in the parish chapel of St. James's, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Subscribers.

“ V. Each Subscriber to purchase a copy of the Rules ; and the money arising from the weekly subscriptions shall be paid to the *most necessitated clergymen, who shall be required to give receipts for what they are paid.*

“ VI. Each Subscriber shall be entitled to an Office at the time of his death, another at the expiration of a month, and one at the end of twelve months. The benefit of Masses which shall be procured by the subscriptions shall be extended to their relations and friends, in the following order : — Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts ; and, if married, Husbands, Wives, and Children.

“ VII. Every Superior shall, upon his death, be entitled to three Masses, every Rector to two, and every Subscriber to one ; provided he shall have died a natural death, *been a Subscriber for six months, and been clear of all dues at the time of his death.*

“ IX. Every Superior shall, on every All Souls' Day, advance to the Parish Priest whatever sum is necessary for obtaining insertion in the Mortality List of the Altar.

“ Subscriptions received in the Chapel on every Wednesday evening,” etc.

#### NO. XXV. — GOOD AND BAD ANGELS.

Our readers will perceive, that we believe that good and bad angels attend on the devious path of mortality, and wait around the bed whilst sleeping hours roll along. Perhaps we gained this faith from scripture ; though, we confess, we have always felt, as though by intuition, that we could leave some anxieties to some shadow of ourselves, or some protector or herald, whom we could not see, but with whom we were ever ready to make bargain and contract, as to sins and fallings-off from vows. Ah ! reader, the world may be learned in many things, and know our stature, and make nice calculations and comparisons concerning our virtue and character, talents and physical constitution, but who can follow the fairy step, or hear the mystic voice, or see the golden halo of our good angel — or collect the Circean whisperings of our bad angel, or hear the awful, yet majestic, thundering of his trident, when he fails to win our spirits, or we refuse to drink from the intoxicating bowl he bears, in which Death lies lurking.

We know that some will smile whilst we talk thus ; but we may remind our readers, that many of the ancient heathens (probably from tradition) entertained some such notion, that beings of a superior order were ever ministering between men and God. The Greeks termed them “ demons ” (knowing ones), and the Romans, “ genii.”

Socrates said, on the day of his death, “ My demon gives me notice every morning of an evil which will befall me that day, but



did not give me notice of any evil this day, therefore I cannot regard as any evil my being condemned to die." Some have said, this demon was his reason; but those who are acquainted with his sayings know that he never spoke in such obscure and ambiguous terms; if he had meant his reason, his integrity and exactness of character would have indicated this precisely.

An ancient poet, who lived several ages before Socrates, speaks more determinately. Hesiod says —

“ Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen.”

Hence, it is probable, arose the tales about the exploits of their demi-gods (*minorum gentium*), their satyrs, fauns, and nymphs of every kind, wherewith they supposed both sea and land to be filled; these are, like the age, dark and unsatisfactory evidences, standing alone, and producing no faith or conclusions.

God only knows, and has revealed in our spirits, and by his revelation, all which is needful. St. Paul says, in Hebrews i. 14, “ Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation”; and the Psalmist says, “ Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire ” (civ. 4). We are told, “ They sang together when the foundations of the earth were laid.” Dr. Parnell makes the angel say to the hermit, concerning the death of a child —

“ To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,  
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.”

Marcus Antoninus, a heathen, a philosopher, and an emperor, in his meditations, says, “ I thank God for revealing to me, when I was at Cajeta, in a dream, what totally cured that disease which none of my physicians were able to heal.” We will not add more, than our joy that “ they are more that are for us than they that are against us”; and we cannot refrain quoting the words of pious Bishop Kenn —

“ O may thy angels, while I sleep,  
Around my bed their vigils keep;  
Their love angelical instil;  
Stop every avenue of ill.  
May they celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse.”

We have reflected thus, concerning angels, or spirits, and, although we will not pronounce any absolute opinion concerning the mystery of the Holy Spirit, yet we ourselves have sometimes thought it was as a good angel in our pilgrimage in this strange land; and we will leave the Christian to reflect on the words of our Saviour, “ If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the



που τις θεων,  
 η δαιμων εστ' επαρωγος;—*Eurip. Hec.* 162.

Where is there any god or *demon*  
 That will give me aid?

όιαν, όιαν αυ σοι λωβαν  
 εχθισταν αρρηταν τ'  
 ωρσεν τις δαιμων;—*Eurip. Hec.* 200.

What wrong, what (outrage) most hateful and  
 Unutterable, some demon has aroused against thee?

Our readers remember the innumerable scripture authorities; and we had intended to extend this note, having collected many and various authorities, but we fear being tedious.

**PRIESTCRAFT;**  
**OR,**  
**THE MONARCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.**



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE following Dramatic Sketches will not be considered useless, if they increase the number of readers of the history of their country. We think they may prove another means of communicating the moral experience and philosophy of that part of the history of England to which the foregoing pages refer. In some instances we have supplied names for the subordinate characters, particularly in the Battle Scene; but in other respects, we believe, the sketches are strictly historical. Perhaps the scenes between Father Saul and Simmel and Baynard might have appeared extravagant; and therefore they are accompanied by a note extracted from an historian of undoubted veracity. Some of the acts and respective scenes have been introduced to display the character of the chief of the priesthood during this eventful reign, as well as to show the Spirit of the Vatican contending with the Spirit of Monarchy.

There are also scenes which may exhibit more fully the character of Henry II., as well as that of the accomplished heiress of Aquitaine, Eleonora, queen of England. The latter scenes refer to the period when the career of Henry was drawing to a close, when the turmoils and anxieties of civil war produced his premature death.

Our present object necessarily included a full display of the character of Henry II.; and although some might have expected that these sketches would consist of continuous scenes, exhibiting the presumption and wickedness of the Roman Hierarchy, and the debauchery and unfaithfulness of the Roman Clergy, yet we have thought our subject would be better illustrated by scenes incidentally occurring in this important and interesting reign.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**HENRY THE SECOND**, *King of England.*

**DUKE DE BRETAGNE**, *Vassal of Henry II.*

**THOMAS A'BECKET**, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

**RICHARD DE LUCY**, *Chief Justice.*

**RANDOLPH DE GLANVILLE**, *a Jurisprudent, afterwards Chief Justice.*

**HENRY DE BLOIS**, *Bishop of Winchester, Brother of King Stephen.*

**CARDINAL HUGO**, *Legate of the Pope.*

**FOLLIOTT**, *Bishop of London.*

**ROGER**, *Archbishop of York.*

**PETER OF BLOIS**,  
**WALTER MAPES**, } *Chaplains of Henry II.*

**EARL OF LEICESTER**, *an Officer of State.*

**LORD ARUNDEL**.

**MURCHAND**, *a Mercenary Chief.*

**FATHER SAUL**, *a Priest living in the Temple.*

**BAYNARD and SIMMEL**, *Hired Murderers.*

**ELEONORA**, *Queen of Henry II.*

**ISABEL**, *a Spanish Lady, Companion to the Queen.*

**ROSAMOND**, *Mistress of Henry II.*

**ABA**, *Companion to Rosamond.*

**CHRISTABEL**, *Mistress of the Duke de Bretagne.*

*Bishops, Priests, Barons, Knights and Ladies, Minstrels, etc.*





Thomas A'Pecket, Archbishop of Canterbury

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PRIESTCRAFT;  
OR,  
THE MONARCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the King's Palace in London.*

KING HENRY, WALTER MAPES, and  
PETER OF BLOIS.

KING HENRY [*reading letter*].

Now, wise and learned chaplain, thou must take  
Some other part, as priests so well know how.  
And all thy flood of lucky thought must halt  
Awhile, e'en as the countless dead do rest  
In purgat'ry.—This comes from crafty Rome,—  
But more anon. [*Holding forth a letter.*]

PETER OF BLOIS.

Most royal gracious liege,  
Some evil news?—

KING HENRY [*excited*].

Chaplain, I am deceived.

Ah! little did the first Henry opine  
What ills would come with legates sent from Rome!  
All ease and mirthful hours must here break up;  
I now perceive the primate plays me false:  
My crown is envied by the Vatican;  
It kicks the beam of justice and of law.  
This axe shall brandish in the eyes of Rome,—  
That priest shall bow, or I will sink in death!

PETER OF BLOIS.

Could my lov'd king confide again, such trust  
Might once again revive that faithful love  
Which erst the primate vow'd. Once more confide!

KING HENRY.

Not I, sir priest! I did confide too long;  
But now there is a purpose in these hands  
Shall roughly tear away that earthly garb  
Which thy presumptuous Church has dared to wear.

PETER OF BLOIS.

Dear liege! The ruby mantle of kind Heaven  
Is all the Church and patient priests desire.

KING HENRY.

The vaunting priest would steal a royal robe;  
Its name is Power. Now mark me well, wise priest,  
With fools it has but form, and is a gawd  
Which lies about, as glittering garniture  
For holidays and envying parasites;  
With knaves it has a stated price in gold;  
With angels 'tis the sinews of their love;  
With fiends it is their wages, duly earn'd  
By sins committed 'gainst the Almighty's laws,  
Who fearfully, as spirits fall'n, display 't;  
With children it is seen in innocence—  
That treble and impervious panoply,  
But yet there is a power more glorious far:—  
'Tis seen in majesty and awful pomp,  
When the Supernal from his jasper throne  
All glorious moves. See, in his endless train,  
Archangels, seraphs, girt with glittering wings  
And thrice ten thousand times ten thousand suns,  
Round which revolve, in ceaseless harmony,  
The obedient spheres and faithful satellites!  
And midst the throng our earth ambitious smiles!—  
The sea his million liquid mirrors lights;—  
The glassy towers of the arctic zone  
Prismatic shine;—whilst the gigantic forms,  
That wallow round their base, partake the pomp!—  
The pealing thunder bids the mountains rock  
In praise of Him—whilst the electric flash  
Triumphant plays around with forkèd tongue,  
And gliding swift from pole to pole, commands  
All tribes and kindreds to break forth in song!—  
Nay! e'en the dead, altho' unseen by man,  
Put on bright mantles and the triumph swell!—  
This is supernal power.—Mine cumbent lies  
As vassal: yet 'tis mine own—'tis mine—  
It is, and thus it shall be, whilst I am:—  
'Tis precious in my sight.

PETER OF BLOIS.

My gracious liege  
 Will bear the fickle changes of this world;  
 'Tis Heaven marks out those worthy of such wrongs!—  
 And leaves the worthless to grow old and die!—  
 Become pestiferous in sultry suns.  
 So mark the rustling children of the wood  
 (Under whose shade the fairies dance at eve,  
 When rude Apollo sank in western seas)  
 E'en die, the sport of every gamesome wind.  
 O let not royal hands form heresies,  
 Or spend their power to gratify revenge.  
 Such things destroy that noble part which shines,  
 And would illumine the darker paths of life.

KING HENRY.

Oft have I heard you say that every sin  
 May absolution gain; the sins of kings  
 Be blotted out: sins of the dazzled eye  
 Effaced;—the tongue's foul cloquence made dumb;—  
 And the polluted porches of the ear  
 Swept out, and, as a temple, purified.

PETER OF BLOIS.

'Tis true, my liege; the dew of Heaven falls free,  
 And every earthly sin may be absolved.

KING HENRY.

Yet there are sins unnatural and base,  
 Which make my kingdom rank and nauseate.  
 How many murders has De Lucy traced  
 To sundry priests! The civil arm shall reach  
 These holy murderers. Chaplain, your eye  
 Looks doubtingly. What pensive thought beclouds  
 That vision, wont to be so clear? That look  
 Askance tells tales—you wish my scrutiny  
 T' evade.—Come, come! Parturient throes now rend  
 Thy pregnant mind. Let me Lucina be.  
 The messengers from Rome have sought you out,  
 And track'd you even here. What say you, priest?

PETER OF BLOIS.

I would obey thee, king, tho' truant now —  
 Truant to holy Rome. I sorrow much.

KING HENRY.

I see—I cannot have a friend on earth.  
 The length and breadth of England's ample lands

Are till'd and cultured by my foes of Rome:  
 'Twould seem that neither love, nor gold, nor fame,  
 Can make my people free!—'Tis strange, sir priest!  
 Oft would I firmly grasp this cunning foe;  
 But as a spirit flies, he 'scapes my thrust.  
 He seems to lie in woman's eye as smiles;  
 In warrior's brows as harsh and haughty power;  
 In gold, from ingot's bar to tiny coin,  
 He hides and waits in glistening scaly form.  
 In dreams, in wars, in jousting tournament,  
 I've seen my foe pass by me with disdain.  
 Sometimes he wears the sackcloth of the poor;  
 And oft the chaplet of the brave he wears;  
 In buzzing crowds of serfs and soldiery—  
 In fairs, and hucksters' booths, and mummers' troops,  
 This foe creeps in and grins upon my state.  
 My demon\* tells me in my fitful thoughts,  
 These are the missions sent from jealous Rome:—  
 Bear spice for some, narcotic draughts for some;  
 For some bright gems, aye, diadems for some;  
 For some, for me, they bear a poignard, priest,  
 To help me on my way to purgat'ry.

PETER OF BLOIS.

There will the good be cleansed from ev'ry sin,  
 Until the saints in Heaven shall call them forth,  
 The brave, the just, and those we lov'd on earth  
 Will stand, bay'd back by revelations grand  
 (Death will succumb as watchful sheep dog tired).  
 The majesty of Love, eternal Love  
 Will then come down; led by the spirits three:  
 There Truth and Mercy will lead forth in light  
 Of coruscations of ten thousand rays  
 Sweet holy Charity again from Heaven,  
 With silver sandals clad and pearly robe.  
 The great remembrance-book will then be oped,  
 And God will count his dazzling jewels forth  
 Before assembled worlds.

KING HENRY.

Well, well, good Blois.  
 A truce to dull imaginings of priests.  
 I doubt some things of thy o'er holy Church;  
 And question much its promises withal.

\* Appendix, No. XXV.

## PETER OF BLOIS.

My liege, it is your high prerogative  
To question thus poor humble priests: yet, know,  
The demarcations of the Holy Church  
Can ne'er be changed by serf, or sage, or king.  
High, far above the stretch of human sight,  
E'en in the brightly gemm'd cerulean arch,  
Its towers now glittering shine, while its deep base  
Immeasurable lies by human art.  
And sooner far shall gape this beauteous globe  
To its deep centre, and entomb all life,  
Than Holy Church her sacred form shall change,  
Or yield one jot to human vanities.

## KING HENRY.

Is this the vaunting of thy priestly pride?—  
Or priestly craft, thy papal ire to hide?—  
Or are these impulses evinced by all,  
When the light sinews of their craft are tried?  
Be less erratic, and less jealous too.  
This vap'rous world with sinners is replete.  
Some doubt the creed, some doubt the God himself  
We praise so often, and by whom we swear.  
Creeds vary as do men, but some day hence  
Great Truth will try the dogmas of the Church.  
A thousand years shall toss upon the tide  
Of time, and storms shall winnow off the chaff.

## PETER OF BLOIS.

The garden of the Lord can never fade;  
But there are sins which wear away the soul:  
Ambition's haughty sons offend the Church.

## KING HENRY.

Chaste priest, the rays of moral light that pass  
From poor mortality's dense medium  
To that rare ether which surrounds you saints,  
Refraction suffer; and thus scanty faults  
Seem mountains high to modest orbs of priests.  
So have I seen Apollo's disc appear  
Enlarged, when, reeking with their long day's toil,  
His fiery steeds reached Ocean's western bed,  
Where Clymene awaited his embrace,  
Whilst the horizon blush'd to see their play.  
So so! ye prosy and portentous priests  
Would make this world a weary stagnant pool,

And drive to sleepy dull oblivion  
 Fair nature's joyance and life's highest zest—  
 All buoyant love, and amorous dalliance—  
 Adventurous ambition, and the hue  
 And cry that keep at bay the fiend Despair.

PETER OF BLOIS.

How many great and mighty now are gone,  
 Whose names were scarcely wafted on the winds  
 In some deep pool of clotted blood! Nauseous,  
 They wear ambition's honours all alone.

KING HENRY.

'Tis slander, priest—the noble soldier never dies;  
 But with the ministers of holy worlds,  
 He rides thro' everlasting space; in state  
 He travels as a king and conqueror—  
 Then yields his fiefdom up on high to God,  
 Midst principalities and worlds unknown;  
 Whilst light insufferably bright comes forth  
 To mark his radiant way, and deck his soul  
 With glory's rays; whilst countless ages roll.  
 You are too cavilling—you priests!

PETER OF BLOIS.

The Church should be the savour of the earth.

KING HENRY.

Should be to earth great Heaven, and Heaven on earth.  
 Yet, ye are as mortality's white bones,  
 Which jaunted through a sensual life to death,  
 Shipwreck'd and blanch'd by many a salted tide;  
 Made moral, pure, and holy by constraint.—  
 'Tis a lean merit, virtue thus pourtray'd.  
 'Tis sinful man—who would not be a saint?

PETER OF BLOIS.

My gracious liege is wont to be most just.

KING HENRY.

Fashion'd to virtue are ye by a power  
 Ye see not now, which yet with eagle's eye  
 Sees thee, and all thy bald fraternity.  
 Ah! all the distance 'tween great Rome and hence  
 Protects thee not from spies and beadsmen's craft;  
 Yea, e'en thy king, the child and man of war,  
 Is watch'd and weigh'd in every papal scale,  
 And scarcely knows if he may breathe till morn.

## PETER OF BLOIS.

The lambs of Rome require the shepherd's care,  
To keep them from the roaring enemy;  
And when drear storms and awful darkness come,  
They couch secure within the holy fold.

## KING HENRY.

Yet there are glistening eyes, and ruby fronts,  
With monks rotund, and abbots hale and gay,  
Preserved and mansion'd sumptuously.—But stay,  
Though I could schoolman be, and tales unfold  
Of empty baubles held by hands of priests.

## PETER OF BLOIS.

My province is to speak of heavenly power.

## KING HENRY.

Ah! ah! That is thy fair vocation, priest—  
The robe of heaven is thine inviolate.  
I ne'er have cast one envious glance on that,  
Nor will I rend one thread; do as thou wilt,  
'Tis thine—the robe of righteousness is thine:  
The purest men of all this evil world,  
The true, the real saints first wore it, yet  
To Cæsar as an earthly king they bow'd,  
For earthly power of all this world was his;  
But now, sir priest, 'tis mine,—'tis mine—all mine.  
And who's so bold that dares to filch mine own?  
I know there's one—the mitred priest—but I—  
His king, his lord, his rightful sovereign,  
Will drive him from this land by morrow's noon—  
For dalliance with Rome is death to kings.

## PETER OF BLOIS.

My royal master knows I seek to serve—

## KING HENRY.

Well, well! I may, as many mortals may,  
Trace to myself the source of many ills.  
For kings who trust to Rome will live to sigh,  
And some will wrestle in deep agony.  
Make way! I'll drive this serf-born vicious priest  
Into some land where such things find much grace.  
In England such vile things shall not be seen,  
To fright my people, and vile sin to screen.  
Now learn, sir priest — I hear De Lucy's voice.



*Enter SIR RICHARD DE LUCY, and GRYME, a priest.*

To friends I love [*to De Lucy*], 'tis thus I ope my palm.  
 Why art thou so absorbed in silent thought?  
 Sir Richard, I do love thee much; but now  
 Be prudent—pertinent—to me display  
 No meshes of thy craft—delay no more.

SIR RICHARD.

The men were sent before the break of day.

GRYME.

But on far fleeter wing from Rome will come  
 A voice.

KING HENRY.

The body of this ill is mine—  
 All may conduct to many angry storms,  
 If so, then many a fractious priest shall sink.

GRYME.

O direful deed! There may come hours when e'en  
 My liege may need that holy power now scorn'd.

KING HENRY.

This savours much of treason's varied wiles,  
 Wheezing 'tween conscience and expedience.  
 'Tis neither law, nor love, nor loyalty,  
 And lacks authority to boot.

GRYME.

My liege!

SIR RICHARD.

Your liege's will all words must overrule.

KING HENRY.

My word is now my will—use no delay.

SCENE II.—HENRY *alone, passing through the Gallery.*

KING HENRY.

There is a mighty Harper, one who holds  
 The times of men, and standing oft between  
 This obvious world and long eternity,  
 Predicting, leading, guiding mortal things.  
 I would this Minstrel now would touch some chord  
 Which lulls the noble soul that suffers wrongs  
 On his good fame. This priest hangs like a cloud,  
 Portending heavy storms; hence gloomy fears,

And discord comes 'tween subjects and their king.  
 The times in which we live have run their score  
 Of black iniquity; the lintels proud  
 Of Virtue's habitation have been forced:  
 Whilst the coarse citizen looks out with plaints  
 Against our royal selves. Now I have caused  
 These officers to wend to Merton's lord.  
 Hope, like a timid doe in thicket deep,  
 Peeps out with panting heart, lest e'en some snare  
 May cast her headlong in a sunken pit.  
 These noxious priests! they swarm throughout my land—  
 Poison my people's healthful loyalty.  
 The Vatican with France and Geoffrey joined,  
 Their treble might will make our hands too full.  
 But ah! somehow this loathsome priest shall yield,  
 E'en if I drag him from the papal chair.—  
 Yet this for present time we now forget,  
 For some sweet, honied words our queen requires,  
 Or she will aid my foe with woman's spite,  
 Whilst such a priest as false à Becket lives.  
 O 'tis a conflict hard, and wears me more  
 Than angry war or discord's toils,—to fawn,  
 And fashion words to suit the Vatican,—  
 But still 'tis work I dare not now neglect!  
 Here comes the queen from vespers, I declare—  
 I must be gallant as a Spanish knight,  
 For she has eyes sharp as the wild gazelle;  
 And secretly with Rome she corresponds.  
 Her pallid face becomes her lengthen'd prayers;—  
 Romance and piety are dainty bits,  
 But far too pure to gratify our queen.  
 They are the semblances she uses well,  
 And interlards these things with feigning sighs;—  
 Indeed such loving makes me cease to love;  
 And yet I must be big with sighs and groans,  
 With deep romantic yawns and upturn'd eyes. [ *Passing.*  
 Ah! here she comes, with downcast nodding plumes,  
 Perusing parchment scraps with anxious glance,—  
 Some wondrous recipe from Rome, I guess.

[ELEONORA enters.]

Good queen, thy earnest piety puts shade  
 On all the seemings of religious life.

ELEONORA.

A holy life puts shame on piety;—  
 It is the refuge of mortality

When press'd by secret and heart-piercing woes:  
But thy gay, glistening fortune needs not this.

KING HENRY.

O thou hast heavenly love attending thee,  
To keep thee ever.

ELEONORA.

Love on earth, where pure,  
Is heavenly love; where forced, it is not love.

KING HENRY.

The spirits pure revolve in perfect love;—  
But what is earthly love? This question oft  
I poise and balance at my lance's end.  
My chaplain tells me it is a foul sin.

ELEONORA.

Ah! Be the owner of that holy joy,  
Which throbbing passion ever vainly seeks.  
By loving, you may learn the answer true,  
As the bold diver knows the white pearl's bed,—  
Whilst they who buy and sell this precious thing  
Know nothing of her deep and beauteous cell.  
Love will exalt, although dependence comes  
And forms its nature and its dignity;  
As ivy o'er the castle turret high  
Clings to the rugged wall, and whilst it yields  
It borrows strength from might and majesty,  
And with its emerald cloak in sombre guise  
It decks the noble pile of mother earth,  
Diverts the sultry sun; and every storm  
And hurricane but strengthens that embrace,  
Which shall for ever last.

KING HENRY.

For ever? ah!

ELEONORA.

Sire, yes—and when these stars and changeful moon  
Have sunk within those far unknown degrees  
Which the great Lord of Heaven did first conceive,  
Still shall remain the sweet embrace of love,  
Which shall for ever be.

KING HENRY.

For ever? ah!

For ever is so very long, good queen!

## ELEONORA.

As ever any earthly thing shall be:  
 But that tall castle height must fall—  
 The mountain where the golden sun has hid  
 Those rocks where lonely eagles sullen rest  
 The peaceful valley where the kine oft low'd—  
 The boundaries of the raging billows' crest;  
 The Pleiades and wild Arcturus too,  
 Must render up their native majesty  
 When the shrill trumpet of the angel sounds;  
 Which calls the wand'ring tribes of man to Heaven;  
 But love's exhaustless song, all melody  
 Shall lead the choirs of Heaven's great palaces,  
 And in the presence of Almighty Love  
 Shall sound its sweeter notes to angels there,  
 It is not long—it is no part of time.

## KING HENRY.

Wise queen, thou shalt instruct me more at length,  
 For I do love grave learning's depths and heights,  
 And schoolmen's difficult and knotty points!  
 I love romantic thought, and heavenly recipes.

## ELEONORA.

No, no!—I speak no more just now; 'tis vain:  
 Farewell for present time—My Lord! farewell.

SCENE III.—THOMAS A'BECKET *alone in an Apartment at Merton.*

A'BECKET [*reads the royal summons*].

Yes! I begin to scan this odious plot,  
 But see not yet what part is mine to take,  
 Or where my soul shall stumble or awake.  
 O holy Mary! lead my truant soul  
 To guardian angels and the saints of heaven!  
 My spirit now is bay'd and mortified.  
 Ye gems that glow with dazzling radiance—  
 Ye brazen gates and picture-tapestried walls—  
 Ye Doric arches—Parian obelisks,  
 Fretted and burnish'd as Apollo's brow,  
 Decking proud Merton's sylvan solitude—  
 Are ye endow'd with voice of prophecy?  
 Say, must I leave your peaceful loveliness—

Say, shall these shadowy walls and archèd roofs,  
Which oft have witnessed my suppliant knee  
And fervent prayer and deep humility,  
Form the rough outposts of some tawny tribe  
Wandering in squalid misery o'er the land,  
Uncertain where to stay their weary feet,  
Yet with sure footsteps treading down to hell ?  
There yet, e'en yet, some little space remains,  
In which the frowns of office I may mask,  
Adorn'd with smiles of sunshine from the past ;  
And this may some inclemencies defend.  
As to this worldly tournament—I must,  
Within the deep recesses of my mind,  
Some dext'rous means now promptly meditate  
To make this royal rival bite the dust,  
And humbly supplicate the love of Rome.  
Some low-bred second I may here require,  
To whisper news, and cunning counsel give  
In this untoward and untrodden path:  
And yet, dare I another being trust  
My steps to plant, and dictate to my soul ?  
I must be whilst I may; and what I must,  
I dare. To be, is vastness of reality,  
And gorgeous amount of dignity ;  
But to incarcerate my vaulting soul  
Within another mind, is but a base  
And impious safety I will never seek.  
Ah, ah ! sad times ! this is a world of strife.  
Why do I quarrel with the course of Time,  
Whose silent power no earthly thing resists,—  
Whose tooth hard monuments of brass corrodes,  
And bids to moulder those high conic piles  
That cover regal rottenness and pride?  
Shine out, ye constant stars ! e'en in this scorn  
I have your faithful light attending me.  
Oh ! that your beams ethereal could pierce  
The dark laboratory of human mind !—  
Then might I gaze upon the frowning eye,  
Deep set beneath the pursèd royal brow,  
And tell the forms and fashions of the things  
By which I am beset. I cannot trim,  
As courtiers glib know when and how—not I.  
I, who have chased the angry boar alone,  
And sought mine enemies e'en in the dark,  
When savage Ipres and his hosts fell back,

When kings and princes waited by, to hail  
 "The bravest of the brave!"—I ne'er will bow,  
 Nor doff one right which holy Rome has claim'd,  
 Though death and kings join hand to scare my soul:  
 I'll laugh with indignation at them all!  
 I bear the warrant of most holy Rome,  
 Whose will is heaven's, whose power is that of God.  
 The Cross shall wear that Crown which hands of kings  
 Shall never, never tear from my embrace.  
 To Rome—to holy Rome I now will write,  
 And let great Alexander know my woes.  
 That his ambassador has suffer'd wrongs  
 For which not all the blood in English veins  
 Can make a compensation to the Church,  
 Whose pure, infallible, and holy form  
 Is held by angels in their trembling hand.  
 England and France, aye, every land and clime  
 Shall bow in sackcloth, reek with ruby blood,  
 If they will bear this heinous heresy.  
 For Heaven and Heaven's Anointed now I war;—  
 No love I want from wild and reckless kings!  
 My wrongs will lie before the Vatican,  
 Whose thund'ring peals of anger none can stay.  
 Soon will this king and all his valiant peers  
 Be penitent, and ask for grace in vain.  
 England shall rue the day when first it dared  
 Disturb the holy peace which shone in Rome.  
 I'll pray the Pope to issue interdict,  
 Depose this king, and close the very grave,  
 Ere I will bow before this heretic.

SCENE IV. KING HENRY *meets* WALTER MAPES.\*

KING HENRY.

Well, happy Gollias, I would be gay;  
 But these rank priests, thy brethren, do toil  
 To make me sad, and puzzle royal brains.  
 The pope has sent another bevy forth

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\* Walter Mapes was chaplain to Henry II.; he wrote many satirical poems on the Romish priests, including the Pope himself. He was known as Gollias (see *Life of Walter Mapes*, published by the Camden Society, in 1844.)

To watch and linger in our royal path ;  
 But they are like the crafty Vatican,—  
 A purse of gold will buy their honey'd words.

WALTER MAPES.

My liege, I told you thus, and more I know;  
 The pope will empty Rome of every priest,  
 (And some about your court are priests disguised,  
 To watch you breathe, and hear your humour's vent .  
 Yes, I could shew you sights would shock your soul,  
 And make you doubt the very faith we love ;  
 But time and all its storms will prove me just.

KING HENRY.

Walter, they say thou hast an envious eye,  
 And, vaunting with thy songs so scand'lously  
 Thy wit, lead'st Lady Fancy out of bounds;  
 And gay Thalia jaunts away with thee,  
 Displays her wanton form, then stealthily  
 Assumes her mask of cold sobriety;  
 Yet in the midst of wild festivity,  
 She sings Circean songs with melody.  
 My chaplain loves this young divinity,  
 And tells me she's the dame Mnemosyne.

WALTER MAPES.

My liege! my liege! it is Mnemosyne,  
 And not Thalia, has supplied that song,  
 Which makes the pope himself forejudge my soul.  
 As sweet Diana's self outstrips the winds,  
 Through woods and pathless wilds, o'er mountain's snows ;  
 The kind Mnemosyne, with Clio's aid,  
 Bounds down the unseen vale, where things which were,  
 Lie in their graves and mould'ring sepulchres ;  
 'Tis there, inspired, she chaunts her holy songs,  
 And oft her tuneful voice soft Echo wakes ;  
 In sighs she rests.

KING HENRY.

And then Thalia comes,  
 Arrayed in gold and silvery dress so bright ;  
 And as some hoary fairy she steps forth,  
 Whispering some medley strange and intricate,  
 She makes my chaplain think 'tis Memory.  
 And not the tales which youthful Fancy bred.

WALTER MAPES.

I wish my liege would join me for one eve;

Then I could prove my songs had modesty,  
Which ne'er adorns the lives of Romish priests.

KING HENRY.

Walter, some day far hence, in majesty,  
We may sit down with all the thousand tribes,  
And judge these recreant priests; but now,  
Just now, we must believe them pure 'tis well,  
Or into hell they'll jerk us all pellmell.

WALTER MAPES.

One eve shall prove my liege too merciful.

KING HENRY.

But where, and when, and how, could I survey  
The merry monks, who pray so heartily?  
'They know my bearing well.

WALTER MAPES.

Leave that to me.

A carnival this night is opportune,  
Where foreign monks carouse and spend their gold.  
I'll lead my liege right in the midst of all;  
Yes, at the house I know.—Leave that to me.  
I'll show at once the passions in full play.  
At summit all—with all their hectic glow,  
And burning glance, which ever radiate  
The brow of sin which wars against the soul.

KING HENRY.

'Tis well—I'll join your merry scene this night,  
And view these sage Italian monks in cups.  
What order shall I be?—Cistercian?

WALTER MAPES.

Capuchin will be best becoming thee;  
I'll make thee priest. I'll come, my liege, at ten.

SCENE V.—MONKS *and* CAVALIERS *carousing in a tavern.*

ANSELM DE BURGOS [*throwing himself back in his chair*].

I hear some news—A'Becket fights the king!  
Tell me what this all means. Say, Godrick, say.

GODRICK.

The king is mad, and kicks against the pricks;  
As some wild colt he wrestles with his lord:



A CAVALIER [*standing behind Father Godrick taking up his hands*].

Ye learned friars, just list to me awhile.  
This is the holy priest, who seldom prays,  
Yet often fasts until his hunger comes,—  
And never drinks except the wine is good.  
He is the pope's vicegerent,—well employed.

[*The monk falls on the floor quite tipsy.*]  
He's rather drunk, but that's the fault of wine!  
Some day he'll be archbishop, so they say,—  
And find us merry souls another way  
To heaven; and all I say, I wish he may.

[*Turns his empty glass on the face of the fallen priest.*]  
Here's holy water, which I pour on thee,—  
And make St. Osith's priest thus consecrate.  
All who can stand, now join your hands with me,  
And let us dance and sing right merrily.  
Here's Hermitage and Burgundy so bright,  
Which makes old joys return, and woe so light,  
That like a feather it goes dancing by,  
To seek a bed in some fair maiden's eye;  
And gives to loveliness a pensive dye  
And heaving cadence to soft minstrelsy.

*Enter KING and WALTER MAPES as foreign monks.*

WALTER.

All happy souls, who quaff old Vally's wine!

KING HENRY.

'Tis wine which washes sin into the veins,  
And drives men on to Pluto's gloomy shade.  
Alas! these priests seem sliding in apace.

WALTER.

Ah, yes; they drink of Sodom's feverish wines,  
And waste their strength to drink Gomorrah's gall,  
And thus fall into Hades' after all.

VALLY, *the hostess, appears.*

VALLY.

Good holy fathers, ye are welcome here.  
What generous wines shall tempt your sacred lips?  
Here's Hermitage and Burgundy so bright.

WALTER.

Good Mother Val, your guests are rather gay.

VALLY.

The night is early yet ; we soon shall have  
The fairest dames who live in palaces,  
With cavaliers, and many pious souls ;  
And I expect the pope this very night.

*In a corner of the room, a priest talking with a stranger  
in a low voice—overheard.*

FATHER SAUL.

He struggled hard ? Ah yes ! You strangled him\*—  
And left no marks !

BAYNARD.

He crunch'd his teeth with pain ;  
And once he said, " O Lord ! have mercy, Lord !"  
I laugh'd, and so did Simmel laugh, to see  
The freaks he made to heave us off his chest.

SAUL.

You clos'd with him ?

BAYNARD.

And stamp'd upon his heart.

SAUL.

And yet you say he spoke ?

BAYNARD.

I only heard.

Poor gentleman ! We smother'd up his face  
Whilst Simmel gagg'd and press'd upon his throat :  
And now and then he mutter'd words, and groan'd,  
Until the pool of life was well sopp'd up.  
Poor gentleman !—How hard it is to die !

SAUL.

The Church will bless, and absolution give.  
For any sin, however dark its hue.  
The storied treasury of gold in Rome  
Can give the power to ruthless arms ; and hearts

---

\* The archbishop, A'Becket, had lately protected some clergymen, guilty of enormous and capital crimes, from being delivered up to the justice of the crown ; and amongst others, there was one accused of having debauched a gentleman's daughter, and of having, to secure his enjoyment of her, murdered her father. The king required him to be brought to judgment before a civil tribunal, that if convicted he might suffer a penalty adequate to his guilt, which the ecclesiastical judicature could not inflict upon him ; but this was resisted by A'Becket—*Lord Lyttleton*, vol. iv. p. 15.

Steep'd deep in murder's dark and gory stream  
Are rendered pure by virtues of the saints.

BAYNARD.

Come, priest, I want the gold, for Simmel waits.

SAUL [*gives gold*].

There's gold enough to waft thee up to heav'n.

BAYNARD.

This bag wants weight.

SAUL.

Baynard, I have no more.

BAYNARD,

How, thou vile priest! that blade is scarcely chill'd.  
Which quell'd Sir Everard's sighs.—I must have gold,  
To hide these bloody hands from common ken.  
Simmel claims half, and threatens he'll have more.

SAUL.

Who brings the maid to me?

BAYNARD.

I and my men.

SAUL.

Then Simmel's work is done. Now let him die—  
The Church will then absolve his evil soul,  
And cast his petty sins on wand'ring winds.

BAYNARD.

What! murder Sim?

SAUL.

And keep the gold thyself.

BAYNARD.

What! murder Sim with these old tawny hands?  
Poor Sim! he has a little son at sea!  
An aged mother, too, depends on Sim  
For bread and drink. I will not murder him.  
What fiend has whisper'd this?—was't thee, old priest?  
[*Seizes the priest.*]  
Give me the gold—or give me back the breath  
Which gurgled through the wide-extended throat  
Of that poor gentleman.

SAUL.

Baynard, be still!





BAYNARD.

For why?

SAUL [*pushes money into his hand hurriedly*].

Here's gold—here's gold—see it—feel it.  
Give share to Sim;—but at the Temple stairs  
We meet.

BAYNARD.

Poor Sim! What! murder Sim?—No—no.

SAUL.

Hush! hush!—those strangers there move tow'ards us,  
As though intent to speak.

BAYNARD.

This night, at twelve,  
We bring the maid, closed in a sack tight bound.

SAUL.

Baynard, my friend, farewell!—At twelve this night!

[*Walks up and down the room, absorbed—talks  
aloud, but unaware of it.*]

Somehow I must secure this modest thing.  
Yes! I could yield all things I ever loved,  
Once more to see that neck!—That neck was bare;  
Whilst all along her panting breast, the light  
Was dazzled by her golden hair; profuse  
It hung like clouds tinged by the setting sun,  
And seem'd to have eternal wastes, in which  
Young Joy might roam and win a glance of heaven.

SCENE VI.—*Priest's House.*

PRIEST.

Who knocks?

SERVANT.

A man without asks audience.

PRIEST.

Let him come in. 'Tis Simmel, I'll be sworn.  
I have a rumour in my soul 'tis him;  
My dreams were full of him, Baynard, and death.

*Enter SIMMEL.*

PRIEST.

How now?

**SIMMEL** [*kneels and hides his face*].

If absolution blots out sins,  
I would confess to thee, good Father, now.

**PRIEST.**

Now? now? I must go forth.

**SIMMEL.**

O, Father, stay !

**I am borne down with sins which waste my heart.**

**PRIEST.**

**What sins? of what? Hast thou been thief, or what**

**SIMMEL.**

Good Priest—'tis true I have been thief—Alas!  
These hands have stolen a precious thing.

**PRIEST.**

## But what?

Be thrifty, man; I want no more report.  
The price of sins like thine is small.—But hark,  
First pay the Church, and then restore that thing,  
And then ask intercession of the saints.

**SIMMEL.**

My scorched heart will burst—dear Father, now.

*[Throws down some gold.*

'Tis absolution must be granted me,  
Here's gold—the gold—the very gold which I

[*Trembles very much, and stammers.*

Which I received for blood—an old man's blood.

O priest! there is a burning heat within,

Which nought about this earth can ever quench.

There is a tumult here like brawling fiends!

Would that the earth had op'd and swallow'd me

Fire that foul sin had stain'd these brawny hands!

**PRIEST.**

The holy Church has power. Forget this sin.  
Thou hast confess'd—thou art absolved—'tis o'er—  
The price is paid, and Heav'n can claim no more.  
The Church will bear e'en such a sin as this,  
And hide it from the eye of mighty Heav'n;  
The Pope of Rome is Heaven's vicegerent here,

And from the treasury of good men's deeds  
 Will grant indulgence to thy naughty soul:  
 Ah yes—for ever—through all changeful scenes,  
 And whilst eternity, exhaustless, heaves  
 Its mystic form and nature, yet unknown.  
 But thou must pray to holy Mary's form,  
 And lift thine eyes to saints who live in heaven,  
 To mediate 'tween the Holy One and man.

Now is the instant for my darkest thoughts [*Aside.*  
 To shape themselves in form of honest speech.  
 But can I trust that faint tall murderer?  
 Or shall I write to Rome that even yet  
 I have no arm I can to this direct?  
 But I will try, whilst hell attunes my tongue.

[*Turning his back on Simmel.*

From whom or whence thou can'st, concerns not me.  
 But string thy nerves awhile—just while I speak;  
 And think of any thing thou lov'st in life,  
 And know that thou shalt have e'en in thy palm  
 The pow'r to satisfy thy blithest lusts,  
 Be what they may.—There! tell them not to me,  
 For I have but an office to fulfil,  
 And am no chapman with these ingots here.  
 Weigh'd in the fairest balances they were:

[*Throws down several bars of gold.*

There take them all—they all are thine—all, all!  
 I want thy aid to lead a truant king  
 To his last home in safety and alone.  
 Thus serve the Church—thus serve thy soul.—Dost hear?  
 Dost hear? [*aside*] That tenfold gloom alarms me now!  
 Or else in Purgat'ry thy soul will lie,  
 Whilst countless years will ever, ever roll.

SIMMEL.

More blood! more blood! These hands do writhe at this!

PRIEST.

Dost hear? dost see?

[*Shews the gold, and a written paper directing  
 the king's death from the pope.*

SIMMEL.

My eyes are full of blood!—  
 I see nought but blood! My hands are blood,  
 My eyes are blood,—that paper is all blood!  
 [*Sinks down, face covered.*



PRIEST.

Man—fool—I see thou'rt mad. Ho! ho!  
Without! take this foul murderer away!

SIMMEL.

Great priest, good priest, Father—hear me! hear me!

PRIEST.

Hear me! I am confessor to that king.  
I would such royal sinners breathed in heaven,  
Deported by the holy Church—quite safe.  
Come, come! dost hear? I would befriend thee, man.  
'Tis no new task for thee. The Church loves thee:  
Now love the Church, and leave the end to me.

SIMMEL.

Anguish o'erflows my soul.—Good Priest, forbear;  
My brain will burst—I will obey the Church.

PRIEST.

Good man!—See there that shining gold—see there!  
'Twill buy thee absolution o'er and o'er;  
Yea, thou may'st murder father, mother, son,\*  
And be unscathed as blood-bought sinners are.  
Come, turn those filmy eyes—the gold is here.  
Think of the mirthful hours 'twill purchase thee—  
The long carousings undelay'd by want.  
'Twill buy thee mailèd coat 'gainst every pow'r  
On earth, and ope the gates of heav'n at last;  
Where thou may'st bask on golden slopes, whilst Time  
In nether worlds is charm'd in endless sleep,  
By cadence of the soft inspirèd notes  
Which quiver on the lip of seraphim  
Who lead the eternal choirs. Wake man! see gold!

SIMMEL [*aside.*]

I see but hell, which now awaits my soul;  
And fiends are 'tending there to dash with me  
Deep down into the burning core within.  
How to escape—how to endure? Ah how?  
There murderers, and filthy beings there,  
And some I thought I ne'er should see again.  
I see their angry frowns; their shouts I hear.  
Some fellow murderer will sneer on me.

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\* See Appendix, Nos. VI. and XIX.

PRIEST.

Wake up, good man ! Now for thy faithful love.  
 Or shall the Church provide thee tortures prompt,  
 To purge thy soul of cruel murder's stains ?  
 Awake ! Why dost thou stare on me, caitiff ?  
 That was a glance of recognition fierce, [Aside.  
 But still restrain'd—'twas fear, 'twas gloom, 'twas threat !  
 'Tis past endurance now. I'll change my end,  
 And cast him on the law's deep shoals and sands ;  
 They'll swallow up that wretch, and I, intact,  
 Will whisper warnings to the king and lords,  
 That murderer's arms now yawn for royal blood ;  
 And when they ask for evidence complete,  
 I'll ask their praise to holy Mary's name  
 That still they live and breathe above the grave.

SIMMEL.

I'll leave, and see thee in the falling eve ;  
 For hours have sped too glib since I've been here.  
 He sees I know again his gloating eye, [Aside.  
 He means to have his end—I'll fly.

PRIEST.

Or die !  
 [Stamps—three men rush in.  
 Lead this man down—blindfold him as you go.  
 His days are few,\* or mine are full of woe. [Aside.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in Palace.*

KING HENRY and SIR RICHARD DE LUCY.

KING HENRY.

Sir Richard, now at highest premium  
 Your mystic art appears. A king will give  
 A kingly price to rout from forth his web,  
 Bedabbled with the dew of luxury,  
 A bloated spider, loathsome to his sight,—  
 Or run a veteran doubling fox to snare.

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\* At this period the superior priests were authorised to hold a private inquisition in their houses, and to torture for heresy ; and, when they desired to destroy any one, they caused him to be charged with heresy, which was soon followed by death.

Go, bid thy minions arm and multiply,  
 Until from us to Merton they shall reach.  
 Why is this priest so safe in burrow lodged,  
 As if, like timid hare in 'vantage ground,  
 All nature lent him her surrounding aid;  
 Whilst he can hear the tramp of champing steed,  
 'The piercing fife, and louder trumpet's blast,  
 Sound through the cloisters of his deep recess?  
 Sir Richard, come, my patience thou dost mock;  
 I wait, as does a blushing love-sick maid:—  
 She thinks—she knows—that is, she hopes—he loves;  
 But hope's fond tale is flattering and vain.  
 What of our royal summons to the priest?

SIR RICHARD.

It is reported he is sick and sad;—  
 Some say 'tis too much state delays his steps.

KING HENRY.

But who 's without? List! 'tis the priest himself:  
 I know his gait, and rumour of his step.  
 This second summons efficacious proves,  
 To rouse the slumbering tiger from his lair.

*Enter* ARCHBISHOP.

ARCHBISHOP.

At last, my liege's humble servant's here;—  
 Has dragg'd his heavy limbs—now failing fast—  
 To be revivèd in the presence-air  
 Of royalty—so gracious—comely—just!

SIR RICHARD [*aside*].

Sickness has blanched the Primate's learned brow.

KING HENRY.

Sir priest, 'tis well. I wish the hours would wait  
 For men, and men for kings; leaving at large  
 All gross and earthly baubles for the world—  
 The dull and sinning world, too often wreck'd  
 By weight of ingots, which, in getting, soil.

ARCHBISHOP.

When virtue's lovers so fastidious grow,  
 The eye is querulous, the ear wide opes,  
 And numerous flaws in judgment come. Alas!

What need, my liege, to hold a common broil  
With me?—with me, thy best, thy earliest friend?—  
This leads to woes immedicably wide,  
Too wide for puny hands of kings to close.  
But know, I am the primate of this land,  
The only mission of great heaven's high court.  
Protector of the rights, all paramount,  
Of the eternal world. Consider this!

KING HENRY.

Let prudence with thy eloquence keep pace!  
Be frugal of thy words! for present time  
Admits no idle use or wandering.  
Mark me! as far as king the future can o'errule,  
We shall walk less together;—Yes, far less,  
And let the fresh'ning breezes 'tween us sweep;  
And thus stagnation's evils foul prevent,  
Engendering plagues and pestilences dire.

SIR RICHARD.

My lord, the king commands your presence here  
To-morrow's morn, John Marshall, knight, to meet.

KING HENRY.

Yes, yes! thy eloquence may stead thee then.

ARBHBISHOP.

What revolutions are in state! A king  
Of haughty lineage a ycoman hires,  
His primate—shepherd—father—to waylay!

SIR RICHARD.

Your grace should know that heinous crime comes forth  
From places holy, which the king offends,  
And justice full and summary demands.

ARCHBISHOP.

Indeed! 'tis strange! Expedience may, 'tis true,  
Some simulations and disguise require  
In the prerogative of earthly kings;  
But when a prince can once forget the grace  
Which Rome's kind hand hath shed upon his brow,  
The heavenly similitude is lost;—  
From his once royal head, though diadem'd,  
Must glcry's arch and hieroglyphics fade.

SIR RICHARD.

Beware! your grace's tongue the king offends.

ARCHBISHOP.

Justiciary! 'tis flattery's antidote;  
For soon the still small voice of guardian Conscience,—  
'That heaven-appointed monitor within—  
Is lost and drown'd amid the boisterous shouts  
And praises loud of senseless multitudes—  
The fickle, faithless, and misjudging world;  
And thus the virtues of a noble king  
Are lost—ignobly lost.

SIR RICHARD.

Your grace's tongue  
Wants loyalty and reverend courtesy.

KING HENRY.

Now, wise justiciary, observe this priest!  
Justice shall waken; so beware, sir priest!

ARCHBISHOP.

Now, wise justiciary, observe this king!

SIR RICHARD.

All observation now finds cause for grief.

KING HENRY.

Thy Romish father on me pours, like hail,  
His hot anathemas: with legate's aid  
Sustains the evil, and destroys the good,  
Until the very law has no effect.  
He all the orders of my people scans,—  
Poising in papal scales, with partial weights,  
Or king, or citizen 'gainst pamper'd priest;  
Calling that priest all sacred, holy, pure,  
Who is within like whited sepulchre,  
Black as thick midnight, with pollutions foul.

SIR RICHARD.

Our monarch will thee, holy primate, meet.  
My lord, one hundred murders—aye, and more!—  
Have been to holy men, so callèd, traced.

KING HENRY.

So called, but in their deeds most wicked, vile!

ARCHBISHOP.

So called, good king! yes, once, good king, I say.

KING HENRY.

I make an end; which is, This little isle  
Has sides too near for such a priest and king.

ARCHBISHOP.

Is, then, Toulouse by thee forgot, and all  
My services in France?

KING HENRY.

Thy memory, sir priest,  
Is far more fresh than all thy loyalty.  
True honour wants not praise. 'Tis bad repute  
For all I love, that cowl and lance should tilt  
So near; it is unwholesome and forbid.—  
Justiciary, please take account of this:—  
E'en this of treason tastes.

SIR RICHARD.

My lord, thy grace  
Must hear and answer far less boastingly  
The charges which I last transmitted thee.

ARCHBISHOP.

I owe thee nought, my liege; and that thou know'st.

KING HENRY.

Prepare to answer what I charge to thee,  
And pay to our exchequer promptly, priest.  
No longer urge such slanders on my fame.

ARCHBISHOP.

Alas! thou king! I served thee much. This hand,  
I now extend to heaven, has ne'er thee wrong'd;  
Nor from thee riven aught of earth that had  
Thy love—nor aught in heaven. And can'st thou dash  
Thy knightly foot on venerated things,  
To form example for the vulgar swains,  
Who learn to hate the holy Church of Rome?

KING HENRY.

I will not thus be poised or catechised.  
Be pithy to the idle wind! Away—  
Such divination I've no mind to hear.

SIR RICHARD.

Your grace of wisdom, as of love, hath need.

ARCHBISHOP.

Plantagenet has now no ray of love.  
O sad reverse! Alas, poor king!

KING HENRY.

The measure of thy insolence is full.—  
And now begins the worst of civil wars.  
England and I 'gainst thee and Rome. Try now  
Your best; and let the Pope send forth his bulls.  
'Tis doom'd eternally that one of us  
Shall perish in this combat. To the death  
I thee defy. And as athletes fierce,  
We need no artful means, but madly fall  
Into each other's arms; and then I'll tear  
The puny skin which hides the traitor's blood.  
Foul Rome sends some from cloister'd learning's path—  
Sends some with warlike form and gallant mien,  
To lull great England's buoyant, trusting heart—  
But time is full, and I defy thee, priest.

ARCHBISHOP.

Shall all my storied services, though past,  
Be counted nought in this account; 'Tis sad!

KING HENRY.

True honour ever takes account of all  
Which is, or was, or ever may be known.  
If thou art Heaven's vicegerent, pay thyself  
With treasures which no eye hath seen; with praise  
Which comes not of the earth; its holy voice  
From silver trumpets comes; and seraphims  
Record the joys of saints on earth,  
Who have delight in holy news from heaven.  
But hark! sir priest, I mark that earthly toys  
Fill up thine ingrate breast. I mark, sir priest,  
A wheezing conscience, far from loyalty.

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou sovereign of these realms, now mark my words!  
Thou art not just; and I dare tell thee so.  
Though thou art king of England, yet e'en thou  
Shalt hear. I have another king, whose line  
Did royal sceptres wield o'er wide domains  
Ere thy poor ancestors had name, or lands,  
Or home. That king I serve; that king I love.  
But thou—









A'p'p'ro'p'riate Henry



KING HENRY.

'Tis treason. What king dost thou mean?  
 Now light before me darts, and shews me gulfs,  
 And many broken ways, and straits, o'er which  
 Thou wouldst have urged thy lord, thy generous king!  
 I see thy Roman faith is a rank weed,  
 Which chokes all honesty, and makes thee vile.  
 I see. To-morrow's hour shall prove I see  
 Those whom I hate, and those I love.

ARCHBISHOP.

Poor king!  
 Poor king! to-morrow cannot come too soon!  
*[Archbishop leaves.]*

SIR RICHARD.

And now the primate has withdrawn, perhaps  
 My liege will meditate what course to take,  
 And how rebellious subjects we may quell.

KING HENRY.

There's much in all thou now hast said; but yet  
 My subjects little know or think how far  
 Above their kindly love a king must dare  
 To live. High on a precipice he stands,  
 Severed from all: *[Pauses.]*

Exposed to e'en the storm  
 Which scares the woodman to his sheltering hut,  
 Where crackling furze, sparkling on kindred eyes,  
 Makes home. No safety from assassin's steel,  
 Or brigands vile, belongs to him who leans  
 Upon a throne. Alas! no friend has he  
 To explicate his best intent; awhile  
 He halts, bay'd by the vilest of his kind,  
 Who hunts his noble spirit out of pace,  
 As the wild boar in leafy shades expires,  
 Lashing his tail upon his gory sides.  
 His roaring voice as sylvan thunder sounds,  
 Makes timid Echo spring from many a glade;  
 Whilst eager hunters rend his flowing mane,  
 And angry curs assail his noble brow.  
 At last, in desperation dire, he bounds—  
 In madness bounds—and, with convulsive leap,  
 He seeks revenge on those who seek his blood.

ARCHBISHOP [*turns back through the open door*].

My liege, true pride will guard true royalty  
From cunning slander's rage; and bid it wear  
The lofty graces of a king, as one  
Of Christ's anointed,—high—high up  
Above the common hireling's reach.—But say,  
What evil have I done? Absolve my name.

KING HENRY.

Ah! thou hast done thy very worst, sir priest;  
So hence! away!

SCENE II.—*In the Court Yard of Palace.*

TWO COURTIER; *one an Italian* PRIEST, *the other a*  
*Crusading* KNIGHT.

KNIGHT.

If we might listen to this sad debate,  
Perhaps 't would teach our consciences in wit;  
For priests have wond'rous use of placita.

PRIEST.

Good knight, I sorrow much; 't is very sad  
To see this land so foul with heresies.  
No Catholic, who truly loves his Church,  
May trust his ear in such affrays; indeed  
The king will suffer heavy penalties,  
And holy Rome will be a furnace hot,  
Where cardinals will as refiners sit,  
Until our liege's pride will shrink and fade,  
As some poor pale and squalid artisan's.

KNIGHT.

Ah, sir, ye priests mistake Plantagenet:  
The Second Henry has no fear of Rome.

PRIEST.

*No king on earth has power except from Rome ;*  
And soon, Sir Ralph, that voice, as thunders loud,  
Will echo fierce in royal palaces.  
Soon will this nation stand in interdict;  
And then the sacraments of every kind  
Will be withheld from every English born;

And then the very dead will want a grave;  
The king will be an outcast, and the crown  
Will be transferred to some more hopeful son—  
To France, or Spain, or Portugal's young heir.

## KNIGHT.

The proud A'Becket's ire may bathe in blood,  
Ere that mad fire is quench'd. Alas! alas!  
Yet that bright liberty which Saxons love  
Shall come and spread her universal joy  
In many a noble heart. As when we've watch'd  
The last and lingering breeze of night retire,  
Whilst at the eastern gate Aurora waits:  
Though piteous tears bedim her lucid eyes,  
As though she sigh'd to leave Tithonus' arms,  
Yet on that day proud Phœbus wears a crown  
More lustrous far than all the stars of heav'n;  
And at his altar every knee then bows.  
He's god of light, and life, and loveliness!  
So England from a sea of blood shall rise,  
Array'd in awful majesty; her locks  
Glist'ning with gore, yet, as an angel freed,  
She plants her footsteps on this trembling world.

## PRIEST.

Alas! this king wants grace! Woe upon woe,  
Brought on this land by royal heresy,  
Now cries aloud to Rome for special aid.

## KNIGHT.

Silent and sure the awful process is,  
Which forms that power which rules all Christendom;  
Kings are deposed, and martial men made dumb;  
Whilst cruel torture and imprisonment  
Waylay alike the citizen and serf;  
Their lovely daughters fill the convent cells,  
To slake the lusts of impious hypocrites.

## PRIEST.

The mirthful Gollias has ventured much,—  
But, my good friend, thou must be more discreet;  
Thy sword will help thee nought against the Church.  
Come, let thy valour and discretion too  
Preserve their owner from a mightier foe  
Than fields of blood or stormèd castles yield.  
I could pronounce thee heretic, Sir Ralph!

KNIGHT.

That breast, which has no love for common life,  
 Can fear no common death, but dares the worst.  
 Within this soul, a fire illumines its walls,  
 And all its mystic elements, which neither man  
 Nor fiend can e'er put out:—'tis holy fire—  
 'Tis fed by heavenly hands—eternal fire!  
 No priest or pope dare stamp upon its flame.  
 'Twill burn through ages yet, when lisp'g tongues  
 And stammering popes are silent in their graves.

PRIEST.

These words but ill assort with that bright cross  
 Which marks thy holy name, "Crusader Knight"!

KNIGHT.

Ah! priest, thou little know'st,—and time is short.  
 Another time we'll talk of holy things,—  
 Of dull and outward rites, and inward grace,  
 And signs and forms, and ceremonial guise—  
 But farewell now.—Here comes the magnate priest.

PRIEST.

Now may the Cross he bears direct his path!

KNIGHT.

And fair humility cast all her beams  
 On one, whose love of earth may cost e'en heav'n!  
 Farewell!

PRIEST.

Let us stand back awhile.

KNIGHT.

Farewell!

### SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter ARCHBISHOP alone, bowing before the images of the Virgin and Saints.*

And does a Judgment-day attend the steps  
 Of some, ev'n in this world, and closely press  
 Upon the heel of crime; whilst yet with some  
 Their sins are suffer'd to accumulate,—  
 And then a retribution fierce pays all  
 At one fell swoop?—I, who have sown the wind,

Must the dread whirlwind reap. The heavy storms  
Which I in time's perspective clearly see,  
Would now bewilder me; but that I know  
There is a quiet haven for my soul,  
Where she will ride at peaceful anchor safe;  
Protected by that Everlasting One,  
Who bids the storm be dumb, and cleaves the sea.  
Yet, as a faithful soldier of the Cross,  
I must awhile be militant. Sweet saints!  
O Mary! grant me patience to endure,  
That I may win the crown; and waging war  
Against the haughty world, keep in my eye  
The heavenly vision bright. There, there, I see  
The "great white throne," and by it dazzling stand  
Adoring hosts of saints we loved on earth,  
With radiant robes and glittering pinions stretch'd  
For heavenly circuit. See! they come to break  
These chains, which bind my fluttering soul to earth;  
Soon will the world, and all its vanities,  
Fade, as a leaf, in death. 'Tis then the soul  
Enters within the veil! 'Tis then she hears  
The Spirit and the Bride inviting say—  
"Partake the eternal supper of the Lamb.  
Return, thou weary prodigal, return:  
The bounteous table is already spread."  
'Tis then the soul, from every trammel freed,  
By no such tedious grades as mark on earth  
Its slow development, triumphant rides  
On light unwearied wing, and roams at will  
Through all the ethereal heights and baseless depths  
Of knowledge spiritual and infinite;  
Where timid Faith gives place to Certainty,  
And Hope is whelm'd and lost in constant love.  
Nay, nay, fell Death! thy fierce and ghastly looks  
I heed not; though thy fleshless finger point  
To the dark silent vault, reminding me,  
That all this strength and mortal might I own,  
Whose prowess Gallia's proudest knights have own'd,  
Shall passive lie, and not a muscle move  
To toss aside the slimy worm, that crawls  
And feeds on the putrescent flesh.  
Such triumph thou art welcome to; but me,  
My real self, thou canst not touch. Tyrant!  
This mortal soon shall immortality  
Put on: then, where's thy boasted victory?



SCENE IV.—*A Convent.**An abbess, JULIA a nun, and a priest.*

JULIA.

Oh, yes! and we must wait, believing all;  
 For we are pilgrims, trembling on our way:  
 We see but faintly here that holy light,  
 Whose bright intensity enwraps the throne  
 Of the Eternal One; while holy saints  
 Bask in the dazzling blaze, from which a ray  
 Reflected by fair Mercy's polish'd wing  
 Reaches our sluggish earth to point the way  
 To peace.

ABBESS.

The priests direct the way to peace;  
 'Tis thus our Church declares.

JULIA.

Mysterious!

ABBESS.

Mysterious!

JULIA.

Man—all—is mystery;  
 E'en man endow'd with grace from Heaven—  
 With dignity, the image of his God—  
 In him a spirit holds his awful court,  
 Calling the various passions to account—  
 Pacing his lofty halls, revolving vast  
 And infinite idealities. 'Tis oft  
 It mounts its high etherial towers, piercing  
 All space which hides pure Heaven from man! 'Tis then  
 It hears a voice which rends the etherial bounds!  
 Ten thousand voices join that mystic song—  
 "The lust of life shall quickly pass away;  
 The brightest seraphim shall draw aside  
 That veil which hides the unseen world from man,  
 Whilst angels tear from deepest ocean's bed,  
 As in the twinkling of an eye, all sins."

ABBESS.

All sins! Your voice alarms me, Julia.  
 What frightens you?

JULIA [*much alarmed, and rising up*].

There! there! I see—I see  
That wicked priest! 'tis horrible to see!  
Whose wily tongue taught me to take the veil,  
And leave the loved ones of this loving heart.  
Would now that I were blind But ah, 'tis mine—  
'Tis mine! I have the power to tear this skin,  
And pluck these eyeballs from their sockets forth.

[JULIA *hides her face in her hands, and faints; the abbess slips out; the priest stands behind at a distance; JULIA somewhat recovers.*

Yes!—ah!—I dreamt the abbess sat just here,  
And that I saw the wicked evil priest  
That first I met at the confessional;  
Who told me that my eyes were glistening stars,  
And that he loved me more than sacred things;  
And spoke with blasphemous tongue of holy saints,  
And said the Virgin's eyes were dull to mine,  
And wrung my hands within his greedy palms.

[*Looks round, sees priest approaching; screams.*

O Heaven, in pity hear my woful sigh!  
O place thy tender arms around my soul,  
And guard thy temple from foul violence!  
Anguish!—I wake! Awful!—Heaven! Heaven!—helpless!  
O hide me from that wicked, impious priest!

[JULIA *runs to a corner of the room.*

PRIEST [*aside*].

Perfection! there! that form! those wavy locks  
Now lie upon that tossing breast—so soft,  
It steals the sweetest of all worship—love!  
And blushes too! My soul exults! Such eyes!  
They ope, as from a cloud the god of day  
On burnish'd helms with virgin splendour glows!  
The dainty dew—soft tears—they yield their aid,  
To give my panting heart a feast so sweet.

[*Approaches JULIA.*

JULIA.

Sir priest, stand back! Is this thy faith to Rome?  
Stand back, sir priest! see this—see this—vile monk!

[*Shews him a dagger.*

PRIEST.

Sweet maid, thou must not mourn away this eve,  
Whilst many a happy nun sings cheerily;





h



Auricular Confession.



JULIA.

E'en Death will laugh  
To scorn a fiend so base and lost as thou.

PRIEST.

The power to raise e'en hell is mine, e'en now.

*[The priest shouts and stamps, laughing hideously.*

*JULIA turns pale and faints. Room darkens with smoke, &c.; great noise and confusion.*

SCENE V. — *Council Room.* ARCHBISHOP *before* KING, *and*  
BISHOPS *and* BARONS.

KING HENRY.

Ye fond companions of my weary wars,—  
Ye who have lived in camps, may well attend  
This solemn senate;—whilst our bishops, priests,  
And lords, will add their faithful aid. This priest  
Has wearied us, and much our woes augments.  
Wise Winchester advice has proffer'd here;  
But let your sentence be unanimous,  
And bear the seals of all.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

We are not loth,  
My liege, to pass a sentence moderate;  
But of such judgments we have not the right  
Or honour. This for laymen is, whose tongues  
Are moulded for the judgment, and whose hands  
Do itch for execution prompt.

KING HENRY.

These times  
Need this. Ye priests, who should your office know,  
Let not perverse delay, or want of zeal,  
The virtue of obedience destroy.

BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

We are but servitors of peace, and want  
Those sinews powerful which gain respect  
For laws. The Primate's sins surprise the Church.

KING HENRY.

Now list. Wise Winchester, to you I look;  
For well I know your fealty is proud,  
And eminently prompt.



WINCHESTER.

Standing in midst  
Of might, and love, and wisdom, well combined,  
With full permission of my king, I raise  
My humble voice; nor fear I partial ears,  
Or blear-eyed prejudice that waylays truth.  
The sentence we decree is free alike  
From vengeance or severity. The king  
Sets confiscating seal on all the goods  
The primate holds: and by his countenance  
I see the prelate to this sentence yields.

ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis true, I would not clench these earthly things:  
All I resign; but my soul's rights remain  
The same. Above this royal violence  
They soar; and from their course etherial  
Such wrongs with indignation they regard,  
As insults to the faithful and the Church.

KING HENRY.

Rule well that flimsy monarchy! Rage on,  
And thy ærial kingdom rule aloft!  
Whilst I, below, with ruling England's sons  
Will rest content.

ARCHBISHOP.

But first the greatest slave,  
Thyself, redeem; o'erruled by false conceits,  
Which, like foul noxious weed, entwine  
Around thy nature, and destroy that grace  
Which held so high a stature in this world.

ROGER, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Sage father, less litigious be.

ARCHBISHOP.

Peace! peace!  
Thou evil one! I spoke to the king, not thee.  
It were to stoop to ignominy low,  
To bandy words with thee.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

My much loved liege,  
How excellent soc'er this deed may seem,  
Take heed of gathering storms. You now cast forth

Great treasure to the waves. The primate's fall  
Is Henry's bane; and this a lowering sky  
Predicts.

KING HENRY.

Sir priest, necessity is paramount.  
My kingdom is a bark distress'd at sea:  
And her to save, I know no might nor worth  
In cumbrous treasure; but will cast it forth  
As a polluted and polluting corse.

ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis thus the timid toss away the stores  
Of learning, costlier far than Ophir's gold!  
Yet scarcely save themselves with all this loss;  
But in the great accounting, even they  
Will need soft Mercy's touching plea.

KING HENRY.

What then?

Kings are responsible to none on earth:  
And every papal satellite I see  
Shall own this doctrine true, or glare no more  
In this my kingdom.

ARCHBISHOP.

This royalty is overwrought,  
And most ungratefully forgets the power  
On which its being hangs. Poor prodigal!  
'Tis well indeed, on thy poor soul's behalf,  
That this French war, and the rebellious bands  
Led on by Geoffrey, ingrate as he is,  
Are sent to scourge thy pride with scorpion stings,  
And teach thee lessons of humility.—  
I leave thee, Henry, now, attended well  
By holy and thrice valiant courtiers all—  
Roger of York, deceitful Chichester,  
Sir Richard, and the whining Leicester! Yes!  
I leave you all, wise counsellors, to aid  
Your sceptered chief. My eye is now weigh'd down  
With this assault of broils. Yet, valiant king,  
Thy knee shall bow, until its surface vie  
In hardness with thy unjust, stony heart.

*[Archbishop retires into another apartment.]*

KING HENRY.

These cunning sons of Rome will faithless prove,  
Though servile to us now.

SIR RICHARD.

These saints at all times act as dictated;  
And, as automata, their moves are made  
By wily hand most artfully conceal'd.  
As locust-swarms, they darken and affright  
The land; on every healthful viand feed,  
And the whole atmosphere corrupt. Alas!  
What hideous sight it is, and sad, to see  
A fair dominion heaving qualms for life,  
With such base vampires lying on its breast.

KING HENRY.

Therefore, good justice, as I prize my peace,  
My inward peace, above all pomp or fame,  
I will with all my soul and power expel  
This vain and haughty priest.

SIR RICHARD.

He comes.

E'en the arch-fiend himself returns—he comes.

*[The Archbishop returns through the open door.]*

ARCHBISHOP.

To warn you of your sins and heresies.

KING HENRY.

Ye choke the course of justice, and allow  
Vile murder to remain unpunishèd.  
In civil things ye have no right to judge.

ARCHBISHOP.

Oh! know ye not that we shall angels judge,—  
Yes, and archangels too? Then are we not  
To judge these smaller matters of this earth?

KING HENRY.

The king of hell himself does thee instruct  
In this perversion of God's righteous word.

ARCHBISHOP.

I say again, O king, thy reign and power  
Are earthly both.—I say again—

KING HENRY.

Beware!

For thy rebellious acts shall cost thy Church  
Coffers of gold and tribulation dire.

ARCHBISHOP [*aside*].

Oh! now for wings to scorn the rolling seas,  
And cut the distance short 'twixt this and Rome!

KING HENRY.

What mutters now the priest?

ARCHBISHOP.

That we enough  
Of converse here have held; for, as you say,  
This island is too small for th' exercise  
Of royal rancour.—

KING HENRY.

And the insolence  
Of braggart priests.

ARCHBISHOP.

My liege, I leave thee now  
To study style and kingly emphasis.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—ARCHBISHOP'S *Palace*. ARCHBISHOP *in*  
*Apartment*.

*Enter* HERBERT DE BOSEHAM, *Secretary*.

BOSEHAM.

My honored lord, a stranger audience asks.

ARCHBISHOP.

Admit him instantly.

*Enter* CHICHESTER.

CHICHESTER.

Your grace I seek.

ARCHBISHOP.

You come with messages from royalty  
Too late. For on this very day I write  
To Rome, that Henry be forthwith deposed,  
And humbled to the dust;—that interdict  
Be sent from Rome, and let that prince come forth  
Who dare deny the holy power of Rome.  
None such can dare to live.

CHICHESTER.

Vex not thy mind  
On such account; for 'gainst the proudest king  
Rome has a shelter supereminent,  
Which neither power of king nor court can reach.

ARCHBISHOP.

Yes, yes! It is to Rome that I appeal,  
And to the great protector there; who can,  
As God's vicegerent, when he will, allay  
All earthly differences of men and kings;  
And in this faith and confidence, I pledge  
My life, my everlasting life. Farewell!

CHICHESTER.

'T is yet my duty to remind your grace,  
That still extant the oath of Clarendon  
Remains in august might, and challenges  
Your fealty to this very king. It speaks  
With eloquence all-powerful, having sure  
Consent of all our Church.

ARCHBISHOP.

'T is eloquence  
That virtue wants. A moment's patience have,  
Whilst I will explicate. These signatures  
And seals were wrong *initio*; and so  
Will ever be.

CHICHESTER.

But may we violate  
An oath we swore with dread solemnity?

ARCHBISHOP.

That oath was sacerdotal; but of things  
Episcopal, which oft are intricate,  
The father of our holy Church alone  
Can judge.

CHICHESTER.

But e'en the pope gave his consent.

ARCHBISHOP.

Yes; but in terms which were equivocal,  
With mental reservations, that did leave  
Him free to act as policy should point.

CHICHESTER.

And yet, my lord, the oath is register'd  
In Heaven's high archives. And can we regard  
This oath as null and void, or never made?

ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis prejudice! Wise Chichester, forbear.  
I will again remind you, I appeal  
To one who never yet has err'd—yes, One,  
Before whose footstool every heart shall bow;  
Where mighty kings, and people of all climes,  
Shall ever strive to reach some abject place  
For their humility. 'Tis there my cause  
Doth lie. Now leave—now leave me, Chichester.

CHICHESTER.

Must I then leave thee, father? Must my tongue  
Be true to this fell message to our king?

ARCHBISHOP.

No more, save Fare thee well!  
So, using wholesome speed, good Chichester,  
Thy once great master tell, that every lance  
His vaunting hand shall cast, with swift recoil  
Shall turn its glittering point upon himself;  
And e'en his chainèd mail, and all his host  
Of fiery knights, shall no protection prove  
Against the ire of Rome's omnipotence.

CHICHESTER.

God bless thee, holy primate! fare thee well!  
The Pope has granted Ireland to our king,  
On terms that England's arms shall aid the pope,  
Who longs to claim from Erin's million sons  
The Peter-pence.

ARCHBISHOP.

Ah well! Well, well! Farewell!

SCENE II.—*Council Chamber.*

KING, BARONS, BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER, WORCESTER,  
SALISBURY, HEREFORD, LONDON, NORWICH, &c., *waiting*  
*the Archbishop's reply.*

*Enter* CHICHESTER.

KING HENRY.

Thrice welcome, Chichester! Welcome to all!

SIR RICHARD.

Wise Chichester, the Primate's answer give.

CHICHESTER.

'T is well ! thank Heaven, this leaden lip has power  
To move before my liege, his barons bold,  
And learned justices; yet 't is with fear  
It yields the message that it brings.

KING HENRY.

What answer to the treason does he make?  
Why comes he not in person to our Court,  
As in the Constitutions he did sign?  
Hast thou reminded him of Clarendon?

CHICHESTER.

I did, my liege. The learned Primate heard,  
And then, with curlèd lip, he did defy  
Your majesty to prove, by process due,  
The charge before his holiness of Rome.  
And in his bitterness he said, he hoped  
The Church would quick and ample vengeance take  
Upon the ingrate king, for heresies  
Innum'able and great.

KING HENRY.

Insulting priest ! Richard, attend me hence.

*[Makes a step, as if about to leave.]*

I now will execute my will in spite  
Of all considerations.

SIR RICHARD.

Yet, my liege,

I pray you stay awhile.

KING HENRY.

And why ? Why stay ?

Shall I be passive as a trembling lamb,  
And let the beasts of Rome drink up my blood  
As pastime and festivity ?

SIR RICHARD.

Deâr liege.

KING HENRY.

The time is come.

SIR RICHARD.  
Oh, stay !

KING HENRY.  
Stay? Stay? Ere this,  
I could bestrew a heap of mailèd men  
In blood. Stay? Ask the fiery Mameluke  
To curb his fretting steed, and stay his arm  
With vengeance strung! Ask him to stay! Then mark  
The maniac glance that from his shrouded lid  
Quivers and gleams, when first he deigns to turn  
To listen whence that strange voice came! Ask him  
To spare his trembling foe, and sheathe again  
That reeking blade, and his hot temples bathe  
In holy dew that lies on Mercy's brow!  
Yes! ask again,—and list his hoarse response,  
As issuing from some vaulted sepulchre;  
And, as it passes o'er the perfumed clime  
Of Araby, it takes no fume of earth,  
Nor wakes one tuneful chord of sympathy.  
Hopeless it sounds—as death; 't is death to hope;  
'T is death in blood; 't is blood in death; all death!  
It is the angry voice of deepest hell!  
Stay? stay? Such rage is mine, as erst possess'd  
The rugged soul of Peleus' mighty son,  
When he proud Ilium encircled thrice,  
And track'd the triple path with Hector's gore.  
And hardly even then the hoary locks  
And rolling tears of Priam could prevail  
To ransom at high price the mangled corse,  
For holy funeral rites and honours due.  
Now see that he no messengers to Rome  
Transmits! And yet I care not. Heed him not  
For me. I will with mine own arm drive out  
This crafty minion of the Pope.

CHICHESTER.  
He comes!

*ARCHBISHOP enters, wearing a gorgeous dress, carrying a large golden cross. Bishops rise to meet him.*

SIR RICHARD.  
'T is even so, my liege, he stands within,  
Prepared to answer.



KING HENRY [*affecting not to see A'Becket*].  
If he's here, I see

Him not.

ARCHBISHOP.

The eye will often faithless prove,  
When evil darkness is preferr'd by kings.  
The eye of heresy is dimn'd and lost  
Before the holy right of mighty Heaven.

KING HENRY.

Sir Richard, is the hateful priest away?  
No—no—for th' air is noxious, poisonous.

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou royal dreamer ! thy indulgent priest,  
Thy holy father, hears with deepest grief  
Thy frowardness. Sad thought, that kings of earth  
Should dare contend with Heaven's vicegerency.  
Oh dreadful day !

KING HENRY.

Thou scarlet hypocrite !  
Say, didst thou not approve in formal terms,  
“ With faith, without reserve, and without fraud,”  
The Constitutions signed at Clarendon,  
Which thou dost now abjure ?

NORWICH [*aside to Salisbury*].  
A question, this,

To test the Primate's art ?

KING HENRY.

And think'st thou, priest,  
That perjury like this cries not to heaven?  
I do appeal to you, ye bishops all,  
Did he not take the oath he now abjures ?

SEVERAL BISHOPS [*together*].

He did.

KING HENRY.

Is this not perjury ?

A FEW BISHOPS [*with faint voices*].  
It is.

ARCHBISHOP.

'Tis not, ye half-learn'd dolts ! What ! know ye not  
That all those Constitutions were annulled,

And we were then from all our oaths absolved,  
 By one, far, far above earth's petty kings?  
 Yes! one to whom the full authority  
 To Peter given, in one unbroken line  
 Has been transmitted; that whate'er on earth  
 He should bind or loose, the same in heaven  
 Should stand all ratified!

SALISBURY [*aside to Norwich*].

All this is true.

Well has he stood the test. Proud Wisdom sits  
 Upon his brow, enthroned with eloquence.

KING HENRY.

Arch-hypocrite! Perversions such as these  
 Of Holy Writ are Satan's wildest lures.  
 Did not the pope, who can, as thou pretend'st,  
 Or bind or loose, himself give his consent?

ARCHBISHOP.

His mind has never changed. Ever the same,  
 He, like the sun, is fixed; 't is worldly men  
 Who change, and then they charge this evil sin  
 On one who never sinn'd. Vile heresy  
 Forgets the true vicegerency of heaven.  
 The true omnipotence of holy Rome,  
 Is oft contemned by sinning dying men.

KING HENRY.

The principles of Rome might justify  
 Theft, treason, murder, and the blackest crimes  
 That wicked man or devil e'er devised!

ARCHBISHOP.

The end, if good, does sanctify the means  
 (This is the law infallible in Rome).  
 Oft seeming hatred turns out purest love.  
 The forkèd fire that stretches at man's feet  
 A blacken'd corse, the form he doated on,  
 Purges the air from exhalations foul  
 That would depopulate earth's fairest climes.  
 But 't is in vain to talk: now anguish deep  
 Spreads o'er my soul. God's peace be with you all.  
 A soft internal voice oft whispers me  
 That I shall fall by hand of violence,  
 A victim to blind ignorance and hate!  
 Then shalt thou see as now thou seest not;

And this poor body, fed upon by worms,  
 Shall far more reverence and respect receive  
 Than in its pride of manliness and strength !  
 Then shall the curtain from thine eyes be drawn ;  
 And, clad in sackcloth's penitential garb,  
 Thou shalt make pilgrimage unto my tomb.  
 Be warn'd by times, ere Rome shall quickly wake,  
 And strike thy glitt'ring crown e'en on the dust,  
 For serfs and slaves to tread upon in mirth.  
 More would I say, but, mark, my mission here  
 Is nearly o'er, so is thy worthless life.  
 E'en now, I see, strong arms have left great Rome,  
 To sweep vile England clear of sin,  
 Of heresy and contumelious kings.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*On a Terrace of the Palace.*

KING HENRY, LEICESTER, and RANDOLPH.

KING HENRY [*having a dejected air*].

The nauseate presence of that haughty priest  
 Has moved me much. And am I always thus  
 To be besieged by agents of the Vatican?  
 A'Becket too!

RANDOLPH.

Forget him, dearest liege.  
 It is not meet that pensiveness should cast  
 Its clouds and shadows o'er thy noble brow.  
 Let recreative action winnow off  
 These gloomy thoughts, and bid the ruby blood  
 Run joyous through kind nature's passages.  
 May't please your majesty to hawk or hunt?

KING HENRY.

Right well proposed. See now the risen orb  
 Rides forth in full unshrouded majesty,  
 To cheer the woodlands, and with lustre gild  
 Umbrageous bowers, and all their charms expose.

RANDOLPH.

The lark too rises till he seems a speck;  
He fills the air, though vast, with thrilling notes:  
'Tis his sweet matin song of happiness.

KING HENRY.

Now let the chase prepare. Let every plume  
Dance dalliant to the breeze; and let the horn  
Send forth its full and mellow notes, till hill  
And valley weary to respond.

LEICESTER.

My liege,  
All ready stand, and wait but your command.

KING HENRY.

Bring us our steeds.

RANDOLPH.

They come, my gracious liege.

KING HENRY [*having mounted*].

And now to Woodstock let us wend our way.

[*All ride off.*]

## SCENE II.—*Ditchley Wood.*

*Enter* KING HENRY *and* LEICESTER.

LEICESTER.

My gracious liege, indulge not gloomy thoughts.  
Thy condescension makes me bold to ask,  
Why 'tis thine eye has lost that brilliancy  
That used the gleaming cuirass to eclipse,  
When lit to dazzling by Apollo's beams.

KING HENRY.

My summer now, dear Leicester, is far spent.  
'Tis neither burnish'd lance, nor love, nor lust,  
Can wake it from the dead. Once—once, indeed—  
And only once—I loved. Ah! who can tell,  
When first the new-born infant opes its eye,  
And drinks the light of heaven, what mystic thrill  
Of joy ecstatic then from nerve to nerve,  
Through this of all the portals to the brain  
Most complicate, attends that rushing beam!  
'Tis even thus with passion's first wild throb

In noble hearts: 'tis indefinable;  
 And all we know is, that it gave a zest,  
 An impetus unto the tide of life,  
 That until then had sluggish been and dull.  
 O 'tis a gift from Heaven! and could it last,  
 I could not wish for any higher heaven  
 Than this bright trance of love.

LEICESTER.

Once, my good Lord,  
 You loved.

KING HENRY.

But ah! soon came the fiends from hell,  
 Bringing their tainted precious things from thence,  
 And, in arrangement, with much artful guise,  
 They offer'd honour, power, wealth, and fame,  
 Together with the shadowy form of love!  
 'Twas then I did my ardent spirit sell;  
 And now am patchwork,—an unreal thing,—  
 And life is weary, flat, and profitless.  
 I charge the Vatican with this foul sin,—  
 It press'd me to that marriage which I hate  
 And many sins against my fellow-men.

LEICESTER.

O let not sorrow thus o'erwhelm your soul.  
 The ruby stream which flows from holy Church  
 Will purify all fallings-off in kings;  
 And in thy treasury there is bright gold  
 Which will absolve for every broken vow.

KING HENRY.

Leicester, these things do oft disturb my soul!  
 But I would be alone. To-morrow's morn  
 Shall summon thee again; till then, farewell.

[*Exit Leicester.*]

KING HENRY [*walking in the wood*].

Yes! my dear Rosamond, I know the hour  
 Fix'd by thy love. And in this wilderness,  
 This weary, barren desert of my life,  
 That hour smiles forth a glad oasis bright,  
 To cheer my soul, and give it impulse fresh  
 To wander on unto my journey's end.  
 O I can ne'er forget what thou hast done



To heaven itself—I would be just to all;—  
 But yet 'tis hard to heave on boisterous seas,  
 And watch the tiny stars, whose glittering marks  
 The lovely shore where Peace and Love preside,—  
 And yet obey some strong internal power,  
 That keeps us ever from the blissful spot!—  
 And is it thou, sweet Rosamond, that keeps  
 That peaceful shore from me? Must I resolve  
 To give thee up, and to console myself  
 By drawing from fond memory's stores  
 Soft images of thy all-beauteous form?  
 Yes! yes! I see thee now! Thine azure eye  
 Floating in tenderness upon me beams;  
 Whilst ever and anon that auburn fringe  
 Curtains its lustre, and gives kisses soft  
 To the rich bloom that mantles on thy cheek!  
 A smile now sports around thy mouth,  
 And bids thy ruby lips reluctant part,—  
 As opes the rosebud to Apollo's kiss!  
 And now those pencill'd brows begin to rise  
 In playfulness, and grow more arch'd. See now,  
 A glossy tress from its confinement strays,  
 And rides upon that heaving breast, so calm!  
 O Mary! Virgin Mary! I am lost.  
 Ah, treacherous Fancy, thou dost fan to flame  
 The very passion thou wast sought to cool!  
 I'll hold no longer parley with this thought;  
 But now I haste to thee, sweet Rosamond,  
 Although the wither'd ghosts of all the popes  
 That Rome e'er own'd should rise to bar my path!

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Labyrinth.*

ROSAMOND [*going to the window, and pointing*].

Aba, my dear,  
 Didst see that tall, majestic figure pass  
 Through yonder glade?

ABA.

Dear lady, where?—where?—where?

ROSAMOND.

There! see! it moves!









Rosamond, Mistress of Henry II



ABA.

'Tis but the flitting shade  
Of some dark-foliaged tree, whose arms are moved  
By evening's fitful breeze.

ROSAMOND.

You mock me so!  
You never see as I do, dear!

ABA.

That shade!

ROSAMOND.

Shade, say you? Look again: near that dark copse  
I see a god in earthly form appear!  
Ye streams, I pray your rippling murmurs hush!  
Ye rustling leaves, now stay your dalliance  
With the gay wanton winds! And nature all  
Be mute, lest I should lose the melody  
Of his rich voice! But now I see him not.  
Yet it was he! I could not be deceived!

ABA.

I would not thee offend, but, dear—

ROSAMOND.

Offend!

I think not that; but, oh! these gushing tears  
Are ominous of some approaching woe.

ABA [*aside*].

I did not like the dull confessor's tone,  
When he proposed that I should write to Rome  
And intimate how oft the king is here.

Dear lady, change the scene. Let us go forth; [*aloud.*  
It is the silent hour of eve you love.

ROSAMOND.

It is indeed a lovely night, and wins  
Sweet Contemplation to her pleasing task;  
I'll therefore forth alone; for solitude  
Just now, methinks, will better soothe my soul.

ABA.

Well, well! Yet go not far; and may kind Heav'n  
Compose thy troubled mind!

ROSAMOND.

Aba, farewell!

Say Paternosters for this breaking heart.

*[steps forth by moonlight.]*

How glorious is that richly gemmèd sky!  
 See now that lingering band of silv'ry lights  
 Break though the gloom of night, and seem like pearl,  
 Tiny as sands, yet bright as sapphires shine;  
 And now Night's pale and lovely queen  
 Has thrown aside the mantling clouds that veil'd  
 Her beauty. Now from her azure throne she bids  
 All nature homage pay. How peaceful, calm,  
 And holy is her light! How meek her brow!  
 O how unlike the proud and scornful eye  
 That Henry's queen would glance on Rosamond!  
 Yet could she see, within this breaking heart,  
 The anguish festering round its heaving base,  
 E'en she would feel soft Pity's tender touch.  
 But this I seek not now; but to myself  
 And Heaven, in silent night's deep solitude,  
 The pent-up sorrows of this aching heart  
 Can I alone pour forth. There's mercy there,  
 Which will not break the bruised reed. 'Tis there  
 Contrition's prayer is ever heard,—'tis heard  
 For that contrition's sake. 'Tis even there  
 Adoring seraphs stand, and midst are those  
 Who out of tribulation came. Kind Heaven,  
 Teach me some holy song of rhapsody,  
 Such as the lips of choral cherubs chaunt;  
 Whilst golden harps resound in symphony,  
 To hush the tumults of this aching heart,  
 That else would burst. The golden gates of heaven!  
 To enter there in direst penitence,  
 All earthly comfort, pleasure, joy, or bliss,  
 Yes, everything below, I'd sacrifice,  
 At such rich price! Yes, all—without reserve—  
 Except my Henry's love—all, all but this!  
 This—only this—I must retain. Alas!  
 I dare no longer pray: 'tis blasphemy;  
 For a divided heart ne'er entered heaven.  
 The Spirit in that temple will not dwell  
 Where but one sin, one cherish'd sin, remains.  
 This eye I would pluck out—this hand cut off—  
 And harder things I'd do to merit heav'n;  
 But to resign my Henry's love would tear

From out this heaving breast the heart itself!  
 Yes! Henry dear, such is my hard, hard lot,—  
 So intricate a web is wov'n by sin  
 Other alternative is not than this:  
 Or thou, or heaven, must be resigned. Well, well!  
 I pause not, Henry; for without thy smile,  
 The highest heav'n would be no heav'n to me!  
 I've purchased absolution for this sin:  
 Until the Lammas-tide permission lasts,  
 And then the Church shall have another fee—  
 But not this ruby ring it asked of me!  
 Oh, Mary, Mother! chide me not again.  
 The hour, the fleeting, blissful hour is near,  
 My Henry did appoint for love's next trance.—  
 Now let me brush away these tell-tale tears,  
 And fly, all smiles and blushes, to his arms! [*She returns.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace at Woodstock.*

ELEONORA AND HUGO.

ELEONORA.

Ho, ho! Without! Ho! Isabel, come in!  
 Here is a priest—a legate—laden here,  
 Forsooth, with sighs and tender sympathies!

[*ISABELLA comes through an open door.*]

ISABELLA [*aside*].

It is the Gather-purse—Hugo the Sly. [*aloud.*]  
 What, feelings in a priest!—What of—and for—  
 And to—and from—and whence—and what?—ha, ha!

ELEONORA.

The learned Hugo is weigh'd down with sighs!  
 I wish that Walter Mapes, old Gollias,  
 Were here, to take a note of all the sighs  
 That may escape the mighty Gather-purse!

ISABELLA.

Say, solemn beadsman, what has brought thee here?

ELEONORA [*aside*].

I know these priests have many fancied wrongs,  
 And agitating contests with my lord,  
 Who thus makes focs without—within—with all.

But wherefore came you here, most reverend priest? [*aloud.*]

HUGO.

Within my humble path I pace content,  
 And thus I serve the holy see of Rome.  
 I live and toil for sacred Rome alone ;—  
 But would you know why I do this, great queen?—  
 Then ask the seaman's course upon the deep:  
 'Tween earth and heaven he fearless hangs in faith:  
 He leaves his home—his land—and all he loves,  
 And looks with fever'd, anxious eyes, intent,  
 Through Time's long varied vista dark, and hopes  
 That he may lay great countless treasure up  
 In *earthen* vessels;—I in *heaven*, great queen.  
 This is my faith—my hope—my joy—my aim.

ISABELLA.

Listen awhile to me most reverend priest.  
 A willing, able, serving friend we want,  
 Who, loving gold from glittering fingers given,  
 Yields wisdom, which is given by Heaven to priests.  
 Now dost thou see—or hear—or understand?  
 Dost fear the king? Fear not; he's far away.

HUGO.

Nothing I fear.

ISABELLA.

What! nought on earth? Not Rome?

HUGO.

And nought in heaven! There's one in Rome I serve.  
 I came to tell thee that thy lord the king  
 Loves peace, and of thyself has spoken oft  
 In terms of grace with highly favouring tone.

ELEONORA [*laughs satirically*].

I am well favour'd by your graceful grace!  
 But say what peace he loves—and tell the tone  
 You mark'd so sweet. Good priest, what note was this?

HUGO.

Yet still, my gracious queen, my business here—

ELEONORA.

If you to sound me of divorcement come,  
 Why, then, I am invited hence awhile;—  
 Some other time.—I now go forth to meet—

HUGO.

I go to seek his majesty myself.

ELEONORA.

'Tis well! And when we meet again, sir priest,  
I trust thy rev'rend tongue will aid thee more.  
Dear Isabel!—Dear Isabel!—See—see!  
Just then the king did pass the eastern porch:  
I now, perhaps, may trace his hasty step;—  
And if occasion smile upon me now,  
I'll plunge this radiant blade where his false hand  
Oft strays, and spoil their am'rous play.

ISABELLA [*stands between the door and ELEONORA*].

Oh, stay! Dear lady—Princess—stay! Dear queen,  
Oh, stay!—one moment stay!—dear queen, oh stay!

ELEONORA.

What! stay? Oh, ask the boiling billow mad  
To stay and back upon its fellow's crest,—  
To ope its ear, and mute attention give  
To the exhausted swimmer's bubbling shriek,  
As, in despair and helpless solitude,  
Casting one glance upon the dreary waste,  
To its dark cemet'ry below he sinks.

ISABELLA.

Dear lady, stay! Sweet, noble queen, O stay!  
Stain not thy woman's hand in woman's blood!

ELEONORA.

I say again, speak to the heaving waves,  
And ask the mightiest of that awful host  
To dissipate its power in tiny drops;  
And, as refreshing dew, mark evening's hour  
Evaporating o'er the inland mead,  
There glistening on some tall and emerald spear,  
To make bright mirrors for the playful gnat,  
Ere she looks loving on her tuneful mate!  
Yes! ask that vaulting wave to stay awhile!  
List to the answer wild:—"Without, within,  
I am a grave,—as Hades deep and dark;  
And thus I swallow, in my angry jaws,  
The great, the beautiful, the wise, the good;—



The bridal blush in maiden innocence;  
 The prayer of kindred, wing'd for sacred home;  
 The conqueror's triumph, and the captive's groan:  
 Grieved, unrequited Merit's stifled sigh;  
 The elbowing insolence of conscious Wealth,  
 The gold of Ophir, and the chains of slaves,  
 The bartered smile, the transient bliss;—  
 In me, with vile corrupting things, unseen  
 They lie,—whilst I roll on my lonely way.  
 'Tis thus I grind out of these mortal hearts  
 The direst veneration dust can yield!  
 'Tis thus I make them bow in humid death,  
 And cast their boasted honours at my feet!"  
 Just so I stop my ears to Isabel's  
 Meek cries to stay me bounding on my way!  
 Vain are thy shrieks, thou petty, mortal thing!

ISABELLA.

Dear queen, Heav'n yet will show some better course.

ELEONORA.

Impede me not! my vow is made with fiends!  
 Hate is my guide; and nothing else I'll heed  
 Though Hell should watch my victim and myself;  
 'Tis now—'tis now, my vengeance shall be quell'd!  
 I am absolv'd by all the Vatican.  
 See here! This little saffron scroll—'tis this  
 Dissolves the sin, and then absolves my soul.

*[Goes out and picks up a silk skein, which traces to the labyrinth.]*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in Labyrinth.*

KING HENRY and ROSAMOND.

ROSAMOND.

O did my Henry know how dark and drear  
 His absence makes this soul, he would not leave  
 His faithful Rosamond to count alone,  
 With dull and idiot toil, the weary hours.

KING HENRY.

Dear Rosamond! philosophers do say,  
 The heart is but a world in miniature.

ROSAMOND.

The world must then be very dark.

KING HENRY.

At times.—

Ah love! this world has kingdoms, empires, climes,  
 Varying in power, in beauty, and extent;  
 O'er these are rulers, jealous of their rights,  
 Who oft upon each other's provinces  
 Wage war, and conquests make, till one at length  
 Reigns paramount,—to whom the others bow,—  
 Swear fealty. 'Tis thus within my heart:  
 There is a province brighter than the rest,  
 That may for beauty with fair Tempé vie;—  
 'Tis here that Venus has a palace built;  
 And far within, exalted on a throne  
 Set with ten thousand pearls, which Love's own hand  
 Did choose, sits the fair empress of this world,  
 The peerless Rosamond.

ROSAMOND.

Fie, Henry! fie!

All flattery! Thou know'st, poor Rosamond  
 But a small portion holds of Henry's heart!  
 The world, and war, and fame, hold Henry's heart.

KING HENRY.

Nay, nay, she rules o'er all. But let me now  
 Complete the beauteous picture I've begun.  
 See! at her feet all other potentates  
 Their tributes lay.—And foremost in the scene,  
 Olympian Juno, though reluctant, stands;  
 And in her train blind Plutus, with his stores;  
 And numerous princes, bending low the knee,  
 And proffering their glittering diadems;  
 Whilst opposite, Athenian Pallas stands,  
 And brings with her a countless host of bards,  
 Philosophers, and warriors, known to fame,—  
 Who all their myrtle crowns or laurel wreaths  
 Do throw, in meek submission, at the feet  
 Of her whose beauty shines predominant!—

ROSAMOND.

But ah! those learnèd tropes yield me no joy.  
 I'd rather talk with thy bright eyes alone.—

I am so jealous of this greedy world,  
Which steals so much of Henry's noble heart.—  
O love, I am so jealous grown!—I sit,  
And think, and wait, and hope, and fear; and think  
Perhaps thou hast another labyrinth,  
And in it blooms another Rosamond,  
More bright and beautiful than that poor flower,  
Which bows forlorn whene'er the trump of war  
Sounds fierce in Henry's ever ardent ear.

KING HENRY.

Nay, Rosamond,  
It is not so; and yet there was a time  
When Glory, perch'd upon the brow of Death,  
Led me where highest roll'd the tide of war.  
But now Ambition's bubbles all have burst;  
The camp, the court, the wild-boar hunt, have lost  
All charm. Nay, e'en the gorgeous tournament,  
At which the plumes of Europe's chivalry  
United nod, would not a pulse increase,  
Unless the azure eyes of Rosamond  
Lent to that scene a zest. Then would I break  
A lance, their matchless lustre to maintain  
Against a radiant galaxy of eyes,  
Through hosts of mailed knights.

ROSAMOND.

I would not that.  
O ne'er such danger run, my dear lov'd Lord.  
The cruel knights, who tilt for common fame,  
May hold conspiracy to murder one  
Whose matchless honour breeds green Jealousy.  
I often sigh, when thinking of the foes  
Thy noble spirit makes. Besides, I hear  
The Pope now hates my lord.—But why? ah, why?  
O who could hate my love?

KING HENRY.

But pray for me,  
Dear Rosamond; thy prayers will turn aside  
The heavy lance and wanton arrow's power,  
Which Treason and her children cast at kings.

ROSAMOND.

Stay here with me: I will protect thee, love.  
I wish I was a radiant beam of light,

That I might smile on thee when morning breaks!  
 But though that may not be, within its shrine,  
 Close to my soul, thy lordly image rests.  
 E'en now, good soul, awake; now contemplate  
 The joys the presence of thy lord creates—  
 Which have no life in his long tarryings.—  
 But why, my Lord, so sorrowful?

KING HENRY [*sighs*].  
 Ah! ah!

ROSAMOND.  
 Perhaps some long vicissitudes have torn  
 That breast I lov'd to lean upon so oft.

KING HENRY.  
 Dear one! we would not mingle in this hour  
 The strifes and turmoils of this naughty world.

ROSAMOND.  
 Then stay that deep philosophy, which weighs  
 With secret power upon thy manly breast.  
 I fear it often heaves when far away!  
 You do not tell me, love, what makes you sigh.  
 Is it the heaving of a storm gone by,  
 That gives those glittering orbs that pensive dye?

KING HENRY.  
 Well, yes! this heart has deeply sigh'd and heaved  
 Wildly, as some sore-vex'd and angry sea  
 Madly throws up its ancient firm foundation  
 In many countless dusky atoms, thickly,  
 Which hide the glorious golden sands below,  
 That sparkled in the sun of calmer days.

ROSAMOND [*in tears*].  
 'Tis thus thy brow has gloomy spectres dark,  
 Which execute sad havoc on this heart.  
 Well, well! this mis-spent life is wearing fast.

KING HENRY.  
 'Tis but a speck,—a visionary spot,—  
 Or like a fragment, or a splinter'd spar,  
 Lent for a while to sinking mariners.  
 Some buffet long, and gain the distant shore;

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Some drift along the turbid tide alone;  
 Some bound upon the beach triumphantly,  
 Dashing the sea-foam from their weary brows;  
 Whilst some are shatter'd like a tiny shell,  
 Where surf and swell in angry waves break round,  
 Rousing the sea-bird in her airy nest;  
 And others, desp'rate, plunge to darkest chasms,  
 And o'er them roll the ceaseless, deafening waves.  
 The noble, mighty, and the fair, there sink,—  
 Then rest entomb'd where fretted pinnacle  
 And gleaming aisles are sculptured by the waves,—  
 Those busy children of the mighty deep.

## ROSAMOND.

My dearest Lord, I love to hear thee talk:  
 It elevates my soul to rapt'rous heights;  
 But then come dull and stormy thoughts and fears.  
 Well, be it so! one storm has ruin'd me:  
 But soon comes peaceful Death to hide e'en all;  
 And then the resurrection comes, when Heav'n  
 Will give me back that pearl,—which being lost—

## KING HENRY.

What pearl? What pearl? What means my Rosamond?  
 What pearl is lost? and where? and when? and how?  
 Through every land, o'er every sea I'll roam,  
 Until I find the pearl my love has lost.

## ROSAMOND.

It was a pearl of drifted snow, giv'n me  
 By One who rules the heavens, the earth, the sea;  
 And before whom all kings must humbly stand.

## KING HENRY.

Some heavy woe disturbs my Rosamond.

## ROSAMOND.

Oh! 'tis a woe no mortal hand can heal!  
 It has eternal influence to wound,  
 Until one stream of anguish fills my soul.

## KING HENRY.

Sweet Rosamond, see! heaven's pale queen is up,  
 To take her lonely course. The sparkling stars  
 Will soon assemble round. Be cheerful, now.

ROSAMOND.

Ah! ah! 'tis thus with man!—Woman to him  
Is but a toy—a secondary thing.  
Alas! the sin-sick timid nun now sinks.

KING HENRY.

Dear Rosamond, thy pallid cheek alarms—

ROSAMOND.

The hour has come! I now will yield up all.  
Monarch of heaven! I now will yield to Thee.  
These mortal eyes, which loved to glisten bright,  
Feasting on all those kindred things, in midst  
Of which I fell—fell!—are now immortal,  
And ne'er shall glow again with finite joys.  
Listen! ye radiant beings bright—listen!  
Listen! With you I'll spend eternity.  
To you I'll chaunt sad melody—too sad  
For mortal years. Alas! sad minstrelsy!

KING HENRY.

Dear Rosamond, revive! Consider, love,  
These ills are common to mortality.  
How long or short is life, we never know,  
But must await the loud archangel's voice;  
Whilst tell-tale Time lags on his weary way,  
And gossips wonder, doubt and ruminates.

ROSAMOND.

I wait the blast which calls the wand'rer home.

KING HENRY.

Come! charm this human sorrow off, dear love.  
How often we have met, and often may!

ROSAMOND.

We may! Oh, faithless, fragile, hopeless hope!  
I dash thee and thy opiate censer down  
To that poor being, who, well-intending me,  
Did win me from my heavenly path so far,  
To sink for ever in one woful slough.

KING HENRY [*aside*].

Oh! now I feel the scorching fires of hell!

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ROSAMOND.

Thus the green leaves of youthful life do die,  
Entangled midst this pride and wild desire,  
With them to putrify.

KING HENRY.

O say not so!

Why wilt thou hug this sorrow, Rosamond?

ROSAMOND.

E'en now let pale and greedy Sorrow hear!  
Listen: thou shalt have all these ashes,—  
To thee I yield these charms, though now so spoil'd,  
Which made this mortal being loved and lost.  
Ye aiding spirits—provident in all!—  
Unloose this little trembling, anxious thing;—  
This sister-spirit take.—it longs to fly;  
For whilst it writhes, it longs to be released.  
Oh! tender be, as your Creator kind.—  
Farewell! dear king, until we meet in heaven.  
Ten thousand years may roll in purgat'ry,  
Ere we may meet again. Dear king, farewell!

*[At the word "heaven," ROSAMOND advances towards a door, when it is suddenly thrown open, and ELEONORA, her features inflamed with anger and vengeance, stands before them. ROSAMOND, terrified, runs back and faints in the arms of KING HENRY.]*

*Enter ELEONORA.*

The king! What here? Is it the king himself?

KING HENRY.

Madam! how came you here? You had, I think,  
No little difficulty to trace a path,  
So devious—

ELEONORA *[shewing the skein]*.

So devious! Yes! very so, my lord.  
But see this faithful skein! See here, my lord!  
True lovers haste, forgetting bolts and bars  
Had left the drawbridge flagging to and fro.\*  
This pretty guide was honest too, my lord;—

---

\* The bower could only be ascended by a moveable drawbridge, which Henry II. had caused to be built.

Has honestly my footsteps led to one  
Whom England boasts her king!—To one, indeed,  
Who once did make this wild impassion'd heart  
Beat high and proud! But I no more complain;  
I see enough t' excite my sorrow.

KING HENRY.

Hold!

Madam, all this I can explain anon.  
I do command you hence; for present time  
Allows not explications various.  
Leave me, I say!

ELEONORA.

Nay, why so earnest, Sire?

Just now I saw commissioners from Rome.  
And business brought me to sequester'd parts.  
I wish'd to see a king a-chambering.

*[Affecting to leave.]*

I leave. I grant your suppliant claim,—I go!  
You once my humble adoration held;  
But the sweet glances of a dying nun—  
Which well entreat such fitting company—  
Have made thee truant, negligent, unkind!  
But since thou lov'st—love still, I pray thee now.  
I do e'en yet admire thy fortitude:  
Thy majesty has much endured, I fear?  
Thy treasure there has cost thee watchings long,  
Waitings, and kind sustainings, and the like.

KING HENRY.

I look to see thee gone.

ELEONORA,

Oh! do not look

This barren way; for see, that lily pale  
Threatens to sink again, and e'en will die  
Without thine arm. That arm, which wielded erst  
Most mightily the battle-axe and lance,—  
Which made proud foes for mercy meekly sue,  
And savage men, as couchant lambs, submit,—  
Has now a pious office to perform,—  
A dying sister to support, whom piety  
And cloister'd penances have hither brought!  
How noble does the heart appear, when girt  
With tender sympathy! Oh! 'tis a sight



Resembling heav'nly scenes, to see a king—  
 A great and chiv'lrous king—leave court, and camp,  
 And hunt, on devious mission such as this.  
 Oh! would to Heav'n thy tim'rous subjects all,—  
 The lords and stately matrons of thy court,  
 The Pope, the false and pand'ring Vatican,  
 The proud and handsome cavaliers of Spain,  
 The gallant Emirs of Noureddin's camp.  
 The ambling priests that gad about these parts,  
 And all the finical and posied maids  
 That flirt and romp at vulgar revelries,—  
 Could take a peep at England's noble king,  
 Purveying essence odorous and rich  
 To the pall'd senses of a cloister'd nun!

## KING HENRY.

Madam, I mark thy poison'd raillery.  
 Thy malice wears a proud crest, eminent  
 Above thy other passions numerous;  
 As the black cormorant, when perch'd on high  
 O'er some dark rocky peak, yells fearfully  
 Her dissonant portentous cry,—scaring  
 The timid flocks, that peaceful rest at ease  
 In the soft plains below. Malicious wretch  
 This lady is as favour'd as a queen—  
 As honour'd,—as well-bred,—as learnèd too;  
 And wants no drop of gentle blood.

## ELEONORA.

*Sans doute !*

The lady you've described with graphic touch,—  
 For which her thanks abundantly are due,—  
 Wants nought; her wants are richly all supplied!  
 First, Nature's gifts are amply found on her,—  
 Blooming as Flora's self, when first her hand  
 To wanton Zephyrus she blushing gave,  
 'Neath bowers that lavish'd odours as they pass'd.  
 And to add grace to Nature's generous boons,  
 If such were wanting,—see, a valiant knight,  
 In transport rapt, kneels blushing by her side,  
 Dissolving tedious time with balmy sighs  
 And tears, all vapourised by rapt'rous smiles.  
 Oh! this is precious, consecrated ground!  
 Yes! dedicate to holy purposes,

Where pearl-white hands devoutly are employ'd  
To cool the fever'd brow of gallant kings !

KING HENRY.

Madam, I may do that which I would not ;  
Thy absence, therefore, I once more request.  
The anger I've repress'd will soon burst out  
In flame, from which e'en you may not escape  
Unscathed.

ELEONORA.

Is it then courteous to leave  
A meek and fainting maid to sink so low,  
Without the delicate aids which her own sex,  
Methinks, are meetest to afford? Well, well,  
I will not blame—I rather pity thee,  
A monarch great, encompass'd as thou art.  
And yet, O blissful state ! how fine the tie  
That binds in secret bonds congenial souls !  
And sure the lute of Orpheus never pour'd,  
When he won back his lost Eurydice,  
More ravishing or more heart-touching strains,  
Than the soft, floating, murmuring melodies,  
That charm all sense in this sweet Paradise !  
But see, my lord !—that lady falls again !  
Now she essays to speak ; perhaps she seeks  
The unction of the Church.

ROSAMOND.

[*Opening her eyes, unaware of Eleonora's presence,  
wanders for the rest of this Act.*]

Ah ! that cold hand !

Remove its heavy palm—it drives me down  
With more than lightning speed. Yet, yet I have  
The fond assurance here, that guardian love  
Will bear me from this low abandonment,  
To those sublime and pure etherial realms,  
That are too rarified to bear the weight  
Of sin—or pain—or penitential woe.  
There all is lost in love so pure, so great !  
Hark ! heard you not that glorious shout above,  
By seraphs' lips? They call for Rosamond,—  
The guilty and the wandering Rosamond :  
“ Return, return !” Hark, hark ! Angels, I come,  
To bloom again above, and grafted there

On stem that man nor fiend can break, shall fear  
No second fall.

[*Wild and wandering. Sees the queen.*

Ha, ha! see there! Who's that?  
Ope that dark gulf for Rosamond? Here, here!  
Take me, ye Furies! Oh! must I go there?  
What! go to hell, to find a refuge there  
From the hot fire that burns within this heart?  
And rase for ever from my madden'd eyes  
That sin I see as deed of yesterday,—  
When, deaf to all but Passion's suasive voice,  
I left the peaceful roof that shelter'd me  
In buoyant childhood's days of innocence?  
Ah, ah! this weight of woe might e'en a ray  
Of sympathy awake in blackest fiends!  
The Church did promise to withhold this draught—  
This bitter draught! Oh faithless, faithless Church!

[*Seizes Henry firmly and wildly.*

Is this then Death? Is this long-envied Death?  
If so, I love thee, Death! I love thee, Death,—  
That not e'en Henry shall unknit this clasp,  
Or tear thee, Death, from Rosamond—But soft!

[*Passionately pushing Henry aside.*

Hush! ye rude, boisterous winds, and lightly blow,—  
And, in soft dying cadence, bear your wings  
To your far distant homes, where southern skies  
Shed brighter beams upon the smiling earth!  
Go, go, where cascades clear, and crystal streams,  
Did erst suppress their murmur sweet, to list  
The sweeter sounds, with which the Mantuan reed  
All vocal made the sunny vine-clad hills  
And orange bowers, so loved by Dryad nymphs!  
Ah! now the shadowy vale is nearly pass'd,  
And the bright confines of eternity  
Before me shine. See! yonder now descends  
The fairest, meekest of the spiritual world,—  
The herald Mercy, smiling through her tears.  
Yes, yes! she's pointing to the spotless robe,  
And all my accusers stand abash'd and dumb!  
(The wicked priest, who prompted me to sin,  
Is there, in fetters held by almighty hands!)  
She comes triumphantly—the penitent  
So meet upon her way! I come, I come!  
Now plume my wings to fly!—Where am I now?  
Ay, ay! The king—the queen—Does no one speak!

And yet something there is that holds me down.  
 Firmly it holds! What is 't that keeps me back?  
 Who can it be that keeps me back from heav'n?  
 Who is it! Speak. Ah Henry, is it thou?  
 'Tis he—'tis he!

[*She sinks.*]

HUGO *appears.*

HUGO.  
 I humbly would salute  
 Your gracious majesties.

KING HENRY.  
 And can our queen  
 Find food for malice in a scene like this?

HUGO  
 All this is strange!—What have we here, my liege?  
 [Addressing Eleonora.  
 Your majesty's attendant seems to faint.  
 Where stray her wand'ring thoughts? Upon her brow  
 Sits Agony too great for Reason's sway—  
 The worst, the deadliest form that Death can take.—  
 It is De Clifford's child, Fair Rosamond.  
 I fear this is the wakeless sleep of death;—  
 But here comes timely aid.

ABA *appears.*

ABA.  
 My mistress dear,  
 Awake! The king, the queen, and Father Hugo here,  
 Do round thee stand. Dear Lady Rosamond,  
 Take, take this draught—it will your strength restore.

ROSAMOND [*looking up*].  
 It is my ABA's voice! One comfort then  
 Is left me still.—Raise, raise me to the air  
 For breath!

[Aba again offers the draught.  
 No, no; I cannot take that draught—  
 [Points to the glass.  
 [Looks round more collected.  
 I know you all full well,—  
 And all your various purposes divine,—

Except the reverend father's there. Therefore  
 Wise priest, thy mission tell. Was it to see  
 The hectic glow that flushes in the cheek,  
 Ere life's faint glimmering taper is quite quench'd?  
 Or list a tale of penitence and shame,  
 And glean wherewith to point your homilies?  
 Or hast thou holy unction brought, and wait'st  
 To shrive my soul? 'Tis well! I thought the end  
 Of time was here, and that my sorrow's cup,  
 Being full, and drunk unto the dregs, was sunk  
 In the deep ocean of eternity!

[*Looking towards Eleonora.*]

But soft! I now some real substance see  
 Protruding there—some creeping thing—coil'd up  
 As 'twere, for so it seems to my glazed eye!  
 Stay, stay! thou purring, buzzing thing—what is't  
 Thou seek'st.—Is't I? If so, then speak. Here, see!  
 Here is the lost, abandon'd Rosamond  
 The Fair! But, greedy thing, I now escape  
 Thy power!—

ELEONORA [*aside*].

Yes, now!—but only now.

ROSAMOND.

Still, still,

Enchantress, thou attempt'st to follow me.  
 Thou panting, gloating thing, I leap from thee!

ELEONORA [*muttering to herself*].

But sooty Death shall take thee soon, and toss  
 Thee into hell!

ROSAMOND [*falls*].

Ah! ah!

ELEONORA [*aside*].

For present time,

Adulteress, fare thee well! anon—anon—  
 I will another visit pay this bower,  
 And stop this plaintive bird's seducing airs.  
 These affectations sound of harlotry.  
 I'll make thee act another part ere long,  
 And give thee time to learn thy part in lands  
 The church has called fair purgatory's climes.

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in Palace at Woodstock.*ELEONORA *alone.*

ELEONORA.

Long have I mused (as on a couch intent  
 Fair Dido let the proud Æneas leave  
 Her arms expanded for his noble love),  
 And thus this ambling doe escapes my toils.  
 I now throw back the curtain of delay;  
 But how? but how? No room is left for doubt:  
 That must be quickly done, which must be done.  
 Dull Resolution lies on th' back of Time;  
 As on a speck of land, mid boisterous seas,  
 Some shipwreck'd treasure long neglected lies,  
 Whilst many suns and moons alternately  
 Glance by; and many a billowy tide bounds on,  
 Until some angry storm sweeps it away.  
 Thus change on change goes on, and chance is lost.—  
 'Tis now, the king being absent for a while,  
 'Tis now I may enfold this downy lamb  
 Within my longing arms, and then—aye, then—  
 I well may feast, in all the rest of time,  
 When that blood chills, which in its current dares  
 To gleam like rubies, sparkling on the cheek,  
 As Hebe's fresh, of this adulteress!

SCENE VII.—ELEONORA *in the Wood.*

ELEONORA.

Up, up, my daring soul! up, up, I say!  
 Let fiends attend and gossip, as we go,—  
 Contend,—dissent,—agrec.—[*Furies appear.*  
 Too wit—too wit.—

FIRST FURY.

I sit by the forest pine,  
 And dream of death and blood:  
 The realms of the future are mine;  
 I float in its boiling flood.

SECOND FURY.

I have poised in the trembling air;  
 I have slept in the coral bed,  
 Where every glistening spar  
 Shines on the putrid dead.

## THIRD FURY.

I sleep near the cataract's thunder,  
 Within the lion's lair;  
 Where the rocks are riven asunder,  
 And forkèd lightnings tear.

## ELEONORA.

The day is gone,—whilst Evening beckons Night  
 T' array the concave heaven in funeral suit,  
 That Melancholy from her cell may step,  
 T' indulge her dreary thoughts and musings deep.  
 But night is bright, and day is dark, to Guilt,—  
 Whose lidless eye owns not the boon of sleep.  
 Ye Furies, blench not at the task prescribed;  
 But some wild song of hideous import chaunt.

## FIRST FURY.

The speckled moon rides high,  
 The gloomy fir rocks in her bed;  
 And every angry wind that's nigh  
 Is by a fiery demon led.

## SECOND FURY.

The sighing breeze, with perfumed wing,  
 That wantons o'er the plain,  
 Shall fan a victim's death-pale cheek;  
 And Henry's reign be vain.

## THIRD FURY.

As sure as morn shall gild the sky,  
 Or rippling stream declare its course,  
 De Clifford's peerless child shall die,  
 And die by vengeful woman's force.

## ELEONORA.

Oh, that the murky lamp of wandering fiends  
 Would gleam conductive on my devious way!  
 Oh! how I long for proofs most palpable  
 Of Death's irrevocable work!—Yes! yes!  
 Let every sensual organ yield its share:—  
 The fix'd, the glassy, visionless eye;—the mouth  
 Half open, and the nostril gaunt; but yet  
 No breath of pride or grateful sweetness comes:—  
 The bosom silent, marble-cold, and still:  
 There issues forth foul Putrefaction's breath.—

But I must haste, lest better angels come  
 With mystic palm, and stop this work of blood.  
 Come, tardy Death ! here is my bright ally !

[*Looks at dagger.*

Or, if my purpose turns, accounting well,  
 Here are more tender viands sparkling high !

[*Holds up phial.*

What holds me thus, and keeps me from my end?  
 The steed that oft outstrips the wind he snuffs,  
 Halts and curvets in nature's majesty :  
 The tributary stream, that wanders long,  
 Great Ocean's honours deep at length shall share :  
 The gentle breeze that skims the flow'ry plain,  
 And stops to kiss the glossy curls of Youth,  
 Or fan the ruddy cheek of robust Health,  
 Or lull to rest the labour-wearied serf,  
 At Æolus' trump shall wake, and awful join  
 The council of the storm, and roaring loud  
 In all the pride of desolating power,  
 Rend Nature's high materialities.  
 Now, soul, be steadfast here. Long hast thou worn  
 An earthen crown : bright is that precious earth ;  
 But yonder lies a kingdom brighter far  
 Than heavenly realms. A waxen wall alone  
 'Twixt thee and thy long sought possession stands.  
 But hark !—it is the nightingale I seek.

ROSAMOND'S *voice is heard, singing.*

- “ That morning's beam is gone,  
     Which shone at break of day ;  
 And I am still alone—  
     No change for me !
- “ O do not change that face,  
     Thou lonely murmuring stream !  
 O do not lose that grace  
     O'er which I loved to lean !
- “ I wish I had a grave  
     Close by some rocky shore,  
 In madness there to rave,  
     Nor think of Henry more.
- “ But whilst the sky is bright,  
     And all the stars are high,  
 My soul feels light,  
     As though 'twould fly.



“ Poor soul ! thou must not rove  
 To that fair land,  
 But wait and watch thy hour  
 Till God's command.”

## ELEONORA.

Ye wailing notes, encompass earth,—then haste  
 To hell itself, and bid the gates wide ope  
 For Rosamond the Fair. She comes to join,  
 With tenor light, and vain lascivious airs,  
 Pale Hecate's bands, and play coquetries there.

[*Going towards the maze.*]

How awful is this silence deep !—List !—list !  
 Some little insect by me purrs !—Tush ! tush !  
 His love-tale to his listening fair he sings.  
 No wandering phantom or seraphic ghost  
 Shall turn me from my resolution firm.  
 Conscience ! thou busy, meddling monitor !  
 Trust me awhile, and I will pay arrears ;  
 But stand aside just now, and let me lead.  
 We 'll meet again,—if not on earth, in hell.  
 Ah ! must I—can I—shall I—dare I do 't?—  
 Put out that spark, which then no human skill  
 Could to its moulded clay restore?—spoiling  
 Those heaving orbs that mock the mountain-snow  
 Tinged by Apollo's parting farewell glance?  
 Giving those dimples to the filthy worm,  
 Whose greedy lips shall foul corruption suck,  
 E'en where the king has kiss'd?—But soft !—what's this?

[*Walking slowly, and looking around*]

Just here some ancient river calmly flows,  
 Sweet with the lavish vernal breeze, which oft  
 The flowing locks hath turn'd aside to kiss  
 The bronzed brow of my unfaithful prince.  
 Must I turn vulture in his paradise?  
 And with the substance of my talons tear  
 From out their sockets deep those floating eyes  
 He doats upon? O Night, thou kind ally,  
 Fold thickly over me thine ebon cloak ;  
 My angry purpose thus conceal and aid.  
 'Tis now this lovelorn harlot I will drive  
 To Death's unfathom'd bed. But stay ! What pass'd?—  
 Tush, tush !—the wind sweeps roughly o'er the stream ;  
 And the tall pine, as quivering marshy reed,  
 Makes Fear a body animate with eyes,

And arms, and bony hands.

Conscience, be still !

'Tis better far that I in this affair  
Should take the lead.—I'll make amends, I said—  
And for my vengeance praise the god of hell.

SCENE VIII.—*The Labyrinth.*

ELEONORA. ROSAMOND.

ELEONORA.

I come to be the messenger of peace,—  
Of peace that never ends, my lady fair.  
Say, shall I wile away these slow-paced hours,  
Or hasten on, by magic wand of mine,  
Thy bosom's lord to thy expectant arms?

ROSAMOND [*looking up and starting*].

If thou art human,—or whate'er thou art,—  
O break this awful spell, and tell me true:—  
Hast thou some mission terrible? Ah!—ah!—  
Thy quivering lip declares it. What art thou?  
Whence comest thou?—Thou dreadful thing, declare !

ELEONORA [*stamps and advances*].

The hated, hateful Elcanor, thy queen,  
Seeks audience of the harlot Rosamond.

[ROSAMOND *shrinks back and swoons*.]

ELEONORA [*whispering*].

'Tis Heav'n, or hell, that smiles upon me now,  
And this most opportune occasion grants.—  
The warrant for thy death—this scroll  
Dissolves the sin, and then absolves my soul.  
I purchas'd absolution for thy blood—  
The boasting harlot's blood! To stay its course  
By burning poison, or by angry force.  
Rail on—rail on—ye spirits in the skies—  
I hold authority from Rome. Hell cries.

(*Taking a phial from her breast, approaching ROSAMOND, and affecting to support her, speaks in a feigned voice.*)

My lady fair, thy maid attends thee here.

This draught nectarian will quick revive  
 That light, which, too far sinking, yields to death.  
 Thy lord will soon return to thy embrace.

[*Holds herself back, and puts the draught to ROSAMOND'S mouth.*

My lady fair, take this,— [ *Begins to pour.*  
 And this,—and this.

[ *Continues to pour.*

How soon it takes effect! She sleeps! she sleeps!  
 'Tis done! Ha! ha! the curtains both are down  
 On those blue stars that late on Henry smiled!  
 (But they on him shall smile no more!) See how  
 Their jetty fringe kisses the peachy bloom  
 Of her soft downy cheek! Were I man,  
 I must the king forgive, that loveliness  
 Resistless such as this o'ermaster'd him.  
 But I a woman am (or rather was,  
 Far I can feel the fiend within me grow),  
 And mould of beauty in a rival's form  
 Is mould of guilt and loathsome ugliness.  
 But what now do I see? Transition quick!  
 How ghastly pale she turns! a heavy sweat  
 Her every dimple fills! Where's beauty now?  
 All fled!—all fled!—in parts respective gone,  
 To clothe the lily and revive the rose,  
 And thus adorn its native settlements;  
 Wearing its virgin blushes there, unstain'd  
 By false affections or by mortal lusts.

ROSAMOND [*opening her eyes with wandering gaze*].

• Where is the cake to give this Cerberus?  
 Ah! was it but a dream? Alas! they say,  
 That even royal beds are visited  
 By wandering and haunting phantasies.

ELEONORA.

Has placid evening's mild restoring balm  
 Quicken'd thy virtue, Mistress Rosamond?

ROSAMOND.

Ah! Mistress! Mistress!—Whence proceeds this sound?  
 These glaring eyeballs float in lurid fire,  
 Like stars of hell! I see, with malice fraught,  
 O Hecate, thou hast cross'd the Stygian flood,

Bringing foul magic arts to scare my thoughts!  
 Ah! when I look upon thy scowling brow,  
 A chilling horror creeps through all my veins,  
 As if o'er Acheron's cold bitter stream  
 My languid soul were being now convey'd!  
 Oh! oh! these pangs! they pierce, they rend apart  
 Sinew from muscle, flesh from bone, as storms  
 Tear from the hull both sails and splinter'd mast.  
 Oh! oh! A heat comes over me, as showers  
 Of burning sulphur:—I cannot bear the pain!  
 There, hold me.—Aba—Aba—where am I?

ELEONORA.

My lady fair, thy lord is near thee now—  
 Bends by thy knee, and wipes thy pallid face.

ROSAMOND.

That voice is hoarse—I've heard it once before.

ELEONORA.

Thy blood flows lazily; thy lair is soft,  
 Good mistress Rosamond!

ROSAMOND.

Good Mistress, sooth! I dreamt  
 A dreary dream, that, 'midst of sulph'rous mists,  
 Something incarnate crouch'd close by my side  
 And suck'd my breath—insatiate, hideous, thing!

ELEONORA [*aside*].

Ha! ha! fastidious Mistress Rosamond!  
 I cannot listen to Arcadian airs,  
 Or strains thou'st practised in this labyrinth:—  
 Thy time for such coquetry grows full short.

[*Rosamond's head falls on her breast.*]

How now, my drooping posy flower? how now?  
 Thy head is pendulous, as if 'twere fill'd  
 With juice from Grenada, and rocks about  
 As stately vessel on a billow's crest.

ROSAMOND [*opening her eyes, and appearing composed*].  
 What see I now?—The queen?—It is the queen!

ELEONORA.

Look not on me—I can forgive thee now—

B B

But rather look at Eve's soft golden beam.  
Take thy last look of her, Fair Rosamond;  
Thou seest she blushes deeply as thou look'st.

ROSAMOND.

And do thou look on th' high and azure throne,  
Whence Vengeance wing'd with burning wrath shall come.  
Dar'st thou, defying all the laws of God,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,  
A foul and dastard murder perpetrate?

ELEONORA.

I—I—I—murder!—Dare—I—murder?—I?

ROSAMOND.

Ah! wouldst thou kill a helpless penitent?

ELEONORA.

Thy vile adult'ry brings it on thy head;  
And I am but an humble instrument  
In Heaven's avenging hand to punish thee.  
This hour—triumphant hour!—is all my own.  
My joy, my long sought joy, is now possess'd.  
Ah! ah! why beat so high, thou merry heart!  
Wait, flutt'rer, the consummation of our joys.

ROSAMOND.

Ah! this is Death's own chilling hand, I feel  
Upon me now, absorbing nature's powers!  
*[Rosamond's body sinks, and slides off the seat.]*

ELEONORA.

That mystic crash! The throne of intellect  
Now falls! What countless streams of thought rush forth,  
As though their occupation gone! Electric touch!  
Region mysterious! how prostrate now!—  
Thy secret purposes are closed: that part,  
That something of eternity, is gone,  
As some far distant sail; 'twas but a speck,  
An atom quivering on the horizon bright,  
Then sunk for ever on the viewless sea.

ROSAMOND.

I sink—I sink! I do confess my sins!—  
Accept my prayer—forgive!—O God, I sink!

ELEONORA.

Bear up awhile—

ROSAMOND.

No more—I sink ! I sink !

ELEONORA.

Ha! ha! Fair Rosamond, thou Parian fair,  
 Tell the cold Grave that I thee forward sent,  
 A truant mistress for old ugly Death;  
 And when in joy he gapes convulsively,  
 Seeking to press thee to his chapless jaws,  
 And mumbles o'er thy lips as if he'd kiss:—  
 Tell him that I thy sole brideswoman was,  
 And sent thee in the heyday of thy sins  
 To his encircling, gaunt and scaled arms!

[ROSAMOND *sinks in death*; ELEONORA *frantic with joy*.

She dies! Regale thyself, thou gallant heart,  
 And watch awhile this waxen, wanton thing;  
 While every atom of mortality,  
 And all the careless matter, thus forlorn,  
 Declines and sinks into eternal sleep.  
 All that the everlasting world awards—  
 The may-be, and the black deception vast,—  
 All this she now is welcome to. But see!  
 The mystic tale of nether life is told,  
 And made the refuse of eternity!  
 Well! now, ye fairies, trip upon the green;  
 Let Echo hasten hence to join the song.  
 Let Hate and Murder wild, with angry eye,  
 Take part and join this merry midnight glee.

[*Rosamond's body quivers.*

Tut! tut! Say why this quivering, quailing, dear?  
 Quibbling with Death? 'Tis past; but now I see—  
 So—so—thy bridegroom's arms thou likest not;  
 Thou shrink'st, and may'st distort thy comeliness;—  
 And perhaps these deathlike features may remain,  
 And breed grave doubts in grave fools' heads; and then  
 Suspicion in her jaunting car may rest  
 Somewhere.

[*Rosamond's body falls.*

[*A minute's dead silence.*

Come spirits, brand her as your own,  
 And lead her blindfold to the chasm, which marks  
 The land of woe and toil. You'll prove her coward,  
 And truant, if she can;—but gripe her hard;

Entwine your web-like forms, and if she trips,  
Then dash into the grave; her hopeless hope  
Thus blast, and lash the vile offender home.

[*Pauses.*

Dark Midnight, leaning on his ebony wand,  
Complaining walks with melancholy steps.  
Where's Henry now?—the false king?—Where, pale ghost,  
Where is thy Lord? What! moody and chagrin'd?  
Hast thou no answer? Well! I thee will tell.  
He dreams of gold and glittering scimitars,  
And on thy Parian breast he vows again  
Soon to recline. Fond fool! Adulteress vile!  
Thy palling charms, poor ghost, he'll soon forsake.

[*Approaching the body, she picks the face.*

Those heaving pangs have rent and mark'd her—here—  
And here.

[*Leaves the Labyrinth.*

But hark! 'tis Aba now returned!  
Or is 't the gusty wind moaning in woe?  
Or some intrusive wandering serf? Ye stars,—  
And placid moon,—and thou unslumbering sea,—  
Now bear me witness, I am merciful,  
And but perform'd the will of vengeful Heaven.

[*Returns to the Labyrinth.*

Now here, fair ghost, we part, and I must beg  
Thy silence on our meeting's cause. What still  
In moods? Come, bounding, panting Fear—thy nod  
I now obey, and leave this company  
Of solemn, silent things.

[*A voice is heard.*

Rest, spirit, rest!

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Camp near the sea in Normandy.*

KING HENRY [*alone, rising from his couch*].

I seem to hear the buzzing as of gnats,  
With twittering chants, changing their tuneful lay;  
The mind's eye sees their light and graceful dance;  
The ear is charm'd by sweet fantastic airs,  
Which woo to tender languishment the soul.  
Or are they midnight spirits watching me,  
And pace their path as sentinels, obedient







To execute their mission from high Heaven,  
 Waking the dead and distant things now past?  
 So memory breaks in and robs this clay  
 Of nature's food—the seeming death—soft sleep.  
 But what the message? Wherefore seek they me?  
 Now speak;—ye know the things of heaven and earth.  
 In pity break the bonds which ever held  
 Ye free from man's susceptibilities.  
 Say, what shall dark to-morrow bring to me?  
 Shall I be spirit then, or be a king?  
 Tell, shall I meet some greedy ponderous axe,  
 Wielded by some unerring arm, to kill  
 This real phantom thing, which plays its airs  
 To dazzle Death whilst aiming its fell shafts?  
 If so, I'm charm'd that I so soon shall be  
 All soul, without the nerve to feel—or eye  
 To bear the gaze of sportive insolence,  
 Which Richard and the upstart imp of France  
 Would dare to cast on what they fear'd in life.  
 So when vile rebels pass this mangled corse,  
 They'll find it empty of that thing they sought.  
 O say! Now let your wither'd lips respire;—  
 Say, must I lay this body down for wolves  
 Of France to tear with vip'rous teeth? Or say,  
 May I once more hear the shrill clarion cry  
 Of victory?—once more to feel the hectic glow  
 Which spoils the utt'rance, and recrowns the brow?  
 Whate'er shall hap in sad to-morrow's hours  
 Shall load this soul with gloomy mourning clothes;  
 For every eye which quails before gaunt Death—  
 Yes, every spark of light to-morrow dims—  
 Is mine, to be accounted for above.  
 But let me wear the breast-plate of the brave;  
 With that, once more I'll face the foulest foe.  
 But O 't is hard to win in civil war,  
 And see the blood I love in clotted heaps.  
 I wish 't were o'er, and I could rest and rise  
 No more.

*[Lies down on couch ; dreaming.]*

You tilt for royal blood ! thou priest !  
 'T is old and weary—take it, thief, and budge.

*[Soldier knocks ; Henry starts up.]*

What on my couch? 't is like Rebellion's shifts  
 To kill by stealth.

SOLDIER.

My liege, the hour is come,  
Appointed for the council to be here.

KING HENRY.

Ah, yes ; and must I come to do my part.

SCENE II.—*Council in Camp.*

KING HENRY, ARUNDEL, MOWBRAY, ETC.

KING HENRY.

'T is thus, my friends, that, like the mighty Jove,  
Who rides alone triumphant on the storm,  
While yet attent a thousand spirits wait  
To bear the vengeance of his mighty state,  
And hurl Rebellion's sons beneath his feet,  
We hold our court near foaming seas, and oft  
In lands far distant from our native hills.  
But to the brave it matters not, my lords,  
Where, unforeseen, the will of Providence  
Unsheathes our ready swords. 'T is honour calls:  
All know our cause—the noble cause of all  
Worthy to live or die.

ARUNDEL.

The sea runs high !

KING HENRY.

The sea is faithful servant of a king  
To whom we trust our crown and all we love.

MOWBRAY.

My liege, the third watch now is past.

KING HENRY.

'T is morn;  
For see ! the eastern gates are open thrown,  
And bright Aurora's milk-white steeds appear:  
Those spreading oaks, affording goodly shade,  
Mark well our path ; 't is there they form their lines.

[*Wind roars, shaking the tent.*

The winds in contest are. Rough Boreas !  
He comes to tempt the angry cetus forth,

And madly roars upon this rock-girt sea.  
 If so, the swelling waves will quickly bear  
 Our friends to this bold coast. Let heav'n proclaim,  
 We have no fear of death; nor would we sigh  
 For brighter blood to flow in civil war.  
 To wild and false rebellion Death's no friend;  
 His dreary empire undisputed stands;  
 No rebel there to wrong his rightful state!  
 This day, ye Norman knights, and Saxon friends,  
 Your wives, your offspring, your once happy homes,  
 Your noble country, liberty, and laws,  
 And all the laurels won in blood-stain'd fields,  
 Demand your swords,—your ever-gallant breasts  
 Now pant with patriot's ire.—Prepare! Go, sweep  
 These rebel hirelings from my sight, and—Hark!  
 I hear the champ of steeds and rustling casques!  
 Lord Arundel, look o'er the hazy plain:  
 Although I cannot see, I have a sense  
 That troops of soldiers skirt the hill.

[ARUNDEL *goes to the door of tent.*

ARUNDEL.

My liege,  
 Whole troops of bounding steeds, bedeck'd with gold,  
 On either side the stream approach our camp:  
 There's one with mantle loose and blazing casque.  
 His bright array marks more than mortal pride;  
 It bears unnumber'd hues; its fulgency  
 Has tints as varied as the bow of heaven:  
 As some tall pine, it tops the myriads round—  
 There's majesty adorning all. [Shouts heard without.

KING HENRY.

Hark! Hark!

Their haughty leader shakes his heavy lance.  
 'Tis he! 'tis he! They come! they come! They shout!  
 The clank of Richard's scaly mail I hear,  
 Midst heaven and earth—like a black fiend he comes.  
 [All rush out.

SCENE III.—*Open Field.*

KING HENRY.

Let all who sue with bending knee be spared;  
 And if Black Richard comes, leave him to me,  
 Once more to save this recreant son from death.

## AID-DE-CAMP.

My liege, sad news ! Brave Mowbray now is dead.  
Fast sinks the mighty soul of brave St. Clerc.

## KING HENRY.

Twice rebel ! hold thy faint and trembling tongue.

[*Aside.*

Ah ! this will be a dreadful day of blood.  
Some demon sits and guides this angry war.  
But I must execute my arduous part,  
Until I faint beneath the load of woe,  
And jumble 'midst the heap of England's slain.

*Another* AID-DE-CAMP.

My liege ! my liege ! still—still the rebel hosts  
Press on our rear. Thy son now leads the charge.

## WALLENGE.

A valiant knight !—And here he comes, my liege.  
'T is said he is the Duke Bretagne,—he comes !

## KING HENRY.

Ah, ah ! I see his lofty nodding crest ;  
His sable plumes wave like terrific clouds :  
Before his threatening arm whole troops fall back.  
Thus moved fierce Diomed, when he, by night,  
The Thracian Rhesus slew, with all his host,  
And carrying off the fatal horses, broke  
The spell that render'd Troy invincible.  
But see ! thus slaves eternally must bleed,  
Where gods, or men as gods, shall deign to move.  
My foe is not my foe, when girt about  
With lustrous arms steeped in the gore of war.  
He comes to break his lance e'en where I stand !  
'Thou furious chief, besmear'd with crimson tide,  
Thy deeds this day have placed thee on a par  
With kings. Oh that thy cause were just, as great !  
Lord duke ! May Justice break the lance which breaks !  
He leaps o'er pools of blood to meet his king !  
Come, Fortune—Fate—join on ! My brain is thick :  
My eyes will scarce distinguish friend from foe.  
Alas ! alas ! I see his form again !  
It is the Duke Bretagne, whose sire I loved—  
Unhorsed !—I will not fight on 'vantage ground.  
Wallenge, take this true steed aside [*dismounts*], whilst I  
Perform my part in this sad murd'rous scene,  
To kill my friend ! All hell resounds with joy !

[*The DUKE DE BRETAGNE approaches the KING.*

Heroic rebel! whose unconquer'd arm  
Rises to slay thy king, prepare for death.  
Would that my crown were sinking in thy brow,  
To pierce its angry thorns within thy brain!  
Then might I be accounted free from blood  
I would not spill. No middle path remains.

DUKE DE BRETAGNE.

No, not for Henry—wild Plantagenet!  
Whose frown, though darker than the storm itself,  
No more shall awe the faithful patriot's soul  
With tyrant's power.

[*Tilts at the KING.*

Impenetrable mail!

[*They encounter fiercely, the KING defensive only.*

KING HENRY.

Thy arm is fallen; thy king wears mail of heav'n:  
No rebel's arm can pierce this deathless frame.  
Come, measure back that foot—thy lance is broke!  
Rise, rise!—Look once again upon thy king.

DUKE DE BRETAGNE.

In mercy, king, take, take this weary life!  
This is the last and only grace I ask.  
O'er streams of noble and ignoble blood  
I sought thy blood, willing to wage my own;  
'Tis thine! then let it flow, and bubbling join  
The reeking streams that ooze through patriots' veins.

KING HENRY.

Inglorious sight! The bravest soldier bends.  
Now let Rebellion fall with thy proud lance,  
And then, Lord Duke, I give my hand again.

[*A chance arrow kills the DUKE, and he falls in  
the act of approaching the KING.*

All now is o'er,—that routed spirit flies,  
As oft the lingering rays of golden eve  
Dash down to join the nitrous gloom of night.  
Injurious Death! that pledge will rise to Heav'n.  
Alas! poor Duke! the earth will hide this dust,  
Now this inglorious life is pass'd away;  
But what can wipe away those stains which blot  
The standard that thy father bore?

RALPH DE GLANVILLE.

No hand  
But that which spared this ingrate chief. 'Tis thine,  
Great king, to raise that fallen name once more.

KING HENRY.

Wallenge! see, see,—remove this fallen chief,  
With escort of our body guard, to camp.

[*Aside.*

This graceless deed of death sinks deep within,  
And aids the vile revolt of passions here.

[*Puts his hand to his heart.*

It makes young bony Fear look out awhile.—  
But as I have a Christian soul, I swear,  
I'll make Rebellion's voice cry—Mercy, king!  
Until its echo shakes fair Britain's rocks.

[*Addressing* SIR JOHN BALIOL.

I would that wing were flank'd with heavy horse.  
Those archers spend their fury vainly, whilst  
The citizens of Mans seem gall'd in rear.  
Let Breuse, with his thrice noble host, sustain  
The charge where France's bloody squadron lies.  
But see! those foul Castilian troops now fly.

Who rides with news, advancing on us quick?  
As the wild charge of death he comes. See! see!  
Some worthy news, I trust, or else 'twould come  
Before the vagrant blast. 'Tis Stutteville  
Vies with the wind to reach our anxious eyes.

Well now, good knight, thy steed has chafed the gale:  
Say, what repairs in this foul gust of time?

STUTTEVILLE.

Alas, alas! some tears are needful here,  
Or heaving sighs, to garnish well this day,  
Which seems as Day of Judgment come too soon.

KING HENRY.

Why hangs thy speech, Sir John de Stutteville?  
I am no ghost; this bloody arm proves that.  
Has Philip's silly face confronted thee?  
Now, by St. George, I see it in thy face.

STUTTEVILLE.

Pell-mell comes France to make our gory beds,  
And Henry's heir, bearing the torch of hell.

KING HENRY.

And is this all, Sir John de Stutteville?  
Where did'st thou see the trooper fiend, my son?

STUTTEVILLE.

I wish 'twere all, my liege, and all was o'er!  
I'm blind with gazing at the things which were.  
'Tis all one heap of death—Death's everywhere.  
The prince looks down on all—he's Death himself:  
Just now I pass'd him cleaving down De Vere;  
With that fell axe he hurls men into hell:  
It clatters like the moving clouds of heav'n.  
His deeds of black impiety alarm  
The boldest of the bold; the timid sink  
As quicksands in the overwhelming tide,  
When hideous roaring waves for ever close.

[*Cries of the wounded.*]KING HENRY [*aside*].

Hell hears the insufferable noise, and laughs.  
Soon some thick flood of fire will drive us on  
In masses to the house of deathless Death.  
Would that my time was come, or I alone  
Could gage with Death my everlasting hopes  
Against that fear of death which thousands kills,  
And fight for victory with my lone arm,—  
Then on one die cast all or nought with him.

STUTTEVILLE.

Now not a moment's interval can stay  
The harvest that gaunt Death is gathering in;  
Like baleful meteor's blaze, the prince moves on;  
Midst groves of spears he cleaves his fearful way,  
Fierce as an angry boar;—his foes below  
Cry Mercy, mercy, prince!—then shrink and die.  
Before his powerful arm Montgomery sunk,  
And even Mowbray found no milder fate.  
In one vast ruin all that's noble lies.

[*Shouts heard.*]SCENE IV.—*The Camp. Officers come in from the field.*

FIRST OFFICER.

The rebels fly—the prince has left the field!



## SECOND OFFICER.

Philip escapes! As hunted fox he skims  
The field;—his pallid face entreats for life.

BALIOL [*a knight*].

O ghastly sight!—the track of slaughter's strewn  
With stain'd and broken armour, and in heaps  
Lie fiery foaming steeds and dying men!  
In one vast ruin England's children sink.  
Some yield to fortune, and regain their camp;—  
Some to their ships a passage try to force.

[*Shouts in various quarters.*]

## SOLDIERS.

Henry the king! the king! 'tis victory!  
Victorious king! the victory is thine!

KING HENRY [*in deep reverie, aside*].

Richard, 'tis thine! this day has kill'd thy sire.  
Good friends! good news I hear;—this victory  
Will gladden every heart on our lov'd isle.

[*Aloud.*]

[*Aside.*]

Britain's pale bounds will blush with guilty shame,  
And some will weep for many years to come.

WILLIAM OF WARREN, *a knight*.

Good king, 'tis Fortune smiles—'tis victory.

## KING HENRY.

On you 'tis Fortune smiles—'tis victory—  
But to thy king, who loves both friend and foe,  
'Tis woe;—immeasurably deep it sinks;  
No leech or healthful herb can gauge the wound!  
But we must doff these royal woes,—and smile  
On all the valiant deeds of valiant men.  
But, hark, list to this laugh of gloomy Death,  
Whilst England's dearest children falling, sink  
Enshrined by fate to wait the rest of time,  
Until God's choicest herald wakes the brave.

## STUTTEVILLE.

O sire, thy noblest children now are gone;  
There many a glistening chest has ceased to heave.  
Though jasper's fire and ruby's burning blush,  
Cærulean beryls, and emerald green,  
And glittering topaz, with its orient beam,

The pallid pearl, the amethyst, and rare  
 And varied gems which India's lands supplied,  
 Still shines with lustre as in tournament.  
 There gorgeous banners still are gay and bright,  
 And sumptuous trappings deck those frozen forms.  
 And streaming volumes of relucant gold  
 Shone forth amidst tiaras gemm'd and bright,  
 Helmets engraved relief, alto and base;  
 Innumerable as e'en those emerald spears,  
 Whose living hues revive Thessalia's vales;  
 And deck the path where Pan's Arcadian notes,  
 Arouse young Echo from her noontide dreams.

KING HENRY.

What tongue shall tell the terror of that scene!

STUTTEVILLE.

The multitude of dead no man can tell.  
 Their limbs inur'd to wild and manly toil,  
 To brace the bow, to rule the angry steed  
 To turn aside the javelin's reckless ire;  
 Lie lull'd, and sunk forlorn, no more to move.  
 There strongest bows of largest size are seen.  
 Impenetrable massive shields of gold—  
 And osier-woven targets lying there.  
 Enough to quell a world of angry fiends.  
 The wealth of Ormuz and of Ind was there!  
 There bows, and falchions, and the ponderous axe,—  
 Ten thousand pointed casques with iron cones  
 O'er many a visage grim dark shadowing.  
 But Death midst all, moved on as gentlest gales,  
 Or soft Araxes to the Caspian glides,  
 Whilst imperceptibly he still sustains  
 The green profusion of Armenia's meads;  
 Whence many a happy swain attains his reed  
 And with melodious sweetness charms the air,  
 And melts to softest languishment the soul.  
 'Twas woe indeed, to watch the trickling blood  
 Saunter o'er features once in gallant life;  
 Whilst Death with adamantine sneer look'd on—  
 Such works of chivalry and noble feats.  
 To him there seem'd no line or gradient cast;  
 Dukes earls and lords with broilsome boors were there,  
 And all was carrion then for hungry birds.  
 It was the saddest scene these eyes have seen—  
 Homeless, friendless, graveless, no garb to screen

This putrefaction of what once had been.  
Seated on thrones, leading heroic bands—  
And where the tabret and the dulcet harp  
(Whilst courtiers in brocade pass often bye)  
Once play'd by coral lips, and snow-white hands.  
'Twas sad to stand amidst these awful things—  
But words may never full describe. The tongue  
May carry messages for sensual calls,  
And thus revive this limping frame awhile  
In its vain course o'er sandy deserts wild,  
Which lie between the fathomless abyss  
Of mystic birth, and still more mystic Death;  
But not until the storm of Death has pass'd,—  
And conflagration has burnt up the earth,  
And fire perpetual shall paint the clouds,  
And widow'd spirit contemplates that scene,—  
Shall man in earth or hell say what was there.  
The air for some few feet above the ground—  
No more—was fill'd with sighs and groans,  
As by some marshy soil in eventide.  
The ploughman stops his weary foot awhile;  
The creaking of some noisome form is heard  
In garrulous and wild disgusting tones;  
This tongue declines to tell the things there seen.  
A gleam of light shew'd me the proud Billinge:  
I heard him groan—just then a hungry wolf  
Was ripping skin and muscle quite away  
From off that stalwart frame and gallant form—  
Deeds of eternal fame were done by him.  
Near by there knelt a mailèd knight distraught,  
His face was grim, besmear'd with dust and gore;  
'Twas madness roused him from his clotted bed,  
And hopes of victory were ever fled.  
But Death's dark plume was waving o'er his head;  
Unconquer'd still he oped his filmy eye  
Cast down by inextinguishable woe.  
But broken bones, and rank, and pallid skin,  
And what remains of dead and dying men,  
Seem'd then to scare his heart far back again.  
That gallant spirit broke from Nature's tie,  
In vain exhorted longer to endure;  
Its cordage burst, and as the storm went by,  
Life yielded quick to its last destiny,  
Forsook that riven heart, and sank for aye.  
I cannot tell thee more, for Death and fiends

There rode triumphant, yet once methought—  
 Yes, once I saw Dame Nature standing near,  
 Wrapt in a cloak dripping with spangling dew,  
 As tho' she'd just emerged from some bright stream  
 (Her hair dishevell'd, matted, dank, and gray),  
 Where lilies vie in stripling osier beds,  
 And peaceful flocks and loving kine are scen.  
 A thousandfold of woe bedimm'd her eye  
 As on some lofty top near Ida's side  
 A host of threat'ning clouds collect their floods  
 To deluge all the trembling herds below.  
 Death here was like that sea when stormy tides  
 Roam thro' the vast Atlantic's boiling course;  
 He stay'd for nought, not e'en to view the dead,  
 Nor stopp'd his pawing steed, whose nostrils gaunt  
 Seem'd to reject those noisome winds  
 Which fill'd the air foul and pestif'rous.

KING HENRY.

List, Stutteville, some other woe is near.

*[Music—a Cavalcade—a figure of Rural Beauty, leading twelve Maidens dancing before the King—Nobles, ARUNDEL, BREUSE, SOULLY, WALLERGE, FITZBERNARD, VAUX, and others assemble—The King talks with them whilst music plays, but looks pale and dejected—Music ceases.]*

I sorrow much, my lords, that I am sad  
 In midst of so much faithful joy; and yet  
 I love you much for this day's toil. I owe  
 Far more than I can pay—but take my thanks.

ARUNDEL.

Dear liege! we give thee love for love, and thanks  
 For thanks, but sorrow much our king is sad;  
 Yet in these angry wars sad scenes for woe  
 Cannot escape thy tender love. Here comes—

*[Bearers bring in bodies of Montgomery, Mowbray, Vesey, and Duke de Bretagne. Funeral March playing.]*

KING HENRY.

Ah, ah! it must be so. Bring in the dead.  
 Their spirits watch us now, and share our joy.  
 Give them their rightful place in this our camp;—  
 The loyal, noble soldier never dies.

Place them around their king.—My friends,  
The crystal gates of heaven will open wide,  
When these three martial spirits enter there.

[*Pointing to Montgomery, Mowbray, and Veeey.*

E'en here they stand array'd in glory bright.  
Ye gallant souls! this day from battle rest.  
Faithful have been your lives; before your shades  
I kneel! Invincibles I thought you once;  
But ye have bled, in mercy to our foes.

[*Looks on the body of Mowbray.*

Though death hath dimm'd the fire, 'tis even now  
Not quite extinct; the noble spirit fondly lurks,  
As if reluctant yet to leave these eyes,  
Whence it was wont to break in lightning's flash.  
Such from their honour Death could not divide.  
Pale Shade! accept thy sovereign's sacred tears.  
Would that my crown, and all the laurels won  
In tented field and gallant tournament,  
Could purchase back that valiant breath of thine!

[*Passes to the young Earl Montgomery.*

The light of glory circles this young brow,  
E'en as a halo round Night's favourite star!  
O I would give the rest of this dull life,  
To meet the cursèd arm that rent this breast.  
O what a monster's plunge broke in that mail  
(A present to his sire at Wallingford).  
Thus savage valour taints the soul of man.—  
Thy native land will ne'er forget thy worth;  
'Tis public sorrow when a hero dies.  
Illustrious youth, accept thy sovereign's woe.

[*Turns to the body of the venerable Sir R. Vesey.*

Ah, ah! what, here? I thought thee by my side;  
My best, my earliest friend! What reckless arm  
Has murder'd thee? Why didst thou trust thy age  
Among thy sovereign's foes? That hoary brow  
Tempted some coward traitor vile to strike,  
And make these gaping holes, and thus let forth  
The noble spirit from that gallant breast.

[*Takes the hand.*

This hand is scarcely cold.—Well, good old friend,  
Thy king can only sigh, and say farewell!—

[*Approaches the body of the Duke de Bretagne, who  
had been spared by Henry.*

Sad scene of reckless tumult! All now calm!—  
That haughty breast that lately heaved so high!—

Ah! who can mourn thee now? The rebel prince  
 Will spare no sigh for one who bled for him.  
 Thy countrymen? Ah! what to them avails  
 That noble thoughts, which might exalt the soul,  
 And render life illustrious and loved,  
 Were once the portion of this bleeding corse?  
 In spite of all its daring chivalry,  
 That arm has found a traitor's grave at last.  
 That soul was once a favour'd spot, on which  
 Delighted Heaven would shed its brightest beams;  
 But dark Rebellion's planet came between,  
 And all her glorious loyalty eclipsed;  
 Then left her in foul darkness base to sink.

RANDOLPH DE GLANVILLE.

Poor ghost! thy dumb attendance here yields pain  
 And sorrow to thy king, who loved thee much,  
 But may not mourn thee dead.

KING HENRY [*turning again to the corse*].  
 Inglorious fate!

I would forgive thee now, if thou couldst hear;  
 But we shall meet in some promiscuous crowd,  
 When years of purgat'ry have pass'd away.  
 There are within the soul harmonious strings,  
 Which, howsoe'er the finger of rough Time  
 May rudely snap them, yet bright seraphs' hands  
 Shall gather in again, and bid them chaunt  
 To choral symphonies of heavenly harps.  
 So until then we part. Poor ghost, farewell!  
 Once bravest of the brave—Bretagne, farewell!

[*Suddenly shrieks are heard; a female with dishevelled hair rushes in before the king,—the Mistress of the Duke de Bretagne.*]

CHRISTABEL.

'Tis here, 'tis here! then rumour has been just.

[*Looking at the king severely.*]

Some one has stolen the body of my lord;  
 His corslet and his brilliant mail of chain  
 Have won the favour that their lord had lost.  
 Whose share is this? At any price I'll buy.

[*Her eyes darting at the king.*]

Yes, king, a royal price I'll even give,  
 I know, the lust for gold, with other lusts,  
 Have render'd royal honour much abused,  
 Made many wars, and spilt much honest blood.

KING HENRY.

What means this fair intruder in our camp?

CHRISTABEL [*looking at SIR R. GLANVILLE, and sneering*].

Perhaps it is the portion of Sir Ralph?  
If so, I'll litigate his right—'tis mine.

And [*Looking at the king.*

Heav'n forbids the mightiest here, to touch  
The sacred body of my murder'd lord.  
Before the King of kings' eternal throne,  
High in the archèd heavens, I'll plead my cause.

WALLENGE.

It is the mistress of the brave Bretagne.

CHICHESTER.

Our liege, dear lady, feels thy sorrow much;  
And freely grants, in this sad troubled hour,  
Thy dearest, amplest wish; for he thy lord  
Had long and deeply loved.

CHRISTABEL.

I have no lord.

My lord is drown'd in that oblivious sleep,  
Which nought but the archangel's voice can break,  
When Death shall find his sceptre broke in twain.  
O reverend father, resignation teach.  
Dear mangled corse! give me thy icy hand. [*Takes the hand.*  
The lustre of those orbs is ever veil'd;  
The fount of thy enchanting eloquence  
Shall ne'er be oped again, until that day  
When Heav'n shall send its radiant minister  
To roll away the stone, which wakeful guards  
Shall want the power to stay. O bitter loss!  
Ambitious Death! thou greedy, cruel thing!  
The beautiful, the valiant, thou seizest first,—  
All that the heart holds dear, the mind respects,—  
Leaving these pallid forms our woe to soothe.  
O breathless clay, once more delight my ear,  
With the known accents of thy tender love! [*Becomes frantic.*  
What pass'd, so awful, through my hollow ear?

[*Shouts and stamps.*

Listen! O list, ye gentlemen! That cry!  
They kill the Duke Bretagne!—'tis Death! I hear  
His low sepulchral voice. Hark! hark! 'tis Death!  
I'll tear his bony arms in twain, and stamp  
Upon his pulseless heart. But hark, my Lord!

Who kills my lord, Bretagne, now murders me.  
It is—it is his well known voice I hear!

[*Moves round the camp, stooping her ear, with idiot vacant stare.*  
I come—I come. Where—where is he? Whence comes  
That voice? Pardon me, gentle lords—my liege— [*Recovers.*  
But why, alas! should I disturb that peace  
With earthly sighs, that have no power to save?  
Thine is a state too pure for mortal love.  
Ah, cruel Death! thou'st ta'en away my all,  
And left me joyless, hopeless, and alone.  
Will no one help the wretched Christabel? [*Becomes again frantic*  
Where is the king? I seek his mighty throne;  
To him I'll plead, and ask my murder'd lord.

[*Walks up and down; then stops before the  
bishop of Chichester.*

Father, I want to see my lord again,  
Before he goes into the battle field:  
I want to warn him of the rebel prince,  
And those false priests who at our castle supp'd.  
They urged my lord to turn against his king;—  
They said they were the pope's commissioners.  
O I would fondly whisper many things  
To soothe his racking brain.—Dost hear, good priest?  
Is this a time convenient for my lord  
To list the tale of faithful messenger  
Come from his castle straight?

CHICHESTER.

Lady, your lord  
Is now away—in heaven, perhaps. He's dead.

CHRISTABEL.

Dead? dead? dead—who? The duke, my lord? What, dead?  
He left his couch while visions strange did flit  
And play their antics in my sleeping mind,  
Ere e'en the lid of morn had 'gan to ope.  
Yes—no!—Just now his pillow is yet warm;  
His precious breath still lies, like fragrant myrrh,  
Upon our happy couch. Duke de Bretagne! [*Calls out aloud.*  
Let heralds sound the cry, Duke de Bretagne!

[*Turns round, and sees the body of the duke being  
removed by bearers out of the camp.*

Stop, stop! I see my lord is taken sick  
I must attend his couch—must nurse—must watch  
Or else those dark-brow'd knights may murder him  
Murder him! I must go too—go too.

[*Follows the bearers; the king turns pale.*



CHICHESTER.

My liege, this sight has touch'd your royal breast  
With painful sympathy. Let's change the scene.

KING HENRY.

Sad wither'd garlands Triumph now must wear!  
My lords, some solemn duties yet remain;  
Let Love, in Sorrow's garb, attend these friends  
To their last silent home. Let all our dead  
Have honour, love, and ceremonies too.  
May we die deaths as honourably bright!  
I sorrow, friends, to leave you in such plight.

[*Henry leaves—Trumpets sound—Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.—*Interior of Cathedral.*

[*Enter HENRY borne on a litter, WALTER MAPES, RANDOLPH, OSTARD, GLANVILLE, GRYME, GEOFFRY.*]

HENRY.

Stop, bearers, stop! Ah, Randolph, faithful friend,  
Here comes the weary dried-up husk, to seek  
A safe receptacle for royal dust.  
Is there no pandect, Randolph, for the dead,  
Which strictly will prevent the bones of kin  
To clank with mischievous abuttals rank?  
'Tis this destroys the peace e'en of the grave.  
Now try the might and power of Rome itself,  
And ask for me a grave intact from all—  
From all rebellious kin and crafty priests.

MAPES.

Learned justiciary, our liege to thee  
Does speak.

KING HENRY.

A wholesome heart thou hast, and true;  
Too full for utterance.

RANDOLPH.

My liege! my king!  
Good master—ah! my bitter, solemn woes  
I cannot speak; and on all other points  
Am dumb; and would be so till the great trump  
Shall break Death's sleep.

KING HENRY.

Well, I forgive thee this;  
Another time will be, when stammering tongues,  
Released from bondage—Ah! Another time—  
Another—Ah! ah! ah! [Slightly faints.]

MAPES.

Most mighty king,  
We heard thee say—Another time.

KING HENRY.

Yes, yes!

Where was I? I did say Another time.  
But yet it boots not. Where's my chaplain now?  
That draught,—give me to drink that freezing draught.

OSTARD.

'Tis here, 'tis here, my liege; it will revive,  
And, for a time, great potency will give; [*Aside.*  
But then the torch of life must fail.

[*King drinks in frantic haste.*]

MAPES.

My liege,

We hope, finds comfort now.

KING HENRY.

As much my friend,  
As this cold world can grant to one who falls  
So low so suddenly. If heaven me more  
Intends, then Heaven that more will grant; and so  
The past will rectify. God pardon those  
That murder kings! And I do execute  
That will, and pardon all who murder me.  
I pardon all the guiles of ruthless Rome,  
And all its deeds by which I am undone;  
And yet I would not lengthen life so long  
That I should Richard in that prayer include—  
That recreant rebel! Yes! so far, so far,  
I have been king. Now I this golden woe  
Renounce for one who hates me: yes! 'tis thine,  
Richard—'tis Heaven ordains this woe to thee—  
To be a king; and with unnatural heart  
To live no natural age, but by mischance  
To die, an ingrate, cursing life and death,  
And heaven itself. [*Wanders.*]

Or are these truant fiends,  
Who having snapp'd the chains that bound them fast  
In fiery torture, come to minister  
Some fervent anguish to my soul? Stay, stay!  
I hear them dashing through the bubbling tide  
Of heaving Styx. Perhaps these messengers  
Convey some secret to my vexèd soul.  
But I who 've loved the rights of man, the rights  
Of fiends will now respect. An earthly king

May subject be of hell. Yet herding thus  
 With monsters curdles all my blood, and drives  
 My soul to every corner of her manse.  
 Perhaps it is dark Chaos' progeny,  
 Revelling with joy to see th' approach  
 Of Henry,—warrior—king! who e'en on death  
 Will look undauntedly. I cannot blench  
 At what I see not.

GLANVILLE [*aside*].

Ah! poor king!—Much wrong  
 He hath received, which thus distracts his mind;  
 Or else a better Christian never lived.

KING HENRY.

Before the altar place me:—slowly step.  
 Here my last journey ends on earth;—and now  
 Another waits me, where attendance gross  
 I may not bear: spirits alone will be  
 My courtiers there—where king, and baron bold,  
 And priests, by paths respective and alone,  
 Enter.—Sigh not for me, Randolph. Well  
 I know death's presage, and have often seen  
 Its consummation, when on summer's eve  
 The battle-field I've paced, and view'd around  
 Its trophies breathing their last piteous sigh,  
 E'er the gaunt wolf tears from the crunched bones  
 The muscles scarcely stiff in death. 'Tis now  
 That voyage I must go, and yielding up  
 That mystic secret, hopeless hope, I'll peer  
 Into dark Death's domains, as quite intent  
 To stay.—His ebon majesty shall find  
 In me a loyal subject; and I pray  
 At meeting to prove grateful, and subdued  
 To meekest confidence, that in the world  
 To which I go, there consolations are  
 Unknown on earth. This world is but a prison  
 Of niggard bounds;—but the chill hand of Death  
 Has regions vast and limitless; and thus  
 It is that spirits take a grade, a step  
 Towards the etherial, eternal life.  
 If a new skein of life were granted now,  
 How could I use it? What is yet undone?  
 The great Supreme above will punish sin;  
 And noble Honour has my praise; but yet  
 There are revolting muscles in this frame

Which writhe in serpent forms, as worms that strive  
For life. This is Rebellion's last attempt.  
Alas, alas!—they elbow their poor mate,  
And urge the spirit to finish work. They seem'd  
In happier times by-gone so well prepared  
To punish insults and dire wrongs—O yes,  
And all that cowards ever dared to do.  
The heavy wrongs which Rome has done thy king  
Make e'en the blow of Death to seem but light.  
To die would be severe calamity,  
But that I know Death's arm clanks like my own.  
Death is a vassal, and his ghastly train  
He leads but to the confines of a land  
He may not, cannot enter. Yes! 'tis there  
The important change is made; there mortals shift,  
And awful immortality put on.  
Yet ye may riddles in that state resolve:  
Perhaps a sleep of countless years must pass:  
Perhaps the mortal parts there undergo  
Transitions mystic and arrangements dread!  
Perhaps for thrice ten thousand years to come,  
Filthy and shapeless things of odour rank  
Crawl in and out the avenues of sense,  
Holding their riotous festivity  
On all the atoms which dull Time has left  
For slow corruption in the silent grave.  
These things will make the heart-strings creak. Geoffrey,  
They say thou art not mine. I say thou art,  
My son, the best beloved of all. Geoffrey,  
Give me thy hand. There in thy honest palm  
I place this envied ring. Precious it was!  
It sparkles now as bright as it was wont  
In court and tournament—thou faithful gem!  
There, Geoffrey, take the gem—wear it for one  
Who loved thee much, but now must leave. Geoffrey—  
I may not stay to tell thee all I would—  
Upon thy filial arm I'll muse the rest,  
As on a summer's eve the lazy serf  
Sinks into wholesome rest.—Yet—yet—I wish—  
[Sinking in the arms of Geoffrey.]

**RANDOLPH** [*bowing over the king.*]

Thou valiant king—farewell—farewell—farewell!  
What can amend this loss? 'tis woe for love.  
Dear king, awake once more.

KING HENRY [*wandering*].

It may be so—

Yes, yes;—Rebellion stood in his dark path.  
The primate, too! how cruel 'twas of him!  
And so he sought my blood. Now Death becomes  
Importunate,—a tyrant too.—But now I go  
Where Death's power ends, to reach that pinnacle,  
To which this timid, fluttering, anxious thing,  
This little veering gossamer, ascends.  
Death has no power, no magic charm, to break  
The solemn cloud which circles round that peak  
Whose sanctity by gorgeous seraphim  
Is kept. O Death, I call thee up thy part  
To take, the vulture's share. 'Twill soon corrupt  
And nauseate. Farewell—farewell to all!—  
Sense is receding now:—of sight and speech  
The ways are clogg'd:—to hear is needless now.  
E'en the twelfth hour is spent. I will not filch  
A moment, while this clay obedient wears  
The pallid hue of Death.

GRYME.

It is the dew  
Of the first morn in the eternal world.

HENRY.

See, see! through every passage now he creeps!  
He scents the last, last fortress!—Look, he's in!  
He's in the breach! The ramparts all are scaled.  
It is the priest, the black revengeful priest!  
See where he goes!—He bears the cross before.  
He stamps upon my heart!—tis he, tis he!  
Relentless! Ah! 'tis Death! the tyrant Death!

THE END.

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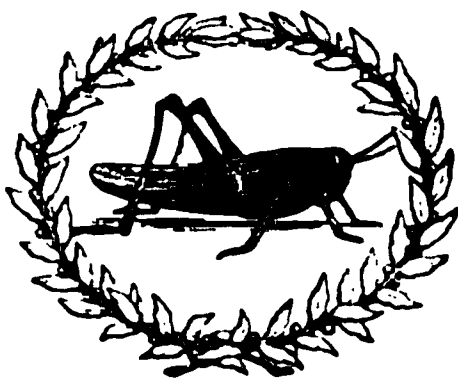
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